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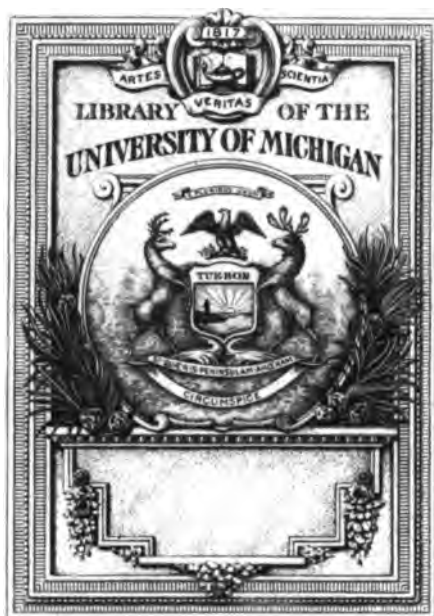
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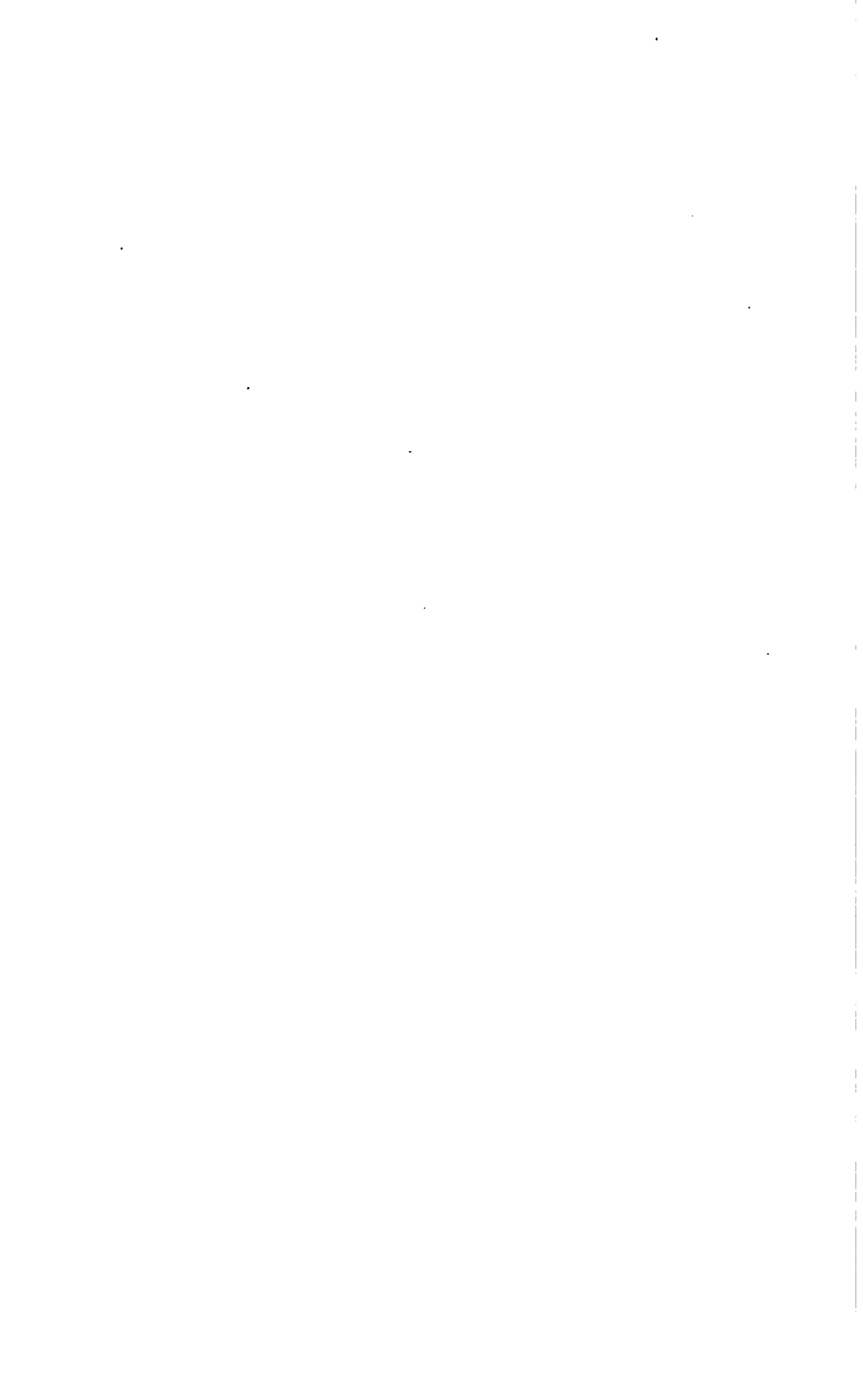
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

VOL. XLVI. OCT. 1880—JULY, 1881.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

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VOL. XLVI.

NO. 4.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College,



"Dum quis gratia manet, nomen laudesque YALENSE
Contribunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES."

OCTOBER, 1880.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

On Sale at Cultiver's.

TYLER, HOBBS & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

MCCLELLAN.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Sixth Volume with the number for October, 1890. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

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A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 1.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '81.

PHILIP G. BARTLETT,

JOHN C. COLEMAN,

JOSEPH D. BURRELL,

SHERMAN EVARTS,

ADRIAN S. VAN DE GRAAFF.

THE COLLEGE STANDARD.

AT occasional intervals, either when some member of a college community happens to turn his mind to the subject of college morality, or when some event, calling the morality at college into question awakens every one to the idea, we see in the periodicals apologetic articles making as their great point the social surroundings and intercourse of college men. These writers divide the world into two communities, the one of collegians, and the other of outsiders, and by drawing a distinct difference between the two worlds as they are often called, and by dwelling on customs and ways at college, they argue that vice is not vice when the circumstances under which it is practised are favorable for it. They make the idea of morality merely a conventionality and virtue to them loses its inherent excellence. Circumstances can make no alteration in a fact though there can be and is a difference in the way in which the fact is viewed.

Now there is no necessity of discussing the badness of immorality or its existence at college; they are both questions with only one side to discuss. Everyone knows and acknowledges that gambling, drinking, dishonest and

dishonorable actions occur at college as in every other community. Having then made clear that we are not to discuss facts, but the light in which facts are viewed, not morality or immorality itself, but its standard at college, we will divide those actions in which bad morals are concerned into two distinct kinds. The first of these divisions contains those actions that are prompted more or less from a desire to assist one's fellows. Examples of this kind are common, for instance, the buying and selling of compositions, prompting in recitation and all such every day matters that are connected with and grow out of college life. Now though no strict moralist would countenance such actions, though no argument can convince, and no statement of the case persuade anyone that these actions are not dishonest, yet there are circumstances not connected with other forms of dishonesty that afford a chance for a plausible defence of such actions. Not that we make any defence of them, for they cannot be strongly defended, but public opinion is not strongly against them. They are not only fostered by, but they arise from circumstances. They themselves are confined to college life, though of course their influence may extend farther. Between masters and scholars, between Faculty and students, there is tacitly acknowledged to exist a continual warfare. The deceit in these cases is not practised by companions toward each other, but toward their common enemy as their instructors and overseers have unjustly, of course, and unwarrantably obtained the reputation of being.

Then leaving behind all discussion of these matters we pass over to the other division, that which comprises those actions not prompted by any desire to assist one's companions, those immoral actions that are urged on by the same motives that account for immorality everywhere; those actions that should attach as much disrepute in one community as in another. Now when we have these matters to judge of we have matters that can not be looked at in themselves as anything but disreputable. There is no redeeming feature in them; they have

no good end however small in their accomplishment; they are in all cases reprehensible and should be universally censured. But looking at a college community, and one college is about the same as another after all, we do not find that the same view is taken of these things, we do not find that a man loses very much in the eyes of his fellows from the commission of any of those actions that detract from the reputation of men in outside society. Now this is nothing but the plainest, uncontrovertible fact, and for the proof of the fact the only thing necessary is to leave it to the candid, conscientious judgment of every college man. There can be no use in keeping such a state of things out of view and I don't know that it is concealed, but at any rate it is a wrong condition for any society to be in.

Many a young man has entered as a freshman with a well founded feeling that swearing detracts from a man as a gentleman; that drunkenness is a crime; that a dishonorable act would be followed by ostracism. He comes to find on the contrary that his sensibility is too refined and that his ears must soon become accustomed to profanity and that there is no objection made to his indulging in it himself; his conscientious scruples in regard to drunkenness are glossed over by the general feeling that looks upon it as a harmless and rather a jolly sort of a thing rather than a disgrace. Again his idea in regard to dishonor he finds has no foundation; he finds that nothing like ostracism follows a dishonorable act.

Now, no one when going to college can expect to find a place free from all immorality, but one can expect to find a place where all forms of immorality are repressed rather than met with indifference or encouragement. And especially should one expect to find it a place where every dishonorable and mean act among its members is exposed and brought to light and where the offender is treated accordingly. Now such is not the present state of affairs. The good fellowship at present oversteps its bounds. Men about college will say, "Well, it's true So-and-so has done a low and dishonorable thing, but then

he's a good fellow, and there's no good in making a fuss over it." And so nothing more is said; it is passed over with a laugh and the man retains his former position in college society. Why, supposing the world passed by with a smile any breach of faith that came to light, on the ground that the man who committed it was an accomplished gentleman in all other matters, can any one suppose society would flourish? It seems to me that it's a lame shadow of principle that cannot openly condemn a dishonorable act and its doer, simply because, though he is not honorable, he's a good fellow. It seems to me that it's a miserably low state of society if its members cannot stand up and say, "We won't witness such things and pass them by; we won't see our rights violated and not punish the violator; we will be true to ourselves, and if in so doing we must condemn even our best friends and associates, no one can ever say that we were false to any man."

If in any association of men, if in any community we could expect to find honor upheld and dishonor crushed, surely we should expect to find it in a community where men are brought into such close relations, where intimacy and friendship are so encouraged, where *a priori* men are so confidently expected to act like gentlemen, as at college. But public opinion is not sufficiently against it to raise more than a whisper of censure. There is the fault. When once that great judge of men's actions falls so far from her lofty seat that her judgments are no longer heard; when the pedestal, eaten through by the insidious vermin, indifference and pardoning partiality, gives way beneath her mighty throne, that she no longer sits erect in glory, uttering her commands with dignity and authority, then will those acts that she censures gain in their headlong career, then will immorality override the community unrestrained by her powerful will. But show me a community where public opinion is strongly and actively opposed to immorality of every sort, and I will show you a community of men who hold "length of days in their right hands, and in their left hands riches and honor."

THE SHRINE OF THE EDEN APPLE.

In an ancient, ruined chapel,
In the region of the Rhone,
Hangs a shining golden apple,
With a story all unknown.

The shrine, now long forsaken,
Has long outlived its god.
No memory can waken
When priests within it trod.

'T is in a gloomy valley,
Where rarely steps intrude,
In a sunken cliff-walled alley
Of utter solitude.

Over the broken column,
Over the center stone,
And the altar, sad and solemn,
Dank mossy shrouds are thrown.

And the sounds that break the stillness,
If ever such may come,
But intensify the chillness
Of a silence cold and dumb.

And no wind has penetrated
Its heavy atmosphere,
That for centuries stagnated
Has hung here and only here.

For all around and over,
Great branching evergreens
Its fearful secrets cover
With impenetrable screens.

But when the day is parting,
A ray of sudden light
Through an unseen passage darting,
Strikes on that apple bright.

And then with instant splendors
The gloom is glorified,
And its hatefulness engenders
A loveliness uneyed.

But the startling sunlight fadeth
Ere you can its charms rehearse,
And the darkness that succeedeth
Is the darkness of a curse.

PAPERS OF THE TEATOTUM CLUB.

IV.

CHAPMAN, Marcou and Biddle had some time been lounging in listless silence about the room on this their fourth symposium, their cups already drained, their minds beneath the gentle stupor of the tea peopled with the fond fancies that one of Biddle's sentimental stories had awakened, when Perkins entered without the herald of a knock, without the bare courtesy of a nod, strode gloomily to where stood his cup and began sipping it in moody silence. "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar live that he has grown so great," quoth Marcou. "Really," said Chapman, "I think nature originally intended Perkins for a great man, and when she changed her plan, left with him all the mannerisms of greatness. How easily one could imagine him to be a Burleigh entering the Privy Council weighed down with the affairs of State. But come, what is this mighty thing with which your brain is teeming?" "Don't urge him," said Marcou, "remember, '*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*'" "Rat you had better say," rejoined Perkins, "aye and a rat that is gnawing at the very vitals of society and social progress." "Do but let him out at any rate," cried Chapman, "and you shall see how quickly we will pounce upon him and nip him in the bud and the vitals of society shall once more pursue their normal functions." "That may not be so easy, 'Good king of cats,'" replied Perkins, "for I doubt not he has gnawed him a little nest in all your hearts already." "Well, well," cried Biddle, "this grows vastly entertaining. It is nearly as good as a riddle; but we give it up; pray what is this strange, insidious vermin?"

"It is not shoddyism exactly, nor is it snobbishness, nor fondness for display alone, but it is the force that lies back of them all and finds its outlet through these different channels. It is the innate fondness of man to lift his

head above his neighbor's, not the laudable desire for real superiority, but a yearning after the artificial emblems and trappings of a superiority that has no actual existence. One would think that in this country where Progress is thought almost to have overleapt itself, such trumpery might be set aside, but you have only to walk up fifth avenue any afternoon to see its most glaring manifestations. Probably the first thing your eye will light on will be the gorgeous equipage of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, beloved wife of P. Fitzpatrick, Esq., late of Tipperary. Glorious indeed will be her appearance attended by her liveried lacqueys, her coach-door emblazoned with the Fitzpatrick arms. Ranks and titles, liveries and hatchments and all the host of kindred weaknesses are bad enough under a monarchy, but here where they haven't the shadow of a pretext for their existence, they are intolerable and indicate, as I said before, a radical defect in society." "Ye Powers! what a radical it is!" exclaimed Chapman. "Now I always thought liveries were a very becoming and appropriate costume for one's coachman, and here it turns out that they are radical defects in society. Alas, 'there are more things in Heaven and Earth, oh Perkins, than are dreamt of in my philosophy.'"

"Of course," said Biddle, "Perkins doesn't mean liveries and coats-of-arms in themselves, but simply their use by shoddy people who haven't any right to them. Nobody could object to the good old families using them." "On the contrary, it is the principle that I object to," said Perkins, "and the very fact that what you call the good old families, or in other words the aristocracy of this democratic State, are just as ready as anyone else to ape the effete customs of feudalism is the most deplorable part of it. So long as there is her Knickerbocker ladyship, Mrs. Van Snob, who must have her butler with red waistcoat and gilt buttons, so long as there is his Puritan Excellency Gov. Uppington, who will drive his drag with gaudy outriders and adorned with the crest of the Uppingtons, so long as the son of Senator Pompsville of

Virginia is the most insufferable mock-English snob in the community, what wonder that all the *nouveau riche* should follow suit and play even higher cards."

"And a satirist too!" cried Chapman. "Why I could dream myself in Thackeray's bosom." "'Fools are my theme, let satire be my song,'" rejoined Perkins, "for which defence I am indebted to an involuntary whisper of Marcou's. If I am ever called upon to make any great forensic efforts in my future career, I shall appeal to Marcou, who will bring me the whole library of literature 'turned down in dog's ears' at appropriate quotations." "Yes," said Marcou, "I suppose I must plead guilty to being one of those 'who for renown on scraps of learning dote, and think they grow immortal as they quote.'" "Aye," cried Chapman, rising and gesticulating at Perkins, "let Satire be thy song and let it be a martial music. Here at length are foemen worthy of thy steel. Mount, then, the panting hobby horse of thy Patriotism, seize in thy right hand the keen scimitar of Satire and in the left the pop-gun of thy rhetoric; Marcou shall give thee a knapsack of erudite literary rations, and with the reins between thy teeth, cursing and swearing after the manner of Sir Boyle Roché's heroes, do thou set out on thy crusade against hatchments and red waistcoats and I promise thee thou shalt tear in shreds the dapper dress of every poor footman thou shalt meet, and on thy way thou mightest as well demolish a windmill or two, like thy great master." "Of course you can poke fun at anything, but I tell you my notions are by no means Quixotic," answered Perkins. "What is livery but a mere badge of servitude, a uniform for menial employment humiliating to the man who wears it, lowering in its influence on the society that employs it, and inconsistent with the first principles of social equality."

"I'd like to know how you would dress your servants," said Biddle, growing excited; "If a gentleman drives with his coachman in ordinary dress, half the time you couldn't tell which was which." "Yes," mused Chapman, with mock gravity, "that would be awkward and mortifying

in the extreme, but you might get around it by having little badges for the gentlemen to wear with their coats-of-arms and bearing the instructive legend, 'I am a gentleman.' " "I wish you wouldn't be silly, Chapman," was Biddle's irritated reply, "of course they couldn't do that, it wouldn't be nice. And I don't see yet what harm there is in his wearing livery. He's got to wear something, and liveries are very becoming and sometimes very handsome." "You're right, there," answered Chapman, "and oftentimes the gentleman would add greatly to his neatness if he would change costumes with his driver." "As for the matter of mistakes," said Perkins, "the most elegant evening dress a gentleman can wear is nothing more than that of the waiter who hands him his salad." "Yes, there you have your beautiful system of equality carried out to its last degree," said Chapman, "and how nonsensical it is, what possible propriety is there in full evening dress for a table waiter!" "And if you'll show me what possible propriety there is in brass buttons and a beaver for a coachman or in red waistcoat and knee breeches for a butler I'll withdraw from my position at once. I don't know how the custom originated, but at the present time there certainly is no reason for it." "The custom originated," said Marcou, "with the special attire granted by the old French kings to their dependants and termed *livrées*."

A respectful pause followed this piece of erudition, which was broken at length by Perkins. "But I wasn't thinking of liveries alone by any means, but of all the absurd airs and assumptions whereby we Americans show our weakness for aristocratic distinctions. We are supposed to have come over here to get rid of all that sort of thing and what do we do but turn around and begin weakly imitating the very institutions we have fled. To illustrate our weakness for titles, you probably remember the story of the American in London who asked eagerly when some one pointed out to him Mr. Pitt and the duke of Somebody-or-other, 'yes, yes, which is the duke?'" "For my part," said Marcou, "I believe in aristocracy,

and, moreover, there will always be one whether you believe in it or not. The natural laws of society will inevitably evolve a predominating class." "True enough," answered Perkins, "but that is the real supremacy of worth, not the artificial distinctions set up at the bidding of dollars and cents.

'Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.' "

"There is one sort of foreign imitation that I do detest, however," said Chapman, "and that is this affectation of English manners and styles of speech so much in vogue of late. I am sure an Englishman is bad enough, but an American imitation of one is the very lowest specimen of humanity." "And then there is all this talk about blood," went on Perkins; "if anything disgusts me it is to hear people in America talking about their blood and their ancestry. I remember once hearing an old Virginia beau say to one of his fair admirers, in the most insufferable manner, 'Oh, you know there are only two states in the Union where people have any grandfathers—Virginia and Massachusetts, and in Massachusetts when they have any they're nothing but country parsons,' and I felt like adding—and in Virginia when they have any they're nothing but escaped convicts." "Well, Perkins," said Chapman, "I don't know but that I agree with you; especially when I think how the freedom and simplicity of social life in this country is being crushed beneath a load of foreign importations. Instead of the simple purity and delightful unrestraint that has been and ought to be the charm of American life, the absurd conventionalities, the meaningless restrictions, the extravagant fashions of European society are every day gaining ground." "Indeed," said Perkins, "it is one of the most deplorable signs of the times that here where the whole social order should have been molded in new forms or at least been free from the glaring blemishes of the old, the tide of progress should be turning backward. And anyone who looks at it in this way ought to be very guarded that he does not even un-

consciously fall into these habits." "Well, I don't look at it in this way, then," cried Biddle, "for I believe in aristocracy, I am proud of my ancestry and my blood, I admire the English and I propose to imitate them as the most stylish people in this country do, and I don't see any sense in all your talk about liveries, and I don't want to hear any more of it—so good night." Marcou maintained a judicial silence, and so the session closed with the matter left *in statu quo*.

B. E.



HENRY CLAY, THE PARTY LEADER.

IF any faith is to be placed in the literature of the present campaign, then its issues are of the most vital and unusual importance. We are told that this is a crisis such as comes but once in a generation: two great and powerful political parties are struggling fiercely for the leadership—the one with final desperation, the other with anxious perturbation. Struggling for the leadership and yet leaderless—this is a strange state of affairs. Where is the man for the time? Who is the leader of either party? We can not find him. Are these then the times that try men's souls? The absence of a leader does not belittle the issues. It brings us to this consideration. Although the political history of our republic is made illustrious by the names of generals, orators, and statesmen, who, winning immortal renown for themselves, have led their people to the foremost position among the nations of the earth, yet strange as it may seem in a country governed entirely by democratic factions, we have not yet produced that especial glory of a republic—an eminently great party leader. If there is any one who deserves this honor it is he who through the dangers, discouragements, and defeats of thirty-four years led that struggling party which finally in its maturity of power saved the Union

from instant and fatal dissolution. Now that we have passed through the terrible war of the Rebellion, which, single handed like Horatius, he withheld until the country could bear it; now that his triumphant party is the honored ruler and protector of the United States; and now that his great systems of labor for the good of the nation have reached their consummation, the proper time for a correct estimation of Henry Clay's public services has arrived. Our subject is of vital interest.

The simple accident of being at the head of a great and successful body has aggrandized the name of many a Vitellius, but Clay's fame as a leader was assured long before he could rely upon the political support of anything but an earnest minority. We have no statesman whose claims to this illustrious honor are worthy of a comparison. Even Webster, so often ranked with him, can not dispute this peculiar title. At the battle of Hastings the minstrel Taillefer led the charge, chanting the song of Roland, inspiring the army with victorious courage. So in many a hard fought contest before senate and people, Webster was at the front the seeming leader; but only the seeming one, for by the testimony of all historians, "he was never a leader, but always a follower." Always the jurist, even in the most trying times he would not speak nor act until his case was presented with the course marked out by another.

But if in modeling a party leader after our own heart we should name the qualities that seem most important, little originality would be shown; every critic would recognize another Clay. He was endowed with more gifts to fit him for the position he so nearly filled than any American statesman whom we know. Like many great generals he remembered the name and face of every follower after one meeting, and in this single moment of intercourse he always strengthened the tie that bound them by his native wit, engaging manners, and hearty, sympathetic attention. In his presence every one felt an equality and knew a vast inferiority. Merchant, farmer, soldier, politician, man of the world, alike seemed to see

in him the full development of their own favorite characteristics; practical business ability, unerring judgment, political power, social popularity, and unequalled nobility and patriotism. And that wonderful mutual sympathy so essential to a leader's success, held his party together in unity of action by a tie of almost Spartan strength. And despite the fame of Otis, Henry, or even Webster, he was *the* orator, unsurpassed in American annals. Every one knows how magically the "majestic bass" of his voice would rouse to action in the breasts of his hearers whatever passion or emotion its master willed.

He was a fitting center for the varied faction which gathered around him. A successful leader must at times seem a paradox; Clay was all things to all men. He knew his every talent was given to be used, and not one was buried or neglected. Popularity was cultivated, not selfishly, but from duty to his party. He was one of those grand men whom only great nations, made pregnant by great necessity, can bring forth; and whose parentage in early times was justly ascribed to the gods. He was born for a great destiny, and that triumphed over all difficulties. "Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed," is an oft quoted adage; but Clay had in him that worth which in a young state then was a richer dowry than money. His rise in that early period of the nation was like the strong growth and quick development in the early days of the world of one of those mighty plants that found abundance of nourishment from the very conditions of their harsh, unorganized age. At thirteen he was a ragged, unlettered orphan with a hopeless future. At twenty-two on the campaign stump, already a statesman, swaying the minds of the people at will. Thenceforward the course of Kentucky's favorite son to the Senate was a direct path of success.

With a growing belief in his own power his ambition is kindling, not for himself, but for his country. With full faith in her glorious future, and with an all-mastering purpose in his mind and heart to bring her to that future, he became a leader from conviction. His promotion in

1811 from the head of a local party to the acknowledged leadership of a national one, was not so sudden as it at first seems. He was already the leader, this was only conferring the commission. His people gave him one of the lowest seats in the Senate; the Senate with unparalleled confidence placed him upon its highest throne. Seldom has the speakership been a more responsible position than during his term of office. Never in any deliberative body has such a position been filled by a man more equal to its emergencies. During the thirteen stormy years of his administration, not one decision was reversed, so unerring was his judgment.

His first step forward brought him face to face with a test from which everybody else shrank with dread. That country to which with greater than self love his life was devoted, had been flagrantly insulted. But could the inexperienced nation again make war against their old enemy, the arch-tyrant Great Britain? Opposed by Senate and President, the Great Pacificator was almost the only one who dared say "Yes!" Then first, in this great crisis, his supreme powers as a leader shone forth, undimmed even by the fiery zeal of Calhoun, who in truth seemed to borrow his luster from that of his great chief. He was the soul and spirit of the whole war, which, indeed, he carried on almost alone. No idle game was that which he was playing with armies for pawns and kings and rulers for pieces. The recognition of the United States as a nation was at stake, and this his leadership won for her in spite of a thousand checkmates. But the victory would have ruined any less indomitable man. It was Warwick the king-maker over again. The result of the war raised up a party that would have extinguished his own had not the ability of the leader saved it. The nation recognized the Joshua who was bringing her to her promised land, and could not lose him.

During the rest of his senatorial career he was the foremost promoter of every act of permanent national advantage. The history of Henry Clay is the history of the prosperity of the United States, a continual series of

alternate advances and repulses, a great tide of waves now rising, now receding, but ever moving onward. From his first speech against slavery in the first year of his manhood his own life was identified with the best welfare,—the real life, of his country. We who share the benefits of his great systems for building up the nation by most advantageous commercial privileges and vast internal improvements, are too selfish in acknowledging the debt we owe to the untiring efforts of Clay, trammelled by opposition from Constitution, senate and people. These triumphs of his leadership were slow to gain. Not so with that supreme effort of his life,—the Missouri Compromise of 1821. From that fierce struggle, which for a time threatened the dissolution of all political ties, he emerged covered with glory, a candidate for the highest honor of the nation. To us the voice of fate saying that this was not his destiny seems plainer than the oracles of old; for thenceforward urged on by his patriotic ambition he stumbled continually, misled by judicial blindness,—the ancient curse of Jove.

The election of 1828 was his Elba, and yielding his leadership he retired from public life, though baffled, yet not subdued. He was never subdued, and at his return three years later a party stronger in numbers and ability thronged around him, with enthusiasm like that which led the French to the standards of their old commander in 1815. It was not the dizziness of fame that came upon him then, but that same judicial blindness more fatal than before. It appeared in his every act, even in his favorite plans for the nation's welfare. Yet when we consider what his character was before this, and how as Presidential candidate for twenty-seven years his every fault was under the monstrous microscope of political scrutiny, we cannot believe the justice of all the reproaches cast upon him by political opponents. If they were true why did his party cling to him with such undoubting, passionate devotion?

Henceforward his life as a leader is one of the noblest, most profitable studies that our history furnishes for the

greedy politicians of to-day. On the one hand was every advantage that Presidential power could give to such a man; a few concessive changes in the platform of his party, a few of the tricks that every candidate was employing, and the election was sure. But no! he could never stoop to conquer. The principles of his party were right as they were, and not even failure should change them. His devotion to State was greater than his devotion to party,—greater than his devotion to self. "I had rather be right than be President." There was no affectation in that speech.

In our cramped space we have endeavored to give an impartial view of his life and character as it really was, not concealing the facts that he was too broad in sympathy, too honest in method, too boundlessly ambitious for State, in later life too hasty in judgment, perhaps too self-willed, to be a preëminently great party leader. We do not contend that he was this. But what we can affirm on the strength of our arguments is that no American party was ever controlled by a manager who was unitedly more unselfish, more honorable, more eloquent, more able, more useful, more successful in the right, than Henry Clay. If these and other similar qualities are what constitute a great party leader, then he was great, and far above any other in American politics. And we need but a little encouragement to add that in our opinion his is the greatest name of all the proud list which America boasts.

G.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

[AN INCIDENT AT THE SACKING OF ROME, 390 B. C.]

Fair stood the statue of Modestia,
 The sculptor's triumph, the proud city's pride,
 In all the temples not another vied.
 Who gazed the purer grew for what they saw,
 And its sweet influence was more than law.
 The Roman lover prayed for such a bride ;
 "Oh, keep me thus," the Roman maiden cried :
 And some looked not, but turned away for awe.

The wild barbarians, with lustful hand,
 Raged through deserted Rome, and one of rank
 Before the goddess drew his horde to stand,
 And aimed a shattering blow. But ere it sank
 He cowering turned amid his hooting band,
 And Beauty triumphed while fierce Boldness shrank. E. W.



A MEPHISTOPHELES.

PHILIP WOODFORD was one of the rising lights in his profession, which was that of a painter. Moreover he was a particular friend of mine and a most singular character when you knew him well. Deep in thought, quaint in speech, original in his genius, he was always to me an interesting study. One of his many singular ways had often attracted me. Though often sought to paint portraits, he had not done so for several years. Yet his studio was literally filled with sketches, large and small, of beautiful faces. He seemed to have a natural genius for putting on canvas every beautiful face he saw, but they all had a nameless something impossible to describe. One time I surprised him drawing one of these miniature portraits, and as he seemed in a genial mood, asked him carelessly what was the meaning of so strange a fancy. He answered hardly *apropos* as I thought, "Of all the

creations of fancy, perhaps the character of Mephistopheles has interested me the most; in fact I played the part once myself, but the Faust whom I served was my own ambition." Then after a little pause he settled himself as I could see for a long talk, lit a cigar and proceeded in his own glowing words and wonderful power of imagery, to relate what I can but attempt to reproduce.

"During one of my summer sketching tours several years since, I came to a quaint little town which will long hold a place in my memory. Picturesque it was, lying so close to the sea on one side, so high up the mountain on the other. Fascinated by the place I resolved to seek board in some one of its old houses along the shore, and transfer to canvas some of the beauty around me. After a little trouble I chanced upon a residence just suited to my rather solitary tastes. I will not attempt a description. It was simply an old house long since unused by its owners, now kept after a fashion by an old negress. She I won by words and small bribes, so that soon I was allowed the run of the whole place. The library was my favorite nook. Here I brought my paintings or rather sketches, my easel and my arm chair. After working all day, in the evening I would rummage the old room for reading matter. Filled, as if by some mere book collector with multitudes of volumes, yet there was little to read, but among the accumulated rubbish I chanced upon several doubtful looking books and pamphlets on Spiritualism. It was a subject to which I had previously had an aversion. Generally delighted with abstruse theories and recondite lore, the imposture and charlatanism of the day had robbed of its charm what else would have deeply interested me; but here in the old library the whole seemed vague—distant as a dream. I took a sudden fancy to the subject. After reading a few pages in one well-worn volume, what was my surprise to come upon copious marginal notes, which increased in number as I proceeded. At the end of the book were pinned in several leaves closely written in a delicate female hand. It was partly a diary, partly an essay—more

than all, it was a mournful complaint. In brief this was the substance. The annotator had seemed wonderfully impressed by the power of the will. Rejecting most of the current theories concerning spiritualism, she had simply asserted that the universe was subject to will power and that the greater could always by persistency make itself master of the less wherever it might be. Moreover, I gathered that the writer's name was Marian, and that she was a daughter of the family. For some reason her life was wretched, and was made more so by the morbid fancy that after death her spirit would be the slave of some stronger one—that never could she realize her one fond passionate longing for rest. This much I gathered partly by inference, and my own morbid imagination made me believe she was beautiful. The books, the writer, the theory, fascinated me. My easel was no longer my un-failing delight, but instead I brooded continually on the fancies which had so completely taken possession of me. The bewitched rubbish seemed almost endowed with life; the words burnt into my mind, and I wondered often if I should become a monomaniac upon the subject. In the midst of my ponderings and useless study a thought suddenly fastened itself, upon me, and I was powerless to resist. Why not make myself master of her spirit, learn from the almost living words to know her whole soul like a printed volume, follow all her suggestions and theories, become the enemy she long had dreaded, and force her to appear before me? Then, pencil in hand, I would transfer to the waiting canvas the beauty I felt was hers. By the wonderful spell of that beauty I would reap riches and fame. Poor Marian; after all her peace must be the price of my undeserved glory. Once thought of I might have been studying it for years, so long ago seemed the inception of the ghastly scheme; so unrelentingly did it haunt me. Henceforth I used to spend hours and days together in the old room, but there was now more than musty books and dusty antiquated furniture for my companions. Marian's presence seemed always to pervade the apartment. She was there, but I could not

see her. I grew to enjoy this sort of life. I fairly reveled in the solitude which was not solitary. How I railed at the outside world for the commonplace life they led, how glorified the dry dust of a maniac's brain, and imagined myself almost a god to create from it a work which should live for my fame.

"Once as I sat far into the night before the embers dying on the hearth, I fancied that at last I could bend the will I had long been studying. I had just finished for the hundredth time, it seemed, the little book and its tell-tale diary. So I resolved that to-night she must appear to me, humbled, and in the radiance of her beauty. I hardly think after all that I fully expected the fulfillment, but I could not help wondering what would be the effect upon me if I should hear a low rustle down the creaking oak stairs, a little foot coming slowly, unwillingly along the bare boards, a timid knock at the library door just ajar. Would I rise obsequiously and—but what was that? Had I been listening or only thinking? With creeping flesh and chill as marble, I sat waiting. Yes, again, nearer and yet nearer until the footsteps ceased just without the door. I could endure it no longer, but in a sudden fit of impatience rushed to the door and threw it open. It creaked upon its hinges and stirred the echoes of the long hall without. There was nothing there, but surely the sound I heard was not all echo, for I distinctly seemed to hear footsteps dying away in the distance. I had lost her then. I had been too impatient. I should have grasped my resolve with iron strength of purpose and drawn her soul to mine with irresistible, unrelenting force, but I suddenly rousing myself and resolving to gain the ground I had lost, rushed to the place whence the dim echoing tread had been heard, but there was as before nothing. Still I seemed to hear them in another place, and then began the strangest quest. Now up stairs, now down, through long passages and windy halls I pursued my unseen guide. No matter how fast, the step was always just beyond me, or perhaps far back in my rear; never could I gain the precise spot. Now through gloomy chambers

with their canopied beds, now into the big dining room with its dreary paintings and sepulchral sideboard, and again to the dark drawing-room, where I even seemed to hear rustle of silk over the carpet. Ghastly the long mirrors shone in the darkness, which was just broken by one pale beam of moonlight, as it filtered through the crack of a broken shutter. And as I put out my hand and clutched some soft fabric, I almost fancied it Marian. Suddenly I ran headlong upon a harp which long had stood in a sheltered corner—perhaps had been hers. As my unskilled hand swept by chance over the jangled strings, something like music seemed to sound softly through the room. For a moment I fancied the steps had ceased, but no; again I seemed to hear, and again I plunged wildly on until dawn found me, weary, worn and discouraged, but withal determined. So when the next night came I sat as before by the fireplace waiting and thinking how this time I could be sure of myself and sure of my power.

“I had been sitting there but a little while, when I heard the front door open cautiously, and then as before a step along the hall accompanied by the rustle of drapery. As before it came slowly to the library door and stopped; quickly, but softly, there came a knock and before I could move the door was flung open. Fascinated by the vision before me I might have been formed of stone for all the move I made. I cannot describe her even to this day, indeed sometimes I can but faintly recall her to myself, though for years I have been trying to grasp the shadows which haunt my memory. But for an instant I sat thus, for before she had taken three steps into the room, I started up and with the cry, “Marian, it is you!” ran towards her. Then, as for the first time perceiving me, she turned upon me a dazed, bewildered look, and through the room rang the most unearthly, piercing scream. I suppose my nerves were unstrung, but never have I experienced the sensation which then seized me. It was a sort of frenzy of surprise and terror. Unable to endure it I suppose I must have become unconscious, for

the next thing I remember it was day and I was abed. Before I could straighten out the events of the preceding evening, I found upon the floor a little note which had evidently been pushed under the door. It ran as follows:—

‘MR. WOODFORD—A thousand pardons for disturbing you so unceremoniously last night. As I was passing through town the train was delayed here several hours, so I thought I would revisit my old home, late as it was. Seeing a light in the library, and supposing it the servant, I walked in—and you know the rest.

Regretfully yours,

MARIAN F———.’

“What a strange mistake of mine to suppose* Marian dead, and what a chase I led my own echoing steps through the house that night. It is really amusing to think of it, but to this day I cannot recollect except with a vague conception, her wonderful face. It constantly haunts, yet will always elude.”

B.



WHERE BRANCHES MEET.

A TALE OF THE WOODS.

MY guide and I had been tramping all day over the wild and rocky trails of the Blue Ridge, and were resting after a snack of buckwheat bread made palatable by wild honey. Flung full length on the fragrant brake that hid the knoll on which we were, we smoked our pipes and were silent. Below us lay a small lake, a still smaller brook, in the vernacular, “run,” and a large swamp which seemed to grow right out of both lake and brook; while all around and above were high mountains, and dimly seen toward the south lay the Water Gap.

As I lay upon my scented couch looking at this scene, suddenly, by one of those odd freaks to which one’s fancy

is liable, there came into my head that verse of Horace—

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;”

and half aloud I lazily translated it: “For country’s sake ’tis sweet to die.” My idle thoughts were recalled by a question from Rac, my guide, who asked who wrote that. “Horace,” said he, “Horace, I never heard of him; but did he ever die for his country?” “No,” I said, “there is no record to that effect.” “Well, then,” persisted Rac, “how could he know how sweet it was if he had never done it? Now I *know* that it isn’t sweet at all, but bitter as persimmons.” “Why, Rac,” I laughed, “you don’t look as though you had died for your country, at least not often.” “Well, even if I didn’t die for it,” he said, “I had a chance to, and that was just about enough for me, for I took good care to get out of the way of that chance.”

Interested by his strangely unpatriotic talk and by his odd manner, I led him on to tell his story, which I will reproduce as nearly as I can now recall it.

“You see,” he began, “it was in the time of the conscription for the war and the draft officers were all over the country, even ’way up here in our backwoods. They had made up their minds to draft most all of Pike because we were all democrats, and most of us in favor of letting the South alone; and besides, we mountaineers were all pretty handy with the rifle. We had to be, for there were more bears and wildcats here then, so for that reason they wanted to make sharpshooters of us to sit in a hole and blaze away at any poor devil that showed so much as his head. Well, I didn’t take kindly to that work, though I didn’t mind shooting a bear, yet it’s a different sort of thing to shoot a man, leastways a bear can’t shoot back.

“Soon enough came our turn for the draft and the first we knew of it we all had notice to meet next day at the tavern at the lake, not the one you’re staying at but old Uncle Billy’s right nigh there, perhaps you’ve noticed it, an old slab house. Not much of a tavern you say; well, no, not very sizeable, but still it was big enough for all

that came along in those days. So the next day we were all at Uncle Billy's, just fifty of us, for the town was bigger then. I remember the day well. It was a Tuesday and I was working some tobacco that I was growing for my own use. Well, I was the first man drawn, and after me they drew thirty-four beside; that was Wednesday, and on Friday they were going to take us down to Harrisburg.

"When I got home that day I sat down and sharpened my knife so as to cut my finger off so as not to be able to pull trigger, leastways to make the officers think so, for really I always shoot with my second finger and it didn't matter if I lost the top joint of my first if so be as only I got out of going to the war. Whiles I was heating some rattlesnake oil to stop the blood, in comes my wife and says, 'Whatever are you going to do with that knife and all that snake grease?' 'Well,' says I, 'Molly, I'm not agoing to go to the war.' 'What's that to do with snake grease?' says she. 'Hot oil will stop the blood,' says I. 'Blood o' what?' 'Blood of my finger,' said I. 'But your finger ain't bleeding,' screamed Molly. 'But it will,' said I, 'for I'm going to cut it off.' Well, with that she grabbed the knife and said, 'Now, Rac, I always knew you were born a fool, but now I know you're bound to die one. Now you send word round to all the boys and make for the swamps where the officers can't find you, and can't get you if they do find you.' So Molly sent off the two girls to every man that was drawn.

"Next day they met at my house at sun up, all but seven, who said they'd go to the war; and we twenty-eight took to the woods and brought up here below us in the Painter Swamp. We made a clearing and built a house of saplings and bark, for we all expected to have to stay there a month and perhaps more. That afternoon Molly came up and told us how the officers were out after us and that she had told them just where to go. She was cute enough to know that they wouldn't believe her, and sure enough they didn't, but went every way except the way she told 'em.

" We built a big stone wall around our house and fixed up a regular fort, for we knew that the officers would be after us sometime or other; we had pickets out all the time here on this swale where they could see all around the barrens.

" But it's getting late and we have got far to go to any settlement before dark, so I'll tell you the rest as we go. But first I want you to look here at this boulder and the heap of stones at the foot of it."

After the break caused by starting and replenishing our pipes, Rac began once more as we walked through the dusky woods: " Well, there isn't much more to tell except that we lived there for rising two years, supporting ourselves by our rifles and by such as the women folk brought up once in a while. Didn't the troops find us? Well, yes, but they couldn't get us with all their trying, for you see they were mighty feared of the woods. So after we'd beaten 'em back the first time, there were only a dozen of them, and we knew they'd come back with more, we held a big talk to see whether we should clear out. We all voted to stay except one who had got the shakes powerful bad from living in the swamp and he wanted to get on top of High Knob, where it was dry. The troops then camped around us and tried to capture us that way. One night we heard a good deal of shooting and that whole lot of soldiers had turned out to capture alive or dead a Willy Wisp running over the marsh. Well, after that, they left and we all went home, but some of the troops came back and caught two of us. So we lived sometimes at home but most of the time in the swamp until the war was over.

" One of us was killed and we couldn't get him home, so we had to bury him under the big boulder I showed you, and wall him up with rocks to keep the wild cat off. Did I like the life? Well, no, I can't say that I did overmuch, but still any kind of living was better than going off to the war and dying sweetly for my country, as that chap says."

Rac's story I found by inquiry to be true and such as it is I give it to you, robbing it only of the rich dialect that gave it such a charm as I lay on the long fern and heard it that summer day in the woods.

But I could not help thinking that there is more of truth in his judgment on Horace's aphorism than the most of us would care to acknowledge. When in our comfortable chambers we read our Horace, we all admire and applaud the sentiment because it seems patriotic, but suppose the day of trial comes, as come full well it may, will we then so much admire the sentiment which calls us away from home and dear ones to lie in the wierd furrows of the plowing shot with blanched faces upturned to the sky that looks down on the field of battle.

Now put yourself in Rac's place; consider yourself a mountaineer, rude and untaught; consider that you know naught of the apotheosis of the patriot, that your heart is not inflamed by the *ἔπεα πτερόεντα* of poet and orator; take all this into account and will you still say that it is sweet to die the patriot's death?

For your answer, go to God's Acre on that day in the early springtide when the nation delights to honor those who gave their lives that she might live, count if you can the little flags, each of which marks a spot where one would rise up if he could and give you answer, *yes*. For your answer go to many a home throughout the length and breadth of the land, where the faded cap and battered blade still hang against the wall in fond remembrance, and mother and wife will say, "For my country's sake I gladly gave him." And through all the world, seek where you will, will ring the cry in many tongues, yet though the tongues are many the thought is still the same,

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

L. B.

NOTABILIA.

So long ago as last April it was promised that this number should contain certain moral reflections on the year's athletics, but the time has come and we are in no mood for moralizing. Indeed it needs but the barest mention of the subject to banish every thought save the sweet exultant sense of victory. But that was ever so long ago and there is little enough about this chill October season and these withered leaves, to take you back to those long luxurious days when you lived the life of an anchorite, when

Yale saw another sight,
As horns blew at dead of night,
Commanding fires of tar to light
The darkness of her scenery.

And oh, how proud you were all summer long to wear the blue; and how oft you told the story over to fair fond listeners and watched in rapture the kindling fire in those gentle eyes that hung upon your lips. Well, well! you did right to make the most of it. It had been long in coming—so long that you had almost doubted whether it were true that “all things come round to them who will but wait,” but it was sweet when it came; nor is that sweetness lessened by the hope so fondly cherished here, and certainly not without reason, that another year may see the victory repeated.

IN the coolness of dispassionate distance it becomes perhaps the duty, perhaps the mere fancy of the LIT. to take a brief but regretful survey of the numerous outrages which this campaign has laid to the charge of Yale—outrages which have called down on her humiliated head the denunciatory eloquence of the country, which have cruelly jarred the delicate sensibilities of her sister college in Cambridge, which have stirred into

troubled and seething fury the still and tranquil waters of local politics. First, there was the affair of the flag—whose history is too well known to be further dwelt on—when certain of our number, forgetting the heroic utterances of Barbara Frietchie and Gen. Dix, did most traitorously and feloniously destroy their country's flag. It is not for us to say a single word in palliation or excuse for the act which has already been viewed in the best light it will bear—and that no very bright one—but we cannot forbear the reflection, that in the eye of the highest respect and love for the dignity of a nation's ensign, that dignity and that purity is in some measure sullied and debased by bearing the name of any mere party candidate. And after this beginning outrages have followed one another thick and fast, nor have they been confined to the students only—if we are to believe the Harvard Press—but even grosser misdemeanors have been committed by our Faculty. There have been orders not to parade and there have been parades, there has been blowing of horns, and doubtless the somewhat strenuous though fruitless efforts that the students have made to exercise their right of suffrage, are in the eyes of some outrageous. And yet in spite of all this, we cannot but feel a certain amount of pride in the good behavior of the college at large through it all—the promptitude with which it condemned the first offense, the admirable forbearance it manifested in what followed, the very creditable control which it displayed both of its temper and risibles, notwithstanding the bombastic eloquence with which it was regaled. Nor can we close this brief survey without a word of congratulation for these local politicians on the very flattering success which has crowned their efforts to keep the peace—efforts which they clothed in some of the choicest bits of incendiary oratory which we have yet seen.

Hic jacet Linonia, iterum mortuus III Id. Oct. A. D. MDCCLXXX. Without a struggle, calmly and peacefully, and with scarce a mourner at her bedside, the

illustrious, the time-honored, the resurrected Linonia for a second time laid her dawn and died, "unwept, unuttered and unsung." It cannot be said that she has entered that country "from whose bourne no traveler returns," for she may be back to-morrow. She has been there once before and returned, and there is no telling that she have not as many lives as a cat. The circumstances render it peculiarly difficult to write her a touching epitaph, but perhaps this would do:

Here lies Linonia, but shed no tear,
For she may breathe again within a year.
'Tis not the first time she has lost her breath,
And there are doubts if this be truly death.
Some say that there was not a quorum
And that she yet has strength to bore 'em,
But we resign her to the Stygian Ferrier
With hopes that he may find a place to bury her.

Some have insisted that she is not dead, because there was not a quorum at her funeral, which is a good deal as though the authorities should refuse burial to a man dead of the gout, because in their opinion gout was not enough to kill a man. Linonia has certainly died a natural death, and for the present, at least, do let her rest in peace.

THE project of sending the crew to England, which has been brought forward for discussion by the college press, has been received with much favor. It is not new to the minds of many of us. We naturally wish to make the most of a crew which has achieved so much, and which yet promises so much more than it has achieved. Even the glory of a second consecutive victory over Harvard, highly prized as this would be, seems in this instance an inadequate object. We have a crew which is more than a good crew, and which is made up of veterans, who have won their way to their present superiority in the face of countless discouragements and difficulties. It seems in some sense due to them that they should be afforded an opportunity of displaying their best

powers, and of winning for themselves and their college the full measure of glory to which their capacities as well as their past successes and sacrifices entitle them to aspire. But it is to be remembered that weighty objections are to be met. It is but two years ago that Harvard, with a crew whose claims to recognition were as strong as those of our own, found it impossible to arrange a race. To enter at Henly is one thing—to meet the university eight of Oxford or Cambridge, quite another. The question of expense too, always a hard one to meet, is peculiarly so at this time, when so heavy a draft is being made upon alumni and undergraduates alike for other purposes. On the other hand, however, the finances of the navy have never been in better hands than now, and many of the necessary expenses of last year will not be called for. The matter is one which surely demands earnest attention and full discussion.

ON principle the LIT. forbears to obtrude its business matters upon its readers. It is only from a sense of duty that it does so now. It is only through experience that one comes to appreciate the work of seeking advertisements, but after he has had that sweet experience he is apt to have very decided views on the duty which college men owe to college advertisers. There are two classes of men who expect to get college trade: those who think to get it without advertising and those who expect it either as the legitimate result of keeping their name before the eyes of the public, or on the plan of reciprocity. College men buy where they can buy the cheapest, applying the principles of their Political Economy. And properly, too. But where two tradesmen are exactly equal, but one advertises and the other does not, we ask, not alone as managers of the LIT., but in the interest of all college publications, that you patronize the man who patronizes college institutions.

PORTFOLIO.

—Oh what a painful life must that of some poor scribbler be! Such was the expression that started from my unguarded lips when, worn out by a sleepless night, I had just one hour before me in which to think up, mold into good shape, and write, a piece for the *LIT. Portfolio*. What an appalling sensation to feel every day that something must be written if life is to be nourished. Something must be written to order. Now, if those pieces written to order were like clothes made to order and better than those ready-made articles not manufactured for any particular use, but simply from love of manufacture with hope of use in future, if, I say, they were better than spontaneous growth, why then all would be well; but they never are. Ah, Portfolio, little do you know when you appear in your variegated and at times brilliant dress, little do you know the toil and irksome brainwork spent on your tawdry costume. When Harlequin comes out in red and blue and spangles, with his frolic and fun, seldom do people think of the busy hands and needles that worked late at night at the costumer's, or the hard life of the actor beneath the disguise.

—There is something about the old Sagas of the wild Northland, which, whether we read them in the liquid measures of the Cambridge laureate, or from the quaint language of those bygone days, has a nameless charm for us. There exists, I fancy, in the bosoms of nearly all of us, a spirit of adventure, a slumbering desire to shake off the trammels of conventionality and in some faint degree to imitate the deeds of the old sea kings or the knights of the Round Table. But alas! there are no more towns to be burned, or maidens to be rescued, and we must be content to simply read, even if our cheeks do flush and our hearts beat faster, the swinging measures which tell how Sigfried the Norseman smote his enemies hip and thigh in the harbor of Skiringes-heal. The old Vikings were such downright, resolute, hard-headed fellows, that whether they boarded an enemy's vessel, or wooed that same enemy's daughter, they were pretty sure of success. A restless, never-tiring race, they were always sailing out on far-away plundering or exploring expeditions, drifting over the known world, until it was no uncommon thing to see the

yellow hair and blue eyes of a Norse warrior among the swarthy men by the side of "old Nile's waters," or to find a rotting skeleton clad in armor in the old round tower at Newport. And the wild tales of their mythology! Thor wrestling in vain against the old woman, Time, or endeavoring to drain at one mighty draught the ocean's flood; Bulder the beautiful, slain by the blind god Hoeder with his mistletoe spear; Odin the great, the terrible, seem almost living realities. Thinking of this there is a strange sadness in the words of Longfellow:

"So perish the old gods!
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing."

Yes, the old Norse gods are dead, and it would be hard to find in the simple peasant folk of our modern Norway any trace of the spirit which impelled the yellow-haired Othere who "of all Northmen northmost dwelt," to sail into that dangerous ocean where mortal ship had never sailed before. And yet it is better so.

—During the past summer many of our European tourists have turned their steps toward the little Bavarian village of Ober-Ammergau to witness there the Passion Play, that relic of the miracle play which delighted the common folk so many years ago. There seems to be a strange fascination about the acting of these rude wood carvers, a feeling that we have been carried back to the old Judæan times, and are witnessing realities. A strange scene it must be! The rude amphitheatre, the jostling crowd, and upon the stage the Passion of our Lord. We may well wonder if this be the nineteenth century, and if in the outer world men are "buying and selling and getting gain." And it seems after all a somewhat doubtful morality which these plays inculcate. There is something about that great life which seems too divine, too earnest, to be imitated by sinning men even though the imitation be an almost perfect one. The people crowd into Ober-Ammergau, the sleepy little town awakes and chafers and bargains to accommodate its guests, a theater is erected, an admission fee charged, and in the midst Christ is nailed to the cross. Well, it may be realistic, but realism is sometimes painful.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

It is our pleasing task this month to chronicle the glories of the most brilliant Commencement Yale has known, within the ken of the present generation, as well as the opening activities of the new year. Our record extends from June 26 to October 20.

The Baccalaureate Sermon

Was delivered by President Porter in the Battell Chapel, Sunday, June 27. The text was, "Having no hope and without God in the world." On Monday appeared the

Senior Appointments.

Valedictorian—W. M. Hall. *Salutatorian*—D. W. Richards. *Philosophical Orations*—F. W. Hopkins; F. M. Smith. *High Orations*—F. Goodrich and A. B. Nichols (equal); H. C. Wittlesey; W. C. Wheeler; W. H. Buell; J. A. Amundson. *Orations*—H. M. Reynolds; W. H. Sherman and G. A. Smith (equal); J. E. Bushnell and D. Scudder (equal); E. F. Green; E. M. Bentley and R. W. Selden (equal); F. W. Keator; E. P. Noyes; A. E. Walradt; W. L. Allen, Jr., and J. E. Newcomb (equal). *Dissertations*—F. S. Morrison; W. R. Barbour and H. W. Taft (equal); S. S. Sewall; C. H. Richardson and E. C. Spencer (equal); W. A. Purington; W. R. Innis and W. A. Peters (equal). *First Disputes*—S. C. Partridge and E. C. Ward (equal); H. C. Ordway; W. D. Walker; T. R. Morrow, L. B. Peckham, M. Stern and H. Trowbridge (equal). *Second Disputes*—S. F. Philips; J. H. Watson; E. W. Davis; P. King; D. C. Wells; G. D. White. *First Colloquies*—D. Y. Campbell, W. B. Ferguson and E. W. Knevals (equal); E. C. M. Hall, J. P. Helfenstein, C. A. Holbrook and F. O. Spencer (equal); C. L. Sherman; A. C. Dill; S. W. Lambert; L. Wilkinson; C. N. Ransom; W. T. Haviland, J. T. Hubbard and W. R. Purple (equal). *Second Colloquies*—W. C. Camp and W. E. Decrow (equal); C. F. Bliss; F. H. Ayer; F. W. Bpoth; W. G. Daggett, C. W. Haines, R. DeL. Martin and T. E. Wendell (equal); H. W. Aiken. A large and brilliant audience enjoyed the usual

Glee Club Concert

Monday evening, when almost every number was encored. The unequalled club of 1880 were never in better voice, and the soloists in particular, Messrs. Chamberlain, Asay, Merrill and Osborn were enthusiastically received.

Presentation Day

Escaped the traditional shower, and the accustomed programme was well carried out. In the morning all the college and its friends gathered in the Battell Chapel. The class poet was Mr. W. H. Harper, whose subject was "Album Leaves," while the theme of the orator, Mr. W. M. Hall, was "The Practicality of Independence." Then followed the usual announcement of

Prizes.

John A. Porter Prize—E. B. Goodell, '77; subject, "The Sources of our National Unity." *Soldiers' Memorial Fellowship*—H. McL. Reynolds, '80. *Douglas Fellowship*—A. Tighe, '79. *Larned Scholarship* for '79—L. F. Burpee. *Clark Scholarship* for '79—L. F. Burpee. *Larned Scholarship* for '80—W. M. Hall. *Clark Scholarship* for '80—W. M. Hall. *W. W. DeForest Scholarship*—S. C. Partridge, '80. *Woolsey Scholarship*—E. H. Moore, Jr., '83. *Hurlburt Scholarship*—J. McK. Lewis, '83. *Third Freshman Scholarship*—H. D. Taft, '83. *Winthrop Prizes*—1st, A. S. Van de Graaff, '81; 2d, B. W. Bacon, '81. *Scott Prize in German*—F. Goodrich, '80. *Scott Prize in French*—F. H. Tichenor, '81. *Composition Prizes*—Sophomore class, 2d term, 1st Prizes: C. Bentley, Jr., C. E. Blumley, B. Brewster, H. S. Snyder, C. B. Storrs. 2d Prizes: W. T. Bruce, B. Johnson, D. Kinlay, F. E. Worcester. 3d Prizes: J. R. Bishop, W. Churchill, B. Foster, D. S. Sanford, J. E. Whitney. *Declamation Prizes*—Sophomore class: 1st, A. P. French; 2d, T. Holland; 3d, B. Foster. *Sophomore Mathematical Prizes*—1st, G. E. Curtis; 2d, B. Johnson; 3d, J. L. Wells. *Freshman Mathematical Prizes*—1st, E. H. Moore, Jr.; 2d, I. B. Newton and F. B. Stevens; 3d, F. G. Small and H. D. Taft. *Berkeley Premiums for Latin Composition*—Class of '83: 1st, A. B. Cornwall, S. L. Geisthardt, C. M. Kendall, J. McK. Lewis, E. H.

Moore, Jr., W. Price; 2d, G. P. Carroll, G. W. Johnston, F. W. Kellogg, A. C. Loomis, W. E. Nettleton, S. B. Platner, C. C. Sherman, H. D. Taft. The singing of the Parting Ode, written by W. C. Camp, closed the exercises. The reading of the

Class Histories

Filled up the afternoon. The historians were N. G. Osborn, J. B. Porter, A. E. Hooker and S. C. Partridge, and their productions were at once more witty and more free from fault than any of late years. The Ivy Ode was by W. C. Camp. In the evening the campus was gayly illuminated for the

Senior Promenade,

Held as has now become the custom in Alumni Hall, and specially honored this year by the presence of President Hayes, attended by President Porter.

The Alumni Meeting,

On the following morning, Wednesday, June 30, was presided over by Dr. Leonard Bacon, class of '20. Addresses were made by President Woolsey, and prominent representatives of the several classes. The exercises of

Commencement Day

Varied in no particular from those of previous years. At the Center Church the following programme was rendered: 1. Music—Overture, Egmont (Beethoven). 2. Prayer by Pres. Porter. 3. Salutatory Oration in Latin by D. W. Richards. 4. Oration, "Russia and England in Asia," H. McL. Reynolds. 5. Dissertation, "The Social Discontent," D. C. Wells. 6. Music—Fantasie, Tanhauser (Wagner). 7. Oration, "Two Types of Jews," W. H. Buell. 8. Dissertation, "St. John the Divine," S. C. Partridge. 9. Music—Songs of Germany. 10. "The Supreme Court as a Protector of Liberty," F. W. Keator. 11. Dissertation, "The Influence of Goethe," J. H. Watson. 12. Music—Symphonie, Andante (Schubert). 13. Oration, "The New England Town," E. M. Bentley. 14. Dissertation, "Thomas Becket, a Study of Character," D. Y. Campbell. 15.

Music—March, Leonora Raff. 16. Dissertation, "Lord Beaconsfield," H. W. Taft. 17. Oration, "Societies for the Prevention of Crime," J. A. Amundson. 18. Music—Traumerer (Schumann). 19. Oration, "Protestantism—Will it Die?" with Valedictory Address, by W. M. Hall. 20. Music—Lohengrin (Wagner). 21. Prayer by the President.

Honorary Degrees

Were then conferred as follows: LL.D.—President R. B. Hayes; Hon. Hugo W. Sheffey, of Va. D.D.—Rev. H. M. Dexter, Boston; Prof. Joseph Emerson, of Beloit College. M.A.—Rev. Selah Merrill, of Andover, Mass. Mus.D.—Theodore Thomas. At the

Alumni Dinner

Speeches were made by President Porter, President Hayes, Governor Andrews, Secretary Evarts, and others. In the evening the President held his reception in the Art School and this closing festivity of the year was made the more enjoyable by the reflection of the triumph at New London.

The exercises of the

Sheffield Scientific School Commencement

Were held in North Sheffield Hall, Tuesday evening, June 29. Theses were read as follows: "The Gifford Injector," H. O. Carrington; "The Land Tenure of Ireland," F. M. Collin; "Population," G. E. Goodspeed; "The Nervous System of *Dienictylus Viridescens*," W. Hitchcock; "The Belgian System of Cable Towing as used on Erie Canal," D. B. Lewis; "Inter-State Commerce," W. S. McCrea; "The Digestive System of *Coluber Constrictor*," C. E. Munger; "Review of Storage Reservoir No. 2 at Farmington, Conn.," D. Porter; "Design for Gravity Railroad," E. M. Rogers. Prizes were also announced as follows:—Class of 1880. *German*—F. McA. Collin, with honorable mention of G. H. Clark and E. T. Liefeld. *French*—D. Porter. *Civil Engineering*—D. Porter. Class of 1881.—*Mathematics*—W. M. Wood, with honorable mention of G. F. Bosworth, Jeme Tien Yow and W. B. Wright. Class of 1882—*Studies of Freshman Year*—Prize divided between H. W. Casey and F. J. Lambert. *German*—F. W. LaForge and N. S. Latham (equal), with

honorable mention of Kee Yung Chun. *Mathematics*—H. W. Casey and F. J. Lambert (equal). *Physics*—H. W. Casey. *Chemistry*—F. J. Lambert. *Descriptive Geometry*—H. W. Casey and F. J. Lambert (equal). *English Composition*—1st, H. J. Biddle, H. W. Casey, J. J. Drummond, R. O. DuBois, F. W. LaForge and S. E. Minor; 2d, N. G. Bozeman, A. B. Johnson, N. S. Latham and L. V. Pirsson. In

Base Ball

The season was closed by two finely contested games. Though the loss of the single game which marred our college record was keenly felt, in the defeat of Harvard flushed with victory, upon Jarvis Field, the nine more than redeemed itself. It was a glorious victory. The score shows the play, but too much praise cannot be given to the pitching of Lamb.

Hamilton Park, June 27 :

YALE.						HARVARD.					
	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Parker, 3b.	1	1	2	2	2	Coolidge, 2b.	1	1	6	1	0
Lamb, p.	0	0	0	9	0	Fessenden, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Clark, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Shattuck, 1b.	1	1	6	0	0
Hutchison, s. s.	0	0	0	4	1	Winsor, c.	0	0	9	2	0
Camp, l. f.	0	1	4	0	0	Nichols, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Walden, 2b.	0	0	1	1	0	Holden, 3b.	0	0	2	1	0
Hopkins, 1b.	0	0	10	0	0	Olmstead, l. f.	0	2	4	0	1
Watson, c.	0	0	8	1	0	Folsom, p.	0	0	0	9	0
Badger, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Edwards, s. s.	0	0	0	4	1
	1	2	27	17	3		3	6	27	17	2
Yale,	1	0	0	0	0		0	0	0	0—1	
Harvard,	0	0	0	0	3		0	0	0	0—3	

Earned runs: Harvard, 3. Two-base hits: Coolidge, Shattuck. Three-base hit: Parker. First base on balls: Yale, 1. First base on errors: Harvard, 3; Yale, 1. Struck out: Yale, 8; Harvard, 7. Balls called on Lamb, 77; on Folsom, 69. Strikes called on Lamb, 13; on Folsom, 11. Struck at and missed: Yale, 24; Harvard, 23. Time: 1 hour 55 min. Umpire: C. S. Wilbur, of Troy.

Jarvis Field, June 30 :

YALE.								HARVARD.							
	A.B.	R.	1B.	B.R.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	B.R.	P.O.	A.	E.
Parker, 3b.	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	Coolidge, 2b.	4	0	0	0	6	2	0
Lamb, p.	4	1	1	4	1	8	0	Fessenden, r. f.	4	0	0	0	3	2	1
Clark, r. f.	4	1	1	5	0	0	0	Shattuck, 1b.	4	0	0	0	7	0	0
Hutchison, s. s.	4	0	2	6	0	4	0	Winsor, c.	4	0	0	4	8	3	5
Camp, l. f.	4	0	0	0	3	0	0	Nichols, c. f.	3	0	1	1	1	0	0
Walden, 2b.	4	0	0	1	1	2	1	Holden, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1	1	0
Hopkins, 1b.	4	0	0	4	17	0	0	Olmstead, l. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Watson, c.	4	1	0	4	4	5	1	Folsom, p.	3	0	0	1	0	7	3
Badger, c. f.	3	0	0	2	1	0	0	Edwards, s. s.	3	0	0	0	0	1	1
	35	3	4	26	27	20	2		31	0	1	6	27	16	10

Yale,	.	.	.	I	I	I	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3
Harvard,	.	.	.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs: Yale, 1. Three-base hit: Lamb. First base on balls: Yale, 4; Harvard, 2. First base on errors: Yale, 4; Harvard, 1. Struck out: Yale, 7; Harvard, 5. Balls called on Lamb, 88; an Folsom, 113. Strikes on Lamb, 34; Folsom, 53. Double play: Harvard, 1. Passed balls: Winsor, 4. Wild pitches: Folsom, 2. Time: 2 hours 40 min. Umpire: C. S. Wilbur.

The Harvard Race,

Rowed July 1st, was a victory as complete as it was well deserved. The conditions of 1878 were reversed. Harvard had a slight advantage at the start, but Yale led by a length at the mile, and steadily widened the gap to the finish, winning by a dozen lengths in 24 min. 27 sec., while Harvard crossed the line in 25 min. 9 sec. A strong breeze blew dead against the boats from start to finish. The crews were as follows: *Yale*—J. B. Collins, '81 (bow); P. C. Fuller, '81; F. W. Rogers, '83; N. T. Guernsey, '81; L. K. Hull, '83; G. B. Rogers, '80 S. S. S. (capt.); C. B. Storrs, '82; H. T. Folsom, '83 (stroke); Mun Yew Chung (cox). *Harvard*—E. W. Atkinson, '81 (bow); W. Freeland, '81; H. D. Howard, '81; E. D. Brandegee, '81; J. Otis, '81; N. M. Brigham, '80; R. Bacon, '80; R. L. Trimble, '80 (stroke); E. P. Sanger, '83 (cox). Immediately after the race Mr. J. B. Collins, who has for two years rowed bow, was chosen captain for the next year. It is a pleasure to record that in success there has been no abatement of the active energy which marked the administration of last year. Seven of the crew have resumed their seats in the boats, and a daily practice pull has been taken since

The Fall Regatta,

Which was rowed at Lake Saltonstall, Wednesday, October 6. The magnificent weather called out an unusually large attendance, and the full programme was well carried out. There was some disappointment in the barge race, however, the seniors winning with ease, when a close contest had been expected. '81's time was 13 min. 22 sec.; '83's, 13 min. 58 sec. The crews were as follows: *Seniors*—H. P. Johnes (bow), J. F. Merrill, O. H. Briggs, F. R. Vernon, F. A. Manning, W. B. Hill (stroke), H. N. Tuttle (cox). *Sophomores*—L. B. Hillard (bow), G. Colgate, J. M. Nelson, J. R. Parrott, E. G. Bourne, H. Vernon (stroke),

Mun Yew Chung (cox.). The freshman race was rowed for the first time in eights and was more interesting than usual. '84's time was 6 min. 21 sec.; '83 S. S. S., 6 min. 39 sec. The men were: '84—C. N. Peck (bow), G. R. Blodgett, S. W. Hopkins, Jr., J. W. Cain, E. A. Merritt, W. M. Speer, F. H. Dodge, H. A. Bishop (stroke), Yan Phou Lee (cox.). '83 S. S. S.—H. K. Devereux (bow), E. H. Skinner, A. Wurts, J. E. Newell, Low, C. M. Carpenter, E. E. Thompson, G. A. Barrows (stroke), H. N. Tuttle, '81 (cox). There was also a good race between Dunham fours, a fine spurt being made at the finish by the losing crew. Names—A. C. Hand, '82 (bow); C. W. Shipley, '82; G. W. Lay, '82; S. M. Clement, '82 (stroke); Mun Yew Chung, '83 (cox.); time, 6 min. 46 sec. H. Q. Cleneay, '81 (bow); W. W. Hawkes, M. S.; C. P. Williams, '82 S. S. S.; L. M. Higginson, S. S. S. (stroke); D. B. Tucker, '83 (cox.); time, 6 min. 54 sec. For the single sculls, H. Vernon, '83, rowed over the course in 17 min. 42 sec. without a competitor. In base ball the usual series of

Class Games

Has been played, and the championship remained with '81 by four successive victories, closing a record unmarred by defeat since freshman year. The annual

Foot Ball Convention

Of delegates from Yale, Harvard and Princeton met at Springfield, Oct. 13, Yale being represented by President Hill and Captain Watson. It was decided against the vote of Harvard to play with eleven men, and important changes were made in the playing rules. Columbia was admitted to the association.

The Fall Athletic Games

Were held Oct. 20 and proved beyond question the success of the new association. The winners and their records were as follows: *Hundred Yards*—C. R. Corwith, '83, 10¾. *Putting the Shot*—C. B. Storrs, '82, 28 ft. 3 in. *Mile Run*—W. R. Bridgman, '81, 5.17. *Long Jump*—F. G. Beach, '83, 9 ft. 5½ in. *Run-*

ning High Jump—C. K. Billings, '82, 5 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. *Mile Walk*—E. G. Bourne, '83, 8.26 $\frac{1}{4}$. *Half Mile Run*—McQuesten, '82 S. S. S., 2.17 $\frac{3}{4}$. *Throwing Hammer*—F. W. Rogers, '83, 80 ft. 8 in. *Pole Vaulting*—H. C. Hopkins, '84, 8 ft. 2 in. *Quarter Mile Run*—F. D. Helmer, '81, 57 $\frac{1}{4}$. *Kicking Foot Ball*—H. C. Hopkins, '84, 141 ft. 2 in. *Bicycle Race* (one mile)—H. H. Bishop, '84, 3.33 $\frac{1}{2}$. *Three-Legged Race*—Corwith and Yates, '83, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. *Tug of War*—Class of '81. *Lawn Tennis*—W. M. Wood, '81 S. S. S. But athletics have not alone absorbed the attention of the undergraduate world. The opening of the year has been marked by the successful inauguration of the

Yale University Club,

Which, projected last year, has established itself in elegant quarters at No. 438 Chapel st., and entered upon what promises to be a long career of usefulness. Early in October, too, the seniors were called to the consideration of the following list of

Subjects for Townsend Compositions.

1. The influence of the United States on European Constitutions during the past century.
 2. The Management of the Foreign Relations of the United States during the Civil War.
 3. Goethe and Bushnell.
 4. English Radicalism.
 5. Voltaire.
 6. Germanicus and Arminius.
 7. The Statesmanship of Robert Walpole.
- Another token of the coming end was the election of

Class Orator and Poet,

Held Wednesday, October 6. H. S. Durand was chosen poet by acclamation, but the balloting for orator was without result. At a subsequent meeting James Leighton was elected by 43 votes to 42 for Sherman Evarts. O. H. Briggs was chosen statistician. On Saturday, Oct. 9, was elected the

Junior Promenade Committee,

Whose names are, W. P. Eno, A. P. French, C. M. Griggs, C. W. Lyman, E. W. McBride, W. Pollock, G. P. Richardson, C. M. Sholes, A. A. Welch. The committee organized by

choosing Mr. French as chairman, and Mr. Eno as floor manager. At a meeting called October 6, to consider the expediency of longer maintaining

Linonia,

The question was decided in the negative, and the society has been declared dead, though the objection has been raised that the meeting was not competent to pass upon the matter, and there is still a possibility of a different issue.

Items.

Professor Allen and Tutor Robbins have retired from the academic faculty. Acting professor Knapp has been made Professor of Modern Languages, and Tutor Farnam Professor of Political Economy. Professor T. D. Seymour succeeds Prof. Allen and Mr. C. C. Camp, '77, Mr. J. S. Thacher, '77, and Mr. A. L. Ripley, '78, are added to the catalogue as tutors.—Mr. J. F. Merrill, '81, has been chosen president of the Glee Club; Mr. H. L. Williams, '82, business manager. Vacancies have been filled as follows: C. E. Richards, '82, D. A. Jones, '83, 2d tenor; G. Cromwell, '83, W. H. Jessup, '84, 1st bass; G. S. Isham, '81, S. M. Clement, '82, H. H. Knapp, '82, H. M. Hoyt, '83, 2d bass.—Freshman athletic officers are: *Boating*—President, H. A. Bishop; Sec. and Treas., J. P. Gray, Jr.; Captain, H. A. Bishop. *Base Ball*—President, E. L. Pollock; Sec. and Treas., M. Andrews, Jr.; Captain, G. L. Plummer. *Foot Ball*—President, H. L. Dawes, Jr.; Sec. and Treas., F. D. Trowbridge; Captain, T. G. Lawrence.—Delegates to the *A. K. E.* convention with the Trinity Chapter at Hartford, Oct. 21, were A. E. Bostwick and J. C. Coleman, '81, F. F. Abbott, B. Foster, and A. C. Hand, '82.—A university Rifle Club has been formed, with F. H. Tichenor, '81, Captain, and A. S. Osborne, '82, Sec. and Treas.—A university Bicycle Club has been organized. Officers: R. H. McDonald, '81, President; A. S. Osborne, '82, Sec. and Treas.; C. K. Billings, '82, Captain; F. L. Bigelow, '81 S. S. S., Lieutenant.—The *Banner* was issued Oct. 20 by J. E. Whitney and F. E. Worcester, '82.

Obituaries.

WHEREAS, God in His all-wise Providence has seen fit to remove from this life our former classmate, ROBERT W. FORBES, Jr., be it

Resolved, That we, the senior class of Yale College deeply lament his sudden and untimely death.

Resolved, That, although separated from us the past year, the friendships which he formed while with us by his integrity, sincerity and thorough kindness of heart were both strong and permanent.

Resolved, That we, who have been called upon for the first time to lament the loss of one of our number, extend our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy to those to whom he was bound by still closer ties.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family and a badge of mourning be worn by the class for thirty days.

W. B. STERLING,
H. T. WALDEN,
J. B. DIMMICK. } *Committee.*

WHEREAS, God in His all-wise Providence, has seen fit to take away our former classmate, HARRY W. CASEY, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the junior class of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College deeply lament and deplore his sudden death.

Resolved, That while he was with us he proved himself a faithful friend and finished scholar.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to his friends and relations.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his family and that a badge of mourning be worn by the class for thirty days.

A. B. JOHNSON,
C. CHAMBERLAIN,
S. L. WILLIAMS. } *Committee.*

BOOK NOTICES.

Rise of the Macedonian Empire. By Arthur M. Curteis, M.A. With eight maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

The history of Macedon is said to be the history of its kings. In the earliest period this was made possible by the inferior civilization of the people. A people disconnected and rude inclines to acquire traits of the personality of an energetic ruler. Let a strong leader appear among them and his ideas become theirs; the succession of his thoughts becomes the history of the time. Macedon had three kings who stamped in this way the record of their country's life. Their characters were different but singularly appropriate for a succession of rulers in such a people. What did a country so situated need first? Internal progress. Archelaus the civilizer reigned. He built roads, linking into a nation what was before only a people. Less successful was the introduction of polished Greeks at court. What next did the country need? National position. Philip was the diplomatic king. He separated his enemies by intrigue—for his aggressive policy soon made foes, out of friends. He pitted one enemy against another, and while they were wrangling he was besieging Amphipolis and marching into Olynthus. He was not to be tied by promises or appeased by readily accepted presents. "We deceive children in play with dice," said he, "and men with oaths." He left his kingdom what it lacked when he took it—power. Chaeroneia was his last act. What more could Macedon desire? Conquests. Then was born for her a conqueror and he was called the Great. He fought the battle of Gaugamela; the distant walls of Nineveh saw a million Persians put to flight. These three kings were conspicuous for their wonderful energy and not less for their crimes. The book is a concise narration of the important facts of this history. The geographical observations, evidently made at the places themselves, are of value, and the maps are all that could be desired. The book takes a deserved place in the "Epochs of Ancient History" series.

The Stillwater Tragedy. By T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 16mo. Price, \$1.50.

Three stories, each calculated to create great interest, are here woven into one; the history of a crime and its detection, the story of a laborers' strike, and a love episode. The detective story, which gives the name to the book, while lacking the tiresome elaboration which is possible in such narratives, has enough of the minute detail and provoking intricacy of a detective story to make the eager reader hasten to reach the solution. The strike is exciting, as all strikes are. It brings to mind a portion of Winthrop's beautiful "Love and Skates." The love story is quite refreshing—possibly owing to the fact that its sentiment never becomes "gush," and its scenes are drawn with a dainty hand. Through the whole book there are touches of the humor and cleverness that make Aldrich one of our most attractive writers. The publishers have given us a fine sample of art in binding and printing.

The Mudfog Papers. By Charles Dickens. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

A collection of a young man's early literary experiments. The first of the series bears here and there marks of Dickens' peculiar style, but in the "Mudfog Association Reports" he seems to have found an exactly suitable subject. We find here the omnipresent humor of his novels, the same cutting irony, the same delicious exaggeration, the same unique descriptive power. Two of the papers are good specimens of literary experiment. We see the young man feeling his way slowly and laboriously through different kinds of writing, falling to commonplace here and rising to originality there, and finding at last the peculiar class of subjects and the peculiar method of treatment which made him the inimitable Dickens. Here is a characteristic description, suggestive in its opening of the Fezziwigs' Ball: "On the procession came. We are afraid to say how many supernumeraries there were, in striped shirts and black velvet caps, to imitate the London watermen, or how many base imitations of running footmen, or how many banners, which, owing to the heaviness of the atmosphere, could by no means be prevailed upon to display their inscriptions; still less do we feel disposed to relate how the men who played the wind instruments, looking up into the sky (we mean the fog) with musical fervor, walked through pools of water and hillocks of mud; or how the barrel-organ performer put on the wrong stop, and played one tune while the band played another;—all of which are matters which might be dilated upon to great advantage, &c."

Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 283 pp. Paper. Price, 50 cents. For sale by Judd.

This treatise, which has been before the public for twenty years, is now published in cheap form for the sake of giving it the general circulation which it deserves. The defects in our manner of education are legion, as one sees in a few minutes' thought. Every correction in method suggested here is based upon reasoning from countless observed facts. There is no speculation or high-flown theorizing, but simply the exercise of good sense. The fundamental idea is, that Nature should dictate all laws of training. "The genesis of knowledge in the individual must follow the same course as the genesis of knowledge in the race." That is, the law of intellectual growth should be the law of self-evolution—a proceeding from the concrete to the abstract, from the empirical to the rational. In moral education the law of self-government should be taught by allowing natural results, pleasure or pain, to follow every act. In physical education, Nature should determine the quality and quantity of food, clothing and exercise. The book presents a great deal of practical information whose value cannot be overestimated, which every man, young or old, ought to possess.

The Grandissimes. A story of Creole Life. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

Mr. Cable has opened a field that is his own. The people, the scenery, the time are absolutely new to fiction. The chief characters have strongly marked traits, some of them reaching the fantastic. Pride and passion are the strongest features. The intense beauty of the South is linked with the violence and

superstition of Voudouism. The conservatism of a strongly established ruling race, the obstinacy of family spirit struggle with progress that forces itself upon them. As a novel the book has faults, but these faults make its success as a historical romance possible. It is disconnected and rambling, but when it wanders from the plot it is only to lead us to the unexpected and the beautiful; it is clogged with an uncouth dialect in which the people say "peajohn" for pigeon, and "pigshoe" for picture; but by letting the people talk as they actually did, it makes them more real than any evasion of their speech would have allowed; it bewilders with its intricate relationships and interminable family trees, but at the end we know that we have met the gods of the olden days and seen them as they were in all their pride.

The Western Farmer of America. By Augustus Mongredien. Published for the Cobden Club. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. Price, threepence.

Addressed to the agricultural interest of the United States, especially with reference to the coming election. It shows that farmers spend 400 million dollars annually more than they ought. What is the cause? Protection. Manufacturers might not find the arguments as satisfactory as they doubtless appear to the class to whom they appeal.

Every-Day English. A sequel to "Words and their Uses." By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth. 512 pp.

Mr. White does not pretend to write as a philologist. To quote his own words, "I speak only in the interests of men of average intelligence and some acquaintance with their mother tongue and its literature, of whose cause I presume to offer myself as an advocate." He addresses ordinary people simply as a man who has learned something of good English by associating long with those who speak it. He does not dazzle us with profundity or bewilder us with obscurity. He writes plainly and makes "common sense" his first principle. Most of the essays in this volume have been published before at different times and in various places. Some of them are racy and amusing and all are instructive, whether we agree with the writer or not. He is not a believer in the Pitman movement that flooded our college with pamphlets last year. "A revolution in English spelling is unnecessary, and is not called for by the mass of the intelligent English-speaking and English-reading people, and is practically impossible. Any attempt to introduce phonetic spelling into literature on an extended scale would result only in anarchy, confusion, and disaster, which would be temporary, indeed, but grave and deplorable."

The Wellfields. By Jessie Fothergill. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

A novel that leads us to a German watering-place may safely be expected to contain trouble of some sort. It may be a challenge among the Newcomes, or it may be the gambling of Gwendolen Harleth that happens there, but whatever it is, it nearly always precedes misfortune. Perhaps the world-citizen, who sees all people through uncolored spectacles, could easily tell why this is so, or at least why German watering-places do "happen" to be the source and scene of many griefs. He could tell whether it is because

ambitious mammas take their daughters there to do a judicious amount of flirting with respectable counts and barons, which sometimes cuts a heart or two, or whether it is because *rouge-et-noir* pulls so hard at the purse-strings that bind up what remains of years of toil, or whether it is because the code of honor demands satisfaction to the value of a world for an offence that makes the difference of a pin. "The Wellfields" opens at Ems, and though its people fill their cup of happiness moderately full, they pay well for it in after sorrows. But they are sorrows that enlist interest and sympathy at once and are on the whole rather satisfactory than otherwise, for they give occasion for some unusually forcible writing. If one were to characterize the book, he might call it a lesson on the morality of flirting, and a lesson that is far from being dry entertainment.

Class-Book of Oratory and Elocution. By Allan A. Griffith, M.A. Chicago: Central Book Concern. Price, \$1.50.

Prof. Griffith is too well known to need any word as to his abilities as a teacher of elocution. The new edition of his book contains an exposition of his oratorical system, occupying one hundred pages, and a long list of selections of every conceivable style, for the purpose of exercise. In the appendix are some lessons on facial expression, with illustrations. The book is well printed and answers its purpose in every respect.

A Short Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By Charles H. Jones. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo. Paper. Price, 35 cents. For sale by Judd.

Mr. Gladstone's career is well worth study to "the young man in politics." It shows that a conscientious change of party ought not necessarily to involve disgrace. At the same time it is a reproof to the fickleness of the class of politicians who are always on the fence. Mr. Gladstone's re-election was a splendid tribute to the worth of his character and the justice of his views. The present volume is made up chiefly of gleanings from various sources of information about the Premier, which have now become so numerous as almost to deserve the name of a "Gladstone Literature." As a hand-book it fills an important and heretofore unoccupied place.

Troublesome Daughters. By L. B. Walford. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

Alice, Kate, Bertha, Marjorie. Four daughters to be disposed of in Vanity Fair may very properly be called troublesome. Take the life of one "society girl" in the whirl of the London season, quadruple it and then put the management of it all into the hands of one poor mamma, and you may get some idea of what sort of a life Lady Olivia Newbattle might have had with her four girls. But Lady Olivia did not make such a very disagreeable task out of her burden; she was "up" in Social Economics; she performed her duty to only one dear daughter at a time, and in the end she found that instead of four girls to marry off she had only —, but this is anticipating. Kate is the heroine—as beautiful in her face as in her character. The quick temper that makes her handsome eyes flash, and the lofty independence of her air, that give in reluctantly to cool, stern reason, are much more charming than the dallying and hesitation of the coquette of the average novel.

The hero, who is altogether too fortunate in his circumstances, is not beyond showing sense and uprightness. The people who flit in and out are all distinctly characterized. We pass over dangerous ground now and then, where an ill-chosen word might transform the whole into silly nonsense. The author's skill is strongly tested, but proves to have been not at all over-estimated. It is a successful novel, though condensation in certain portions would have done no injury.

Brigitta. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Clara Bell. Leisure Hour Series. New York : Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

If Auerbach's conceit has heretofore met no damper, it is not likely to find a check in the reception which his new story will have. The Black Forest is to Auerbach what London was to Dickens, and yachts are to William Black. It furnishes a great many people to talk about, all having great similarity of circumstance and great diversity of disposition. The conversation of the peasantry, it is true, runs often to cheese and geese, but then we should not expect them to discuss the last opera or the newest criticism of Shakespeare. The life they lead is simple and lowly, but they are not entirely lacking in attractiveness. Theirs is the strongest hatred and the tenderest love. Their wrath is bitter but righteous, their affection deep as it is undemonstrative. Their thoughts lie in their faces, but they do not hang their heads. They do not know how homely and almost pitiful their existence sometimes seems, and so much the better for them, for their ignorance is the bliss of contentment. Brigitta tells her own story, how conscience can crush the most unyielding enmity, if it cannot always turn it into love.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

There is an empty place upon our table and we are the mourners therefor. We listen for the tinkling of the bells which erstwhile broke upon our musings, and silence is our only meed. It is true, then, that the college representative of that wit which is wholesome and clean, has, like the Fool in *Lear*, "gone to bed at noon." The King's jester is dead, lives there one as worthy? Our regret for your demise, Lampey, is a general one, and we shall miss you sorely. "Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment?" There is a breezy air about our fall journalism. The spring lassitude has gone, and in its place come talk on foot ball and class-regattas, stories of summer conquests and summer dreams, with many a look forward to the coming winter. Our friend, the politician, as well as our friend Pedagogus, is abroad. He has a stylographic pen and records election chances and election bets; records also lists of students who are panting for the somewhat doubtful glory which comes with the cape and torch. He is omnipresent, and sometimes slightly obtrusive, but then his day is such a brief one that we can afford to be lenient to his butterfly existence. The only objections we have against politicians, is that they occasionally inveigle away our devil, "just around the corner you know, Cap, to talk over Indiana." When he returns we are both enthusiastic, he for a full vote and a fair count, and the exchange editor for reform in the representation. But these are side issues, and we cannot chide so useful a person as our devil for the slips which all men and even devils are liable to. To our exchanges, one and all, a hearty greeting is yours. We feel that you realize that the class of '81 is now the Senior class, and that superhuman exertions are necessary if we would continue to make it, as it has been so far, the best class that ever entered college. To our own college papers an especially hearty greeting. It may seem like egotism, but you are the most welcome, and, in our judgment, the best of the papers which enter our wigwam (to adopt Democratic phraseology). There are harmless tiffs between the rival boards, as, for instance, when the *Record* calls the *Courant* and *News* "old women," and the *News*, not fancying the crown of aged womanhood upon its lordly brow, retaliates by printing parallel extracts from the *Record's* columns illustrating that "organ's" change of sentiment. After all, looking at it from a broader standpoint, there is much petty spite displayed in the college press which finds no echo in the college world, and we editors are very like our brethren of the quill in the outside world, in our ambitions and rivalries. Before Elihu beams again upon his constituency, the great foot ball games will have been played, and the wearers of the blue will be either in an Elysium of delight, or—but we cannot look upon that side of the picture, the other dazzles us so with its brilliancy. Think of rehearsing on Thanksgiving evening, to a family gathering of the clan, whose name you bear, how Nassau is "mourning for her children," and there is weeping in Holyoke Hall! And from among the many-hued leaves of sad October's days, Elihu bids you farewell until the scythe of Time shall mow down another month for the garner of the years.

VOL. XLVI.

No. II.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dont vous plaindre, mon cher landesque Yalensis
Cantabrigie Bernier, dramatique PATRIE!"

NOVEMBER, 1880.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

On Sale at Gifford's.

TUTTLE, MORSEHOUSE & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

MUSCIEUX.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Sixth Volume with the number for October, 1880. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$1.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

No. 2.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '81.

PHILIP G. BARTLETT,

JOHN C. COLEMAN,

JOSEPH D. BURRELL,

SHERMAN EVARTS,

ADRIAN S. VAN DE GRAAFF.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN CRITIC.

THE critics of a hundred years ago were terrible fellows with the pen. At the heralding of a new book how they chuckled and slapped their thin knees as they sharpened up their wits and their quills! And then how they slashed right and left into the volume, pointing out here and there a word that Lyly or Dryden happened to have used, turning the poor author's verse into jingle and his sublimity into affectation. It is no wonder that there was a reaction against their wholesale condemnation, which culminated as late as this century in such explosions as "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The name critic had become synonymous with unfairness and unauthorized assumption. But the reviewers flourished wonderfully under the storms which they were constantly drawing about their own heads, and the opposition, instead of crushing them, served, by transforming their character, to make for them a permanent place in literature, so that to-day there is no possibility of eliminating their work from the sphere of literary composition. Indeed, under the present system of philosophical criti-

cism, the reviewers even place their work alongside of original production.

Acknowledging then, that criticism has definite functions and utility, two questions at once arise: what is the exact weight which a critic, as against the author, should have with the reader, and when has a man a right to express a critical opinion? In discussing the former, it is plain at once that there is a "golden mean" to be reached between extremists of two kinds. There are men who still think the critics to be ravenous beasts preying alike upon timid authors and those who like Herrick, were self-sacrificing enough to say,

"He write, because He give
You Criticks means to live."

They refuse to accept any credentials of the critics, and do not believe in allowing "middle-men" to intervene between the author and the reader to shape their relations according to ideas that are perhaps not acknowledged by either party interested. They think that the purposes of literature are vitiated by such interference and that the whole influence of the critic is that of a prejudiced interpreter. At the other extreme are those who take some judge to shape their opinions entirely for them. They plead that as the critic makes a specialty of his subject, he is more competent to decide than they, his verdict is less liable to error than theirs, therefore they accept his *dictum* as though it were the ukase of a despot, putting on a machine-made idea like a machine-made coat. Among such people are the artificial connoisseurs in books who read the book after the criticism, when their minds are already fixed, and who sometimes even neglect to read the book, but are none the less ready with an opinion.

Leaving these extremes, for they are obviously poor examples to follow, we come to the question, how much should a man defer to the reviewers and how far should he depend on his own perception; how shall he judge between the author and the critic?

There are certain portions of a man's reading on which he cannot with fairness make any absolute decision. "The criticism of philosophy is itself philosophy, and that of science, science, and that of history, history." If we allow with Haeckel that it takes years of original investigation to fit a man to form an opinion on the subject of Evolution, one cannot expect to be right in his judgment who makes a final decision on such an important question after reading perhaps two treatises on the subject accompanied by two reviews in his favorite magazine. Take as a historical instance Macaulay's England. Is the average reader competent to judge between the author and the critics, like Taine, who accuse him of partisanship? Or is a man to be too modest to form any definite idea, and acknowledging his lack of the knowledge requisite to correct appreciation to hold his opinion *in suspensa*? If Bacon, when he made his famous aphorism about books, had given us a clew to the formation of perfect judgment, if he had given us an absolute standard of criticism, something perhaps like the *αὐτὸ τὸ μέτρον* of Plato, an absolute measure—foot measure if you will—by which to try every book, we should be relieved of all fear of making mistakes. Since there is, unfortunately, no such standard, one must form his opinion by other criteria. He may adopt a certain view because it is held by the school of thinkers to which he belongs, or because it is the most "advanced," or because it is held by the majority of men—reasoning that if "two heads are better than one" a thousand must be a thousand times better—, or for any one of a multitude of similar reasons, all of which are without weight to the man who seeks to know above all things that which is true, who reads not "to believe and take for granted, but to weigh and consider."

The only solution seems to be for one to do the best he can with "that which he hath" in attempting to measure minds greater than his own, to try to weigh them in his own miniature balance, remembering, at the same time, his liability to mistake, and also that he makes this estimate for himself and not as a critic for the people.

The question of the right, or as others say the propriety, of expression of opinion enters here—a question outside the present discussion.

There is a point to be noticed in the case of one who has already formed an opinion in this way, or who has "inherited" it, that is, has been trained from childhood to believe it true, or who has acquired it in any other way. The fact that he already possesses it, though it cannot bear weight as against mass of reason against it, is still one point in its favor as against novelty or mere attractiveness. He ought not to be drawn away from that judgment for any reason of the class mentioned as likely to influence him in its formation. While remembering now as before that the true *Φιλαλήδης*, seeker after truth, acknowledges the *ipse dixit* of no teacher, the dogmas of no school simply because they hold them, as well as that ultra-liberalism is as likely to mistake as ultra-conservatism, he should know positively that the burden of proof always lies with the author or critic, whichever it may be, who is opposed to him. To every man that knowledge may be at some time of the greatest value.

When the subject is familiar to the reader, fully within the compass of his mind, no rules for forming judgment are needed. One's own sense of justice ought to direct him to what is right. And here, too, no man has a right to dictate to another. The supreme judges are "the much despised many—the crowd," and the critic is only one of the two parties on trial. No reader should say that he thinks this or that is so because Talfourd or Jeffrey or Mackintosh or Macaulay said so; on the contrary, he should appropriate to himself the motto of one of our reviews: "*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.*" It is only the most superficial student who is a Wordsworthian because Matthew Arnold is one, and who burns his Keats because the reviews condemned "Endymion."

There are people too exacting to have any "favorite author." It is probable that their critical disposition unfits them for the greatest enjoyment of reading. The man who has his selected volume, the choice among ten

thousand, in which he delights to live his quiet hours, whose well-thumbed pages are the records of the feasts of reason of many a year, he is the true lover of books. He knows that no mass of selections, droppings from a thousand pens, can fill the place that one writer with all his faults can win. They may amuse and instruct, but they cannot take the place of that acquaintance with an author which one only makes by constant intercourse, seeing beneath the pages of his books the living personality and humanity of the man himself. Many readers of this class have departed from their loves, have seen their idols dethroned by some vandal of the quill, perhaps a newspaper penny-a-liner, who knocked down whatever did not agree with the standard of taste which he had set up. Here certainly knowledge is paid for in the pleasure lost; here, if any where, "'tis folly to be wise." And he who pleads a blissful ignorance can point in his defense to the still unsettled state of the science of æsthetics; to the doubt that still exists about standards of taste; for beauty is even now as difficult to define as in the days when Aristotle lived.

We have spoken only of the dependence of the reader upon the critic. Who gives the critic his credentials? When is he qualified to pass an opinion? These are questions that interest every man who talks. But we do not undertake to discuss liberty or propriety of speech. Perhaps Matthew Arnold's ideal is the true touch-stone of criticism:—"a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."

A SUMMER MEADOW.

When the sky's too cold for snowing,
When the coldest winds are blowing,
And no leaf is in the air,
When the plain is parched and bare,
If the winter day is cheerless,
I unveil a picture peerless,
Hid behind the winter's shadow,
Of a sunny, rolling meadow
Tossing in a wild commotion
Like a restless little ocean,
When the breezes o'er it blowing
Set the grassy waves a flowing
Down the flowery scented meadow
Dotted o'er with dancing daisies.
Here the lordly lily lazes
With here a dewy buttercup
From the grasses peering up,
And there a dandelion, set
In a bed of violet.
Busy bees go humming over
Draining honey-cups of clover,
And a flight of skimming swallows
Sailing up and down the hollows.
In a gaily burnished vest
Pipes the blackbird o'er his nest,
And the giddy bobolink
Sways above a brooklet's brink,
Trolling forth a crazy song,
Happy as the day is long.

Here the dews at morning glisten ;
Then they float away in mist
Like a film of dainty laces
Tinted through with amethyst.
Here at even if you listen
You may hear when winds are whist
From the warmer, open places
Sweeter songs of praise I wis
Than the praise of mortals is.
Every little voice is singing,
And the chorus softly ringing,
Teacheth us to be sincerer,
And to make our worship dearer.

THE YALE LIT. PRIZE ESSAY.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

BY EDWARD TOMPKINS McLAUGHLIN, OF LITCHFIELD, CONN.

I WISH to write concerning one whom few love and none understand; whose life was a mystery; in whose character we see the sharpest contradictions; who was an atheist in principle, and a Christian in practice; licentious in theory, and pure in life; who was the enemy of religion, yet of whom the most heartless of modern cynics said, "He was the best man I ever knew"; a man in whom the worst and most unhallowed beliefs were joined with the best and holiest deeds, and who has left the world, in return for its calumny and hatred, a legacy of immortal song.

It is a pretty saying, "whom the Gods love, die young"; perhaps true, from the standpoint of heaven; not so, when viewed in the light of human interests. Sometimes, indeed, one who in early manhood has been a very sun of glory, lives to—

"Permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack, on his celestial face;
And from the obscure world his visage hide;
Stealing unseen to West with this disgrace;"

but, more often, genius and virtue, hardly seen in early life, for the clouds of conceits and errors which float between the world and them, break forth in maturity with the brightest glory. The youth sees error everywhere. Look where he will, he sees ignorance and superstition. White-robed Truth, imprisoned in the castle of Intolerance, calls for a champion to deliver her. He hears her call and dons his armor, like Esther, doubting not that he is "come to the kingdom for such a time as this." He will overthrow the existing order of things; his untried theories shall supplant the institutions of the ages.

A few years pass, and the youth is a man. His enthusiasm gives place to calm judgment. He sees those theories of political and moral liberty, which once seemed so pure and good, transformed into furies, hideous as the witches of fairy-tales, whose triumph lets anarchy and vice loose on the earth. He no longer seeks to overturn society. Instead of substituting an entirely new machinery of laws and customs, he is content, as it were, to oil the machinery on which it is now running. Once he was impatient and visionary; now he is calm and practical. Instead of exciting revolutions for human advancement, he is satisfied, like Adam Bede, "to make the world a bit better just around him," and in the prudence and usefulness of his manhood, we forget the eccentricities of his youth. But when death comes to a young enthusiast, in whom truth is tainted with error, and pure intentions with misconceptions of duty, men forget what might have been in after years, and shake their heads sadly at what was. They taste the fruit, plucked long before maturity, and complain that it is crude. Have pity, then, for every genius who dies young; have pity for Shelley, the paramount genius of his age.

In our estimate of this earnest thinker, let us keep his early death constantly in view, and judge of him less by his acts than by the principles and motives which underlay them.

If it were necessary to speak of Shelley's character in a single word, we should describe him as a Rebel. He rebelled against the oppression of the State, the prejudices of society, the intolerance of the Church. He championed hated and despised beliefs, and threw down the gantlet to the entire Christian and moral world. It is not enough to refer this spirit to his education and surroundings; he was a rebel by birth. Had it been his lot to live in any other age, the story of his life would have been substantially the same; he would still have been a martyr to some down-trodden faith. Had he lived in the days of Christ he might have devoted himself to the up-building of that same religion which

he labored to destroy. The boldness and goodness of the greatest of reformers would have won his heart: his love to Christ would have been warm and faithful; he would have followed him in his life, and have stood by him in his death. The Scribes and Pharisees would still have heard fierce invectives against their formalities and hypocrisies; in burning accents he would have denounced the murder of his Lord, and in brightest colors he would have painted the beauty of his holiness and the gentleness of his love. We might have had another Apocalypse, describing in loftier language than St. John's, a subtler vision; more dreadful in its terrors; more splendid in its glory; and at last he might have crowned a life of usefulness with a fair death, on the block in Nero's prison, or on the cross, in the Holy Land. Had he lived at a time of wide-spread licentiousness, he would have periled his life in the defence of purity, and come down to us, in history, as a daring apostle of monogamy. His nature forced him to rebel against error, and, living when he did, he looked for and found it in the strongholds of custom. The principles he championed, far more injurious in their tendency than those he opposed, yet had sufficient truth to arouse his interest, and sufficient weakness to excite his sympathy. Truth, like Beauty, is always fairest when in tears. As Beatrice de Cenci would never have looked out from Guido's canvas in half her loveliness, had she lived in peace and prosperity, instead of suffering and wrong, so many a belief, raising its helpless eyes to heaven from the dust, has kindled a devotion which counts as nothing toils and disgraces borne in its defence, in the hearts of men who would have thought of it with indifference, had it been in power. This spirit of rebellion is seen everywhere in Shelley's life, but his manhood escaped, in great measure, the mistakes into which it led his youth, for advancing years strengthened his judgment and put into its hands the reins of zeal and passion. He was a rebel still, but he obeyed blind prejudice no longer.

We have given especial prominence to this feature of his character, because we believe it to be fundamental, and by its aid we may explain passages in his life which are otherwise inexplicable. But the characteristic which must most strongly impress all who study his life and writings is the principle of Liberty to which he was devoted from his youth. It led him to revolt against fagging at Eton, for his comrades' sake; against civil 'oppression, for the sake of the suffering Irish; against national degradation, in behalf of the degenerate Greeks. There is nothing in Shelley's history more heroic than his campaign for Irish liberty. A mere boy, he wrote addresses to the people marvelous for their command of language and force of thought, promulgating principles worthy the wisest statesman, and which, could they have been carried into execution, would have shortened, by many years, the struggle for Emancipation. Reform, he taught his readers, was not to be accomplished by revolutions, but by calm and temperate discussion. He sought to educate the people to a right understanding of their real needs; to remove the hostility between followers of different religions, and, above all, to lead men to seek liberty of soul, as well as of body and estate.

Liberty, to Shelley, was something more than a pleasant fancy, which makes one read with a languid interest the story of some victory like Marathon, without a thought of the principles, for which patriots fight, or of the sufferings they undergo. To the principles of Liberty his heartiest allegiance was given, he endured the hardships of the struggle; all the patriot's experiences were his, save the consummation of his hopes and efforts. He did not, indeed, take the field for Liberty, as Byron did, but unceasingly he thought and wrote for it. Poems like his are no mean ally for any cause. Would that the Spartan spirit had animated men half a century ago! A mighty army, then, might have marched to the overthrow of oppression, led by this modern Tyrtaeus. But, alas! they would not listen to his voice, and now it is hushed forever.

Almost all believe in Liberty, but a mere belief is worth little. It must be incarnated, as Shelley's was, in a body of devotion, whose muscles are courage; whose bones are dauntless resolution; from whose heart bounds the warm blood of enthusiasm, giving life and strength to every limb. A belief thus enshrined can move the world. Who can adequately describe the strength of Shelley's love for this Prometheus of human thought; or the solemn joy with which he looked forward to the time which, though long delayed, must surely come, when the champion of our rights should break his bonds, and "Anarch Custom" should fall from his throne. Then would come the Golden Age, when

"Man remains

Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed,—

Exempt from awe, worship, degree; the king

Over himself; just, gentle, wise."

Turning from his outer to his inner life, we find a belief far more visionary and obscure. Rebellion against custom, and intolerance of oppression were potent influences over his thoughts, but they were by no means the gods he worshiped. On the throne of the universe, veiled in the dazzling brilliancy of an intense spirituality, were Love and Beauty, the twin-deities of earth and heaven. We cannot with certainty explain this, the most mystical of all his beliefs; indeed, we question whether he himself could have clearly explained it. What untold difficulty we often find in unfolding to others opinions which we intelligently hold, and especially where the imagination is concerned, we learn that perception does not always bring with it the power of description. But, explain it as we may, we cannot doubt that Shelley honestly believed that human happiness depended on the reign of Love and Beauty. Avowals of this belief are scattered everywhere through his poems, and he felt even more strongly than he indicated in his verse. In the preface to the *Revolt of Islam*, he says: "In this poem Love is celebrated everywhere as the sole law which should govern the moral world." Lady Shelley says:

"When he spoke of Love as the law of life, which, inasmuch as we rebel against we err, and injure ourselves and others, he promulgated that which he considered an irrefragable truth. In his eyes it was the essence of our being, and all woe and pain arose from the war made against it by selfishness, or insensibility, or mistake."

The secret of this belief is found in the principle of Liberty, of which we have already spoken. It was his favorite fancy, that men would be virtuous if all restraints were removed, and they were left free to their own pleasure. He had scarcely a school-boy's practical knowledge of the world, and he seems never to have suspected that the mass of men were not copies of himself. Perhaps the thought never occurred to him, that, if the restraints of marriage were removed, all would not be as continent as he had been. Sometimes, as in his own case, uncongenial contracts might be broken off, but when kindred spirits once met, as sooner or later they were sure to meet, marriage would be as firm an institution as the strictest moralist could desire. It would be happy, too; none need then

"With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go."

No chains should bind—no chains need bind.

But—not to lose sight of his theory—Beauty and Love were, as we have said, twin-deities in his creed. He seemed to fancy that Beauty by its refining influence would spiritualize Love, and restrain it from excess. Love would sweeten, Beauty would elevate life. Love would set herself to Beauty

"Like perfect music unto noble words,"

and in the harmony that resulted from their union, he trusted that all the discords of life would be hushed. What need for us to expose the fallacy of this belief! From the first, Duty has been the great civilizer of man. When the very savage first hears its divine "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not," he begins to rise; his civilization

is begun. As we more and more attentively listen to its voice, we too climb the ladder of enlightenment. We cannot believe that the commands of Duty are in any respect lighter now, than they were in the days of old. The laws are fewer, but they are even more comprehensive, and the despotism of Duty must be still more firmly established over men, before they can become the masters of themselves. We cannot, then, too strongly condemn Shelley's favorite theory of reform. The love expressed in *Epipsychidion* is too mystical for any save dreaming poets; the love expressed in some of his other poems means the annihilation of those homes to which we have learned to look as the shrines of the purest happiness and affection.

But leaving his theories, it is to Shelley the man that our thoughts love to turn. Where else amid such unfavorable surroundings can we find such goodness and generosity, and lofty purpose? Yet from his very childhood, his lot was cast in uncongenial relations, and we would fain crave our readers' patience while we offer in apology for his beliefs and actions, the disadvantages under which he suffered from his earliest years. But why should we apologize? Unhappy as the influences of his life were, was his character stunted, or gnarled, or misshapen? The rocks of intolerance whence he sprang produced no intolerance in him; the atmosphere of hatred which he breathed roused no hatred; the world's injustice begot no misanthropy. Let us not mention his unfortunate surroundings in apology; let us speak of them rather to increase our wonder at the beauty of his life.

His biographers have passed over with too little notice the unhappy influence exerted upon him by his father. As some one has remarked, "he was everything which the poet's father ought not to have been." The one was refined, the other vulgar; the one was scholarly, the other ignorant; the one was eager to go to the bottom of every doctrine, and find the foundation principles on which it rested, the other satisfied to believe without question any dogma the Church might

affirm. Such an unthinking belief in religion was sufficient of itself to arouse doubt as to its truth. The impression of Christianity, too, made upon him by his father's example was false in the extreme, and from the isolation of his life was never corrected. Sir Timothy Shelley though a devoted churchman was the very opposite of what the poet conceived the follower of Christ should be, and hence, by an unfair generalization he thought and wrote of religion as Christless and Godless, and believed in the hypocrisy of the entire Christian world.

The direction given to his life at its most critical periods was equally unfortunate. There are in every life crises, or turning points, as we often call them, where the wrong action of an hour turns years of goodness into sorrow and misfortune. We see more than one of these in Shelley's life. Such were his tract on the necessity of Atheism, and his early marriage, the causes of his expulsion from Oxford, and his exile from England. No steps could have been more ill-advised in themselves, or more injurious in their consequences. His expulsion, especially, wounded his pride, and strengthened his unbelief. He felt that he had been wronged, and willingly became a martyr. Aggravated as his offence was in all its details, we cannot but regard the action of the University authorities with the deepest regret. Shelley was a man to be influenced, not controlled, and in compelling him to suffer for his faith they branded it on his heart indelibly.

Shelley's lot, too, was cast in an uncongenial age. His imagination was wholly Greek; he had no sympathy with the realism of his time. As a poet he should have lived in the days of old. To his fellow men life was a business; to the ancients it had been a delight. Once, poets had been the freest among the free; now poetry was a profession in which success depended upon conformity to the canons of criticism, rather than the promptings of the fancy. He should have lived among the Homers, wandering from land to land, singing the conflicts of gods

and heroes. How welcome a guest he would have been at every feast! How the fire of his passion and the pathos of his grief would have kindled the courage of the listening warriors, and again, have drawn unaccustomed tears from their eyes! He was out of place in the nineteenth century. He should have written for men who could distinguish inspired from manufactured verse. The world could not understand him; as Macaulay says, "He was not an author, but a bard." The *poet* Shelley was an Ancient.

Intellectually, however, he lived as far before his age, as emotionally he lived behind it. The bigoted beliefs of his contemporaries were galling to his mind. Their contracted views of God, their devotion to creeds, and neglect of duties, their elevation of irrational theories above practical unselfishness and kindliness,—all aroused his bitterest contempt. Beliefs which came easy to most minds were below his keen understanding; truths which were clear as light to him, were far beyond his time. Unhappy for him that it was so! The narrowness of the world became a prison to his eagle soul, born for the freedom of the heavens. Say you that he had liberty? It is true that none controlled his thoughts, yet he had no real freedom. There is no freedom without sympathy, and that the world denied him. It treated him as it has treated many a genius before; he made mistakes, and it punished him with moral exile. Oh! wish thy deadliest foe no greater curse than to be isolated from men's hearts.

We cannot doubt that the religious views now held will be greatly altered with the progress of thought. The great principles will remain unmoved, but many theories will pass away, to which the Church now clings as absolute essentials. The time must come when men will find that they can never "by searching find out God," and will cease to speak of His attributes and being with that confidence which now marks their utterances. A modest faith will take the place alike of the present Orthodoxy and Agnosticism. Charity will cease to be

among the merely formal beliefs. Merciless wars will no longer be waged against followers of different creeds. Men will no longer be persecuted for viewing God in a different light from the majority. Charity and Toleration will bring about a new era in the Church. Instead of proving that his religion is true by hurling thunderbolts of angry invective against some other faith, man will learn, in Shelley's own words, "to prove that his method of worshipping God is best, by himself being better than all other men." Shelley was born for such an age as this; for such an one only was he intellectually fitted.

Thus, look where we will through his life, we find a strange unfitness in his surroundings. He was not born for our age. He lived in loneliness; few, even partially, could sympathize with, or comprehend him. He was characterized by

"A kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world,"

so that for years he was regarded by thousands of his countrymen as the worst of men. Each of his poems as it appeared was diligently searched for immorality. His writings were almost suppressed. Critics and moralists joined hands in defaming him, and even Byron, indifferent to popular opinion as he was, told Trelawney that he dared not speak a word in praise of Shelley in his poems, so bitter was the feeling against him at home. Travelers shunned him; reviewers ridiculed him; Christians hated him. And through neglect and scorn and hatred his spirit moved in rapt contemplation on eternal truth. He saw not his foes, for his eyes were fixed on high; he heard not their clamor, for his ears were filled with heavenly music.

But the goodness of his life! in what words can we do it justice? Time would fail us to tell of his generosity, which made him rob himself to provide for the needy; his unselfishness, which made him walk the London hospitals, that he might learn how to tend the sick; his charity, which led him to the houses of the poor, that he

might give sympathy as well as gold. We have no space to describe the purity which characterized his life, or the sincerity which made him avow beliefs at which he knew the world would sneer, or the mildness which patiently endured the injustice done alike to himself and his writings. Yet we cannot pass unnoticed his love for Truth, the noblest feature of his life. In the search for it, he was unconscious of weariness or hardships, and when found his loyalty to it was heroic. The veil of prejudice often, indeed, concealed it from him, but even in his darkest days, he longed for light. To know! to know! was the watch-word of his life. To our mind there can be nothing nobler. Though a sincere desire for this is not always satisfied here, we are sure it must be—somewhere; men like Spinoza and Shelley cannot be forever blind. Doubtless that for which they long will sometime be disclosed; in another world the God of Truth will smile upon them, and unlock for them the treasure-houses of His wisdom. Even here, Shelley's earnest study had led him far into the mysteries of thought, but, great as his attainments were, he felt keenly how much remained to learn,—how few, even of the simplest problems of life, he had been able to solve, and he impatiently waited for Death to uncover the secrets of earth and heaven. Too soon, alas! for us, they were revealed. While his character was daily growing more perfect, and his poetry more splendid, the light of his genius was quenched in the waves of an Italian sea.

A LOST POEM.

One afternoon, 'twas weeks ago,
We rode to Echo Lake a boating,
And while you sailed the lake below,
I lay upon the hillside noting
The melancholy sunset glow,
The twilight dimness falling slow,
And creeping mists that 'gan to show
Where you were idly floating.

You woke the echoes with your cries,
And where, from hill and forest flying,
I caught the swell of their replies,
Now mocking clear, now softly dying
In silence that all life denies,
I felt a sudden, sweet surprise
At the fair scene before my eyes
In holy beauty lying.

And half believing I was shown
A painter's or a poet's treasure,
Because my heart had seldom known
So pure, so deep, so wild a pleasure,
I strove to make it all thine own
In picturing rhymes. And but one lone,
Befettered stanza, cold in tone,
Would meet my empty measure.

And so, thought I, a joy is lost
To you and me, perhaps forever.
Then in the lake my rhymes I tossed,
And with them perished my endeavor.
But often mockingly have crossed
My thoughts the lesson and its cost,
How oft for what we seek it most
Expression cometh never.

PAPERS OF THE TEATOTUM CLUB.

NO. V.

“DID you ever read ‘The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich?’” asked Perkins, taking up again a volume of Clough’s Poems which he had laid down on the arrival of his companions, “Because, if you have not, there could be no pleasanter occupation for a rainy afternoon. I must confess that I am myself no great lover of poetry, or at least unable to appreciate what I suppose holds the same place in poetic literature that Wagner’s or Liszt’s compositions do in that of music; yet I found in this pastoral of Clough’s something so peculiarly fascinating that I could read it over and over without tiring. Let me give you one or two verses,—

‘Never, believe me, I knew of the feelings between men and women,
Till in some village fields in holidays now getting stupid,
One day sauntering ‘long and listless’ as Tennyson has it,
Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobbadehoyhood,
Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless maiden,
Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting potatoes.
* * * * *

Was it the air? who can say? but in part ‘twas the charm of the labor.’

And then he goes on to describe what a revolution would ensue, were women not ignorant of the charm their labor has for men,—

‘Oh, if they saw it and knew it; we soon should see them abandon
Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room, ball-room,
Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for plain linsey-woolsey,
Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical fancies!
* * * * *

Ay doing household work, as many sweet girls I have looked at,
Needful household work, which some one, after all, must do,
Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cooking, and scouring,
Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden uprooting potatoes.”

“That’s a trifle over one or two verses,” said Chapman when Perkins had finished, “however we will forgive

you the length, on account of the quality; that is just exactly what I think about girls, and have never been able to express it. What a delicious feeling of satisfaction it does give one to find that one's own ideas have been put into such fitting language by so celebrated a man." "Oh, well," retorted Perkins, "they are no more your thoughts than they are mine and a great many other people beside. There is little credit to be given a man for having thought on the subject one way or another. The peculiar power of the poet is that of clothing all his ideas, simple they may be or otherwise, in the most appropriate language; at least it seems so to me. In other words, it is no mark of genius to have thought of the charm of work in woman, whereas it is, to have presented that thought in the manner here done. It is the work of a poet."

"That is to say," interrupted Marcou,—

* * * 'The poet's pen
 gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.'"

"Yes, that is somewhat my idea," answered Perkins, "but I thought to myself, as I read this, how many girls we meet whose hands, unaccustomed to honest, homely work, are trained only to the worthless accomplishments of fingering a piano, sketching in water colors, stitching in crewels or perhaps now and then of making cake. Little satisfaction there would be in a wife whose efficiency in getting a dinner, in managing the servants, in seeing to the general affairs of the household, or taking care of the children rested on these pleasing occupations."

"Well, Perkins," replied Chapman, "you seem to have a very thorough acquaintance with the private life and occupations of the girls you meet. How do you know that their hands are 'trained only to the worthless accomplishments' you mention? True, I grant you, it would be rather unpleasant and almost appalling for a hard working young man to find on his return from the office some fine day that his wife, left in the lurch by a mutinous

cook, had nothing but cake for dinner; and it would be equally disheartening to his fatherly pride to see his children growing up to be young rowdies because of their mother's being occupied in her own aesthetic culture all day. But then I don't see why you should take it on yourself to worry so over the frivolity of future wives, when, in the first place, you meet girls only in society where it is their purpose and proper duty to give pleasure by those arts and accomplishments which you call worthless, but which are therein useful, and you know little or nothing about what else they are capable of; and secondly, when you are not compelled, in your selection of a wife, to marry any one who strikes you as being too accomplished. There are *some*, you know, who aren't so accomplished as others."

"Why, you speak of falling in love," said Biddle, who had for some unaccountable reason been silent during this discussion of the fair sex, "you speak of falling in love as if it was a similar operation to that of choosing a suit of clothes, or buying a carpet. True love never looks with that calculating coolness that you imply: that business-like way of going at it is rather the result of what may be called an affected affection. Ah," sighed he with the despair of a defeated enthusiast for conservatism, "one of the most piteous results of modern advance and scientific knowledge is that they are even curing Cupid of his blindness. That dear little god has not half the charming simplicity of old. Real romantic passion, alas, has been almost though not quite deserted by man. The idea of going about to find a wife with an ideal all worked out beforehand as you would go to a shop to match a piece of worsted is simply shocking to me."

"I believe Wordsworth must have been thinking of you," said Marcou, "when he wrote—

'He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away,—no strife to heal,—
The past unsighed for and the future sure.'

That's all very pretty and nice, but, don't you see, in this every day world with its bread and butter existence you can't live on love, unless perhaps its the love of money. If you must marry a purely ornamental wife, its much better and pleasanter for all parties that she should have the necessaries and luxuries of life already attached to her, unless of course you have them all in your own pocket, which is better still."

"After all," said Perkins, "its rather foolish for us to talk of love and marriage at this early stage. Susceptible as we are at this age, and I am willing to admit that of myself, one pretty face dispells another, the admiration for the present sends into oblivion all objects of the absent past. I always question the strength of my infatuation and never know what will become of it in the future, till the idea of those lines—

'How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away,'

puts me in my right senses, and I make up my mind to wait for a more experienced and decisive age to determine."

"That's very wise and sensible," replied Biddle, "but if you fall in love, you can't help yourself, my dear fellow. Before you know it, you are whirled into the stream, carried headlong by the current over the precipice, and with invincible force dashed against the rocks below." "You speak with feeling, Biddle," said Chapman, "I hope you haven't gone to the reckless extremity of engaging yourself already?" "No," said Biddle, "though that is rather an impertinent query and hardly deserves notice. No, I have not, though I once offered myself—" "And she wouldn't have you?" asked his three companions in eager anticipation. "No, she wouldn't have me," came the sad reply from this victim of uncalculating affection," but said she would love me like a sister." "Oh, oh, *oh*," shouted Chapman in excited animosity, "if any thing would exasperate me it would be to be answered in that way. 'Love you like a sister!'

that's the way they do in novels. They don't mean it; its only to make it come with less harshness. I had much rather have the 'No' direct than any such stuff as that." "This is a most unsatisfactory thing to talk about," said Perkins. "It is very much like a religious dispute; the more one discusses the more unsettled he becomes. Leave the matter alone and chance will arrange it as it does every thing else. You come here, Biddle, with your stories of first one girl and then another. The one on one day is as good as another on another day, whereas, in all probability, your fair partner for life is now eating her bread and molasses in the nursery, or with her master blubbering over the French verbs, as some one has put it, though perhaps not in those exact words," "Or," said Marcou,

'Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting potatoes.'

"Well, good-night," said Chapman, rising to go. "College fellows talk about girls altogether too much anyway. Those fair pieces of frailty are the most dreadful enigmas imaginable and have long ago puzzled older brains than ours. Good night." And with this the rest departed to sleep away their discussion.

B. E.

THE FAIRIES.

When the harvest moonlight mellow shines upon the grain fields yellow,
And the dew-drops, on the grass blades, gleam like diamonds bright and fair,
And the distant bell's sad pealing, from the lofty belfry stealing,
Tells the solemn hour of midnight to the hushed and listening air,
Then it is the fairies meeting, while the wee small hours are fleeting,
Hold their revels on the greensward, undisturbed by earthly care.

Elf-king's crown is set with shining, precious jewels ; and the lining
Of his robe is fur, whose owner was the tiny meadow-vole.
Elf-queen's crown is silver gleaming, 'neath the moonlight on it streaming,
And the lining of her mantle is the soft fur of the mole.
What we mortals style as vermin, they are pleased to call their ermine :
And their robes, like mortal monarchs', are the symbols of control.

King and queen, together sitting, watch their happy subjects, flitting
In the dances light and airy, unto strains of music sweet.
Fairy laughter gaily ringing, dulcet, bird-like voices singing,
Mingle with the rhythmic measure of the little waltzing feet.
And the pine trees branch from under looks the owl with round-eyed wonder,
Screened from elfin observation in his lonely dark retreat.

When the last chords softly blending, telling that the dance is ending,
Die away ; the merry dancers on the mossy turf recline,
Feasting, talking and proposing many toasts, before the closing
Of the feast, in acorn goblets flowing o'er with sparkling wine ;
But the grapes, which yield their juices for the fairy kingdom's uses,
Ne'er were grown by mortal vintners ; ne'er were plucked from mortal's vine.

Swiftly on the hours are speeding ; but the banqueters, unheeding,
Laugh and toast until the moon-beams on the scene no longer fall :
Till the eastern streaks, at dawning, tell the coming of the morning,
And the ruler of the barn-yard shrilly sounds his matin call.
At this signal loud and tragic, in an instant, as by magic,
From the grassy sward have vanished king and queen and fairies all.

H. S. D.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

THE writings of Addison occupy a unique position in the literature of our language; excepting a few of his immediate colleagues and imitators, we find hardly a single author who resembles him in methods of thought or general literary style. He appears to have shunned, especially in his newspaper essays and criticisms, the elaborate phraseology and rhetorical flourishes and figures which the writers who preceded him employed, and, contrary to the usages of Pope, who served as a model for most of the authors of his day, seems to have aimed solely at a simple and unembellished expression of his thought. Thus, the interest excited by his writings is of a peculiar nature. The tone of the reviews, in some of which we find the sketch of our character, is so even, the humor so quiet and even grave, the absence of sparkling ebullitions of wit and imaginative coloring so unrelieved, that it is a wonder that the story of Sir Roger de Coverley is not flat and wearisome. This it is nowhere, however, and while we are somewhat puzzled to account to our entire satisfaction for the lack of monotony, we must attribute the secret—so far, indeed, as we are able to trace it—of the wonderful success of the author in the portrayal of this character, to the pure and elegant language employed, the concise and apt statement of facts, the clearness and easy sequence of the thought, and above all, to the deep knowledge of human nature which characterizes this creation. Our author does not attempt to display here the intense lights and deep shadows of fiction, and yet his production possesses greater merit than it pretends to. Scarcely concealed by the placid surface of the expression which it finds, lies a rich substratum of thought—a monument to the keen observation, deep experience and refined genius which gave it being.

There are few traits in the character before us which are at all remarkable, for our author was here engaged in

delineating an ordinary—not a model—life. His aim was, not the production of an insipid or majestic ideal figure, but rather the portrayal of an honest, open-hearted, fairly witted man, not much better nor much worse than his neighbors, who meets with no incentives to heroism or temptations to villainy. He is presented to us in a series of papers which do not offer to dissect his motives and impulses, but leave us to judge from outlines of their general tendencies. There are no attempts at striking situations or fine word-painting, and the simplicity of the sketch in the method of its treatment makes a studied analysis of it impossible. We can only review briefly the more noteworthy peculiarities of our subject with their outgrowths as we see them here and there, cropping out in his daily life.

We rarely meet with a character in fiction which depends solely upon its intrinsic merits to excite and retain interest. Most novelists, by a setting of circumstances so frame their conceptions of individual existences as to occasionally draw away attention from the contemplation of these to the survey of outside scenes and occurrences which rest and please the mind by variety. But in the case of the character which we are studying, the interest is almost completely focalized in the individual life and peculiarities of the old knight. The only variety lies in the ever-changing views of his character which are presented to us; but how natural and human does the kind and honest old man appear! How lifelike does this imaginary existence seem to us! The wonderful perception of the silent spectator has endowed his creation with characteristics which touch a chord of sympathy and awake a response of acknowledgment in all our natures.

We are introduced to Sir Roger at his club in London. He is "a gentleman very singular in behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy, and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him

but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him." The bustling and hurry of a city life are uncongenial to the eccentric old man and we soon accompany him to his country home where his vagaries have full play.

We should remember, in considering the character of this simple hearted country gentleman that its perfect freedom and spontaneity were, to a certain degree hampered by the requirements of Addison's self-imposed office of censor of the public morals. Sir Roger de Coverley was intended primarily as an example and gentle rebuke to the comparatively gross and sensual class of English land proprietors. Therefore as a representative of a body he is not exactly true to nature, but on the other hand, Addison's desire to have his sketch in some degree acceptable to the rank in life at which it was written, has happily prevented the Knight from being a mere lifeless aggregation of the virtues. He is subject to many class feelings and prejudices and even bows to superstitions which to our minds mark the presence of barbarism. He has a cautious respect for the supernatural power of "witches" though this sentiment is commingled with a humane desire to alleviate the physical hardships of these despised and yet dreaded individuals. On one occasion when meeting a member of this mysterious sisterhood, he is in considerable doubt as to whether he ought not to apprehend her as one who practices against the public good, though he is at the same time constantly supporting her miserable existence by bounties of food and fuel. Here as in many instances, his reason and his humanity run counter to each other, on which occasions with what is really no doubtful propriety, he yields to the suggestions of his generous heart. Sir Roger is not too wise to believe in the existence of ghosts, though his native good sense tempers his credulity with a touch of skepticism where his personal interests and notions of economy are involved. Thus, on taking possession of an ancestral mansion he found most of its desirable apartments appropriated to the departed spirits of for-

mer members of the Coverley family who were supposed to feel a peculiar interest in the places which were the last to know them on earth, an interest revived from time to time by phantom visits to these same localities. This wholesale occupation by etherial tenants, however, did too flagrant violence, so thought the sensible knight, to his own rights of physical possession. Accordingly he had the supposed ghostly occupants thoroughly exorcised and having thus ousted them in regular form he considers the rooms, no longer the habitation of spirits, as once more fitted for the use of the living.

As a land proprietor, Sir Roger is kind and generous to all his dependents, and by making their interests to a great extent identical with his own, has effected a sympathy between himself and them which is no less striking than beautiful. Indeed, his servants look upon him with the affection of children and a word of approbation from him is their chief delight. One element in his character which is strongly drawn is the reward which all good service reaps at his hands and the unfailing remembrance which attends upon every act of friendship directed to his benefit.

One of the most interesting papers which has to do with our subject is that which speaks of Sir Roger as the religious mentor of his parish. His peculiar methods of admonishing those who were lax in the Divine service with his extravagant and yet well intentioned superintendence of the devotions of his tenants, as they are told us, appear exceptionally quaint and amusing. They seem to have had no ludicrous side, however, to the simple parishioners, who undoubtedly regarded this informal style of censuring their conduct in all seriousness, as the natural expression of that paternal benevolence which they so plainly saw in their beloved master. In London, however, the frank simplicity of the old man's character did not meet with an equally worthy reception. Sir Roger found here that unconventionality was regarded with greater contempt than immorality. His harmless eccentricities were laughed or hooted at until his sensitive

heart shrunk from the scenes where he was misunderstood and ill-treated.

We have spoken several times of the obvious simplicity of the character which we are studying. But let us not imply from this attribute of a manly and open, though inexperienced intellect, that the mind of our sturdy English gentleman was weak or diseased. On the contrary he possesses an amount of tact which would do credit to a mental organization of far greater pretensions to sagacity. How delicately does he end the dispute referred to him, to the satisfaction of both the parties, by his decision that "much might be said on both sides." His political opinions, too, show a trace of this quality, if indeed they do not hint at the presence of something less creditable than simply a delicate finesse. He says that he is a much stronger Tory in country than in town and tells us that his interests demand this; and he shows himself from time to time in courts and other prominent places, not so much for the good he may thus do, as to subserve his own private ends.

Early in Sir Roger's life a "cruel widow" exerted her fascinations upon his youthful affections and enthralled them eternally. His remembrance of those days, mellowed by an intervening forty years, is still tender and not infrequently pathetic. The old wound is easily reopened, but under the chastening hand of time he has learned to accept inevitable fate with some degree of resignation and the poignancy of his grief has been gradually assuaged until it is now endured with patience.

Such a character has Addison presented to us in a series of "Spectators."

To conclude, we see in Sir Roger de Coverley an individual who is honest, straightforward and just, kind to his servants and dependents, but exacting in return a certain degree of submission to himself from them—a good Christian, but arbitrary in his views on church government—jealous of his privileges and easily aroused into belligerence by an attack upon them, but naturally gentle and easily appeased. He has his foibles

and fancies, but they are none of them discreditable. In short, he is a man—an embodiment of characteristics peculiarly human, here set out with great truth and clearness, and endowed with a life which we all recognize as part and parcel of our own. It is in this effect that the mysterious touch of genius is felt, whose presence we can appreciate and yet not define, and whose influence is as subtle as life itself. Z.



NOTABILIA.

IN awarding the LIT. prize to the essay which appears in this number, the judges desire also to make honorable mention of the essay entitled "Brook Farm," by Benjamin Brewster, of New Haven, which will be published in the December number.



ONE by one they go—the landmarks of old Yale. First Linonia, and now the Freshman societies. The crescent and the star that hung so long in the clear zenith, striving in glorious contest each to outshine her rival, have sunk beneath a gloomy horizon murky with the smoke-clouds of political warfare. Some say that at their dismal setting the ghost of Jefferson was seen stalking across the sky with gestures of hideous glee—but this is idle rumor. If this sort of iconoclasm goes on, however, the Notabilia bids fair to become little more than a necrology of defunct societies. Especially does this seem likely to be the case, from the populous yet, to our thinking, somewhat puny and feeble race of class debating societies which has sprung up as an exotic upon the graves of these time-honored institutions that are gone. • Most heartily do we wish them success, however, as we would have drunk long life to Linonia at her death-bed, but with the vague

and unwelcome feeling forcing itself upon us that their case will prove no exception to the old saying that "the good die young."

THE recently established Society for Political Education deserves the attention of the college, especially the seniors. It offers an opportunity, which every young man ought to appreciate who is trying to fit himself for the best citizenship, to take immediate advantage, in laying the foundations of his political education, of the experience and judgment of a number of gentlemen of wide reputation, who have been led into the project by motives of the highest character. Among the members of its executive committee are William G. Sumner, David A. Wells, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Horace White and Franklin MacVeagh. The society starts out with the publication at reduced prices of Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans," Prof. Perry's "Introduction to Political Economy," Johnston's "History of American Politics," and McAdam's "Alphabet in Finance," which constitute the course of reading for the first year. Prof. Sumner's list of books on political science is one of the pamphlets published by the society, which are issued free to members. The membership fee is fifty cents and there are certain light conditions imposed. Any information that is desired can be obtained by addressing Mr. R. L. Dugdale, 79 Fourth avenue, New York.

IN subscribing to the various athletic interests of the college it has always been the custom, and a questionable one at that, to expect the freshmen to give more liberally than any one else. If one class must subscribe more than another for college interests it is just as well that the freshman class should be the one. But a custom, or it can hardly be called a custom, it is of too recent establishment—a fashion has sprung up of draining the freshman class to pay for the Junior Promenade. Now every freshman knows and every junior knows that it is hardly expected that the freshmen should attend the Promenade.

It is more an upper class affair. Such is the existing state of things; and this being so it is rather a favor on the part of a freshman to take one ticket than, as it has grown to be, an honor to be allowed to take five. The Promenade is a class affair, and if any extra expense is to be borne it should be borne by the class whose Promenade it is. This is almost too evident to be stated. It is the simplest, commonplace statement of a mere matter of the just distribution of honor and its hardships. The matter could be much better arranged in something this way: let the price of the tickets be higher. If the price of the tickets were put at five dollars for gentleman and lady and it were sufficiently advertised where they could be obtained, then it would do away with all this trouble, and besides that the labor of soliciting would be abolished. Let the Promenade be managed the way all such affairs are, and let it be understood that those who are elected on the committee should settle all debts incurred and that would insure the election of men fitted for the position and break up the factious power that runs a man in for purely political spite.

If we may place any confidence in the vague mutterings of Rumor, that

"Monstrum horrendum ingens, cui quot sunt corpore plumae
Tot vigiles oculi subter * * * *,"

there is another institution of old Yale, honored of time if of nothing else, whose days are numbered, and over whose timely end we shall mourn even less than over that of the freshman societies. For this classic monster has it that Sunday morning chapel is to be abolished. If that somewhat hollow religious exercise ever had a *raison d'être* certainly it has long since outlived its usefulness, and none will regret another hour of "Nature's sweet restorer" on a Sunday morning. However strong may be the reasons for week-day chapel—and certainly we would be the last to depreciate their strength—it seems

true beyond peradventure that prayers on Sunday morning, within two hours of the regular service, are superfluous and throw out of poise the equable balance that should exist between the physical and the moral man. And we trust that this, our honest opinion, may not be laid up against us as an indication of an irreligious tone.



PORTFOLIO.

—I once had a tutor who, having just graduated from college, held himself and his ideas in great estimation. He had great theories. He was an enthusiast. His greatest hobby was Political Economy, and he used to ride about on that wherever we went. Like all men with hobbies he was never satisfied with riding it himself alone but was always eager to make you get up behind and enjoy, if you could, the situation. Oh, the wearisome talks, the sleepy discussions we have had together over the idea of value, the division of labor and the use of money, come back even now to haunt me, so that I often dream of being a big capitalist, which is very pleasant in itself, but the reaction on awaking brings curses on my malefactor's head. We were out shopping one day and we stepped in at some store to buy a paper of pins. He laid down his money and we left the shop. On leaving he began to instruct me as follows: "In paying ten cents, Jack, for that paper of pins one unversed in the great principles of our science"—he was always talking of 'our science'—"thinks that he is paying the shopkeeper for them and in return gets only a paper of pins. We, however, know that in that single paper of pins is hidden the work of millions; we know that we are helping not only that shopkeeper in the struggle for existence but millions of his fellows. For first, the operation of making a single pin is divided into twelve different operations, requiring twelve separate men." Here we got to the doorstep and I thought he might stop on enter-

ing the house, but in vain; he still continued. "Now each of these men must live and to live they eat and have clothing and shelter. So that I am helping to pay the bills of the landladies, the tailors, the bakers, the butchers, the shoemakers, and all the other men who depend partly on these twelve men for their existence. Then follow back anyone of these men, say the baker." Here the bell for dinner rang, and as I knew he was a great glutton and bound to get all for his money that he could—the effect of political economy—I felt relieved in anticipation of delivery; but again in vain; he still continued—"Say the baker; he buys wheat for his bread from the miller who has bought it before him from the farmer, who, before he planted it, was obliged to buy ploughs, and hoes, and harrows, and shovels from the blacksmith indirectly, who in his turn had to buy his iron from the mines." "Won't you have some fish?" said I, in the useless hope of stopping him. "Thank you, yes; and then you know the mines must be dug, or before that they must be discovered, and that requires the aid of scientific professors; that is, the professors swear that the mines are good and get a percentage for it. And then just think that the baker must live too and pay all his bills. So that no doubt his share of my ten cents has enabled him to save his infant from dying of the croup or buy some gew-gaw for his six year old daughter. Oh! it's the most interesting study," waving his hands in air with enthusiasm, "to follow this out, and you see I haven't got half through, as we haven't disposed of the butcher, or tailor, or landlady yet, and all their supporters. And then what do we get in return for the ten cents?" "Please, Mr. V——" said I at last, frantic, "Please don't; I understand it perfectly, it's all the same thing over and over again. You can sum it up in a few lines:

' Little dogs have little fleas
And little fleas do bite 'em.
Little fleas have other fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*.' "

—No longer in college literature does the senior seated before his open fire in South, dose away into dreamland while looking at the embers and puffing clouds of smoke from his Havana; not because there are no seniors or no open fires. The old joke of "hardly ever" is seldom heard; not because

it is forgotten. Every one is tired of having the senior sit or rather being told about it, and the humor of "hardly ever" is old. I once heard it said that the most permanent characteristic of human nature is the desire of change. Now there is just enough that is new to make a continual change for, say three or four generations. The joke of "hardly ever" was found in the literature way back in Plautus or some such author, and that sixteen puzzle so popular a year ago is represented in one of Durer's old pictures. So I suppose, that the phrase from Pinafore will be repeated again in future generations and sometime again, no doubt the college will be told that the senior sits dreaming in front of his charming fire in South, and so the history of literature will repeat itself.

—The nurse says to her youthful and rebellious charge, "Come Dickey, eat your bread and butter; think of the many poor little boys who don't get nothing for weeks and weeks." So I say if you ever feel inclined to grumble over the subjects given out for compositions, just imagine how disgusted the inhabitants of girls' schools must be with theirs. To be sure this is a fallacious way of making yourself contented, but it is sometimes effective. I once saw a list of subjects or rather some were mentioned to me. Here are two or three: "The malice of matter;" "The use of pockets;" "The trials of a younger sister;" "Ditto of an older sister." Now how on earth could you begin, for instance, on the malice of matter? Never under any circumstances make the malice of matter a matter for malice. If the frizzles on your forehead uncurl, don't pull them out or off as the case may be. If your back hair comes down, don't out of spite run the hair-pins into the back of your head, for it might give useless pain. If one of your glove buttons comes off, don't obey the impulse to rend the glove, as you might have to get another pair and that would only make your poor father's bill larger. Pshaw! That would never do to hand in. I once promised to write a composition for a girl, but I think I shall have to break my promise.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The thread of our narrative broken off Oct. 20, extends to Nov. 23. Foot ball has filled the place of prominence in the doings of the month, and it is with pleasure we turn first to the record of the triumphant progress of the eleven. After the many undeserved disappointments in the arrangement of practice games it was with lively interest that the college watched the

Columbia Game,

At once the first match of the season and of the Association series, played at Hamilton Park, Nov. 10. Our opponents were fresh from their well contested game with Harvard, and in the anticipation of a close contest brought with them a large delegation of supporters. But their hopes were short-lived. They were overmatched at all points, the play of Yale being the most brilliant ever seen at the Park, and the close showed the unprecedented score of 13 goals, 5 touchdowns for Yale, to nothing for Columbia. The teams were as follows: *Columbia*—Rushers: Travers, Pupke, Biddon, Cowles, Wilson, Taylor; quarter back: Clark; half backs: Burton, Henry; backs: Ledoux, Moore. *Yale*—Rushers: Fuller, '81; Beck, '83; Vernon, '81; Cuyler, '82; Lamb, '81; Storrs, '82; Adams, '82; quarter back: Badger, '82; half backs: Watson, '81 S.; Camp, M. S.; back: Bacon, '81. Referee—W. P. Trowbridge. Judges—Columbia: Fred. Lee; Yale: G. H. Clark, Jr.

Brown vs. Yale.

Saturday, Nov. 13, an easy victory was won over Brown. Four of our strongest men were absent, including both half backs, and the play was not so good as in the previous game. Though entirely inexperienced, the Brown team played pluckily throughout and showed a marked improvement in the second half. The men were: *Brown*—Rushers: Irons, Tillinghast, Conover, Hatheway, Bogert, Rose; quarter back: Ladd; half backs: Waterman, Dilts; backs: Gladding, Burbank. *Yale*—Rushers: Fuller, '81; Beck, '83; Cuyler, '82; Harding,

L. S.; Lamb, '81; Storrs, '82; Vernon, '81; quarter back: Badger, '82; half backs: Merrill, '81; Lyman, '82; back: Bacon, '81. Referee—H. Ives, '81. Judges—Brown: W. B. Silvey; Yale: H. H. Knapp, '82. Score—Yale: 8 goals, 5 touchdowns; Brown: 0.

University of Pennsylvania vs. Yale.

Nov. 17, the team journeyed to New York and there met upon the polo grounds the representatives of the University of Pennsylvania. The Philadelphians presented a stronger team than either we had previously met and playing in the Princeton style, gave promise of making a close game. But our passing and running were superior, and we won easily by 8 goals, 1 touchdown to nothing. Bacon and Harding received injuries during the game, and their places were taken by Merrill and Cuyler. The teams were: *University of Pa.*—Rushers: T. Hunter, Jamison, Drayton, Perot, Miller, J. Hunter, Stewart; half backs: Bailey, G. Thayer, J. Thayer; back: Remak. *Yale*—Rushers: Adams, Vernon, Lamb, Harding, Storrs, Beck, Fuller; quarter back: Badger; half backs: Watson, Camp; back: Bacon. Referee—F. W. Brown. Judges—U. of Pa.: Wm. Ballard; Yale: G. H. Clark, Jr.

Harvard vs. Yale.

A special train carried some hundred wearers of the blue to Boston, Saturday, Nov. 20. Rain fell steadily throughout the afternoon, and the condition of the ground and ball were such as almost to nullify superiority of skill. There was little passing and running, but kicking was the order of the day. The low reaching kicks of our half backs were decidedly more effective than the high punts of Harvard. Though the ball was kept most of the time near Harvard's goal the game was won only in the last five minutes when, after several unsuccessful trials, Camp dropped a goal from the field. A touchdown was also made by Watson just before time was called. The players were: *Harvard*—Rushers: Atkinson, Warren, Houston, Manning, Boyd, Morrison, Thacher; half backs: Edmunds, Foster, Keith; back: Cutts. *Yale*—Rushers: Fuller, Beck, Lamb, Harding, Storrs, Vernon, Adams; quarter back: Badger; half backs: Watson, Camp; back: Bacon.

Referee—Capt. Loney, of Princeton. Judges—Harvard: Mr. Winsor; Yale: Mr. Clark. Score—Yale: 1 goal, 1 touchdown, 2 safety touchdowns; Harvard: 9 safety touchdowns. In the evening a complimentary supper was given to the Yale club by the Harvard club at Young's.

Harvard '84, vs. Yale '84.

The freshman team met its rival at Springfield, Wednesday, Nov. 17, an arrangement having been made that but a single game should be played. A decisive victory was gained, the score standing: Yale '84, 3 goals, 1 touchdown; Harvard '84, nothing. The teams were: *Harvard*—Rushers: Appleton, Perkins, Atkinson, Frenkle, Hardwick, Osborn, Bacon; quarter back: Wessellhoeft; half backs: Mason, Merwin; back: Noble. *Yale*—Rushers: Farwell, Skinner, Lawrance, Dawes, Tompkins, H. R. Carpenter, Jenks; quarter back: Twombly; half backs: Trowbridge, Wurts; back: Thomson. Referee—H. H. Knapp, Yale '82. Judges—Harvard: F. H. Clark; Yale: H. Ives, '81. The subjects for the

John A. Porter Prize

Have been announced as follows: 1. The chief evil of the "spoils" system of patronage. 2. What power ought our National Government to have over the education of its citizens? 3. Modern Christian Missions. 4. The Nibelungen-Lied in its relations to German Literature and Art. 5. Lord Macaulay's work in Indian Legislation. 6. The French Republic. 7. Political Corruption in the United States (historically and practically considered). 8. Does the unrestricted immigration of foreigners endanger our political institutions? Essays must be sent to the office of the *New Englander* on or before the last Wednesday of May, 1881. In this connection we pass naturally to the essays in competition for the

Lit. Prize Medal.

We publish in this issue the successful piece under the name of the author. The titles of the fourteen other essays were as follows: 1. "Benedict Arnold"; 2. "A Brilliant Woman's

Creed"; 3. "Brook Farm"; 4. "Darwin's Theory of Natural Selection"; 5. "The Elizabethan Drama"; 6. "Hamlet and Orestes"; 7. "The Influence and Value of Fictitious Literature"; 8. "Lord Cochrane"; 9. "Mirabeau"; 10. "Plagiarism and Plagiarists"; 11. "Secret of National Power"; 12. "Talleyrand"; 13. "Thackeray as a Satirist"; 14. "A Vision of Poets." The judges were Prof. Wheeler, Mr. Hadley, and Mr. Bartlett, chairman of the board. The essays may be obtained by the authors by calling at 24 South within two weeks. Those remaining uncalled for after that time will be destroyed with the envelopes unopened. During the month another addition has been made to the long list of perished institutions at Yale in the

Abolishment of the Freshman Societies,

Kappa Sigma Epsilon and Delta Kappa, decreed by the Faculty, Nov. 10. This step has been long anticipated, and the general verdict of the college has appeared to sustain it. It is proposed to fill the vacuum by the formation of debating clubs similar to those which have been organized since the decease of Linonia in the upper classes.

The President's Reception,

The first of the year, was held Monday evening, Nov. 15, and was largely attended and much enjoyed. The ushers were, Messrs. Barnes, Evarts, and Woolsey, of the Academic, and Mr. Bigelow, of the Scientific department. A large and enthusiastic

University Boating Meeting

Was held in Brothers' Hall, Nov. 17. Capt. Rogers presented the flags won last year, and announced his purpose of resuming his seat in the boat. Messrs. Patterson and Gilbert, '81, were elected to the House Committee, and Mr. Cleneay, '81, to the Auditing Committee. Votes of thanks were returned to the captain and crew of last year, to Messrs. Cook and Wood, and the Graduate Committee. The report of President McHenry was also read.

Items.

The Berkeley sermon was delivered at Trinity Church, Oct. 31, by the Rev. Dr. Richards, '49, of Providence, R. I.—The first praise meeting of the year was held Nov. 14.—Elections to junior societies have been given as follows: *Ψ. T.*—Messrs. Barbour, Billings, Lay, and Safford; *Δ. K. E.*—Liang.—Mr. A. E. Bostwick, '81, has succeeded Mr. C. P. Coffin upon the staff of the *News*.—Mr. F. K. Curtis has been appointed freshman editor of the *Courant*.—At the Alumni Jubilee in New York, Nov. 19, undergraduates were represented by Messrs. Bromley and Ide, '81.—The officers of the senior debating club are: Pres., C. F. Carroll; Vice Pres., C. A. S. Dwight; Sec., D. A. Carpenter; Treas., E. Warren. Of the junior club: Pres., J. R. Bishop; Vice Pres., B. Brewster.—C. P. Coffin, '81, R. H. Trumbull, '81 S. S. S., and A. P. French, '82, are the committee in charge of the Linonia lectures. The *Pot-Pourri* was issued Nov. 13, by A. E. Bostwick and W. W. K. Nixon, '81.

BOOK NOTICES.

American Newspaper Directory for 1880. New York: George P. Rowell & Co. 1044 pp.

It would seem, perhaps, that the only time when anybody would read this book would be when there was no other book within a thousand miles and no possibility of there ever being one so near. One might think that, in comparison with it, a dictionary would be quite interesting, and an almanac positively thrilling. But it is one of those books with a peculiar purpose, which have no attraction in themselves for the ordinary reader, but have the power to set one's thoughts agoing and his fancies flying.

The modern newspaper,—what a history is summoned up by the word; about its birth in the early struggles for freedom of speech, its steady growth through difficulties and dangers, fighting with the conservatism of government and the notions of the people; how it gained an inch to stand upon and then enlarged that place until no man could estimate its magnitude; how soon it left its insignificance and became the chief instrument of thought the whole world over. And then let one turn his mind to the far future and dream of the possibilities which we are just beginning to realize. As one turns these pages he thinks of the pen, day and night, night and day, making its tiny strokes—motions that discrown kings and rule states; he sees throughout an empire where the sun never sets, the ceaseless movement of all this vast machinery; and above all he hears the voices of the nations crying for "light, more light."

But the book was not devised as a subject for dreams. It has a peculiar purpose of the greatest practical importance, and since it comes as near to satisfying its design as is possible, its value can hardly be estimated. It is free from error, so far as our knowledge goes, and, judging from its reputation in the past, it is doubtless as complete and satisfactory in every respect as it can be made.

The Boston Public Latin School, 1635-1880. By Henry F. Jenks. Illustrated. Cambridge: published by Moses King. Price, 25 cents.

"The Boston Public Latin School is the oldest educational institution in the country. Its first masters might have seen Shakespeare act in his own plays; its second master preceded John Milton and John Harvard at Cambridge by nearly a quarter of a century. 'If the tradition is true that Cheever was a pupil at St. Paul's School in London, it is not impossible that John Milton in the deputy Grecian form might have heard Ezekiel Cheever, then in the fourth form, translate Erasmus, or repeat his *as in presenti*.'"

This sketch, written for the *Harvard Register*, has been supplemented by illustrations and published in very attractive form.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have sometimes wondered whether there was not some Utopia for foot ball players where the lovers of the manly game could enjoy themselves without being knocked into all imaginable shapes, and where "throw him hard" was not the watchword. "But," says a battered veteran with arm in sling, "eliminate the risk and consequent excitement, and foot ball would be a sorry, tame affair." And so our Utopia might as well relegate itself to the limbo of undesirable things, for it would have no dwellers. And after all, he of the pale face and lily-white fingers, who shuns the foot ball field as he would a Faculty meeting is, to our mind, a poorer exponent of college culture, that is of body-breadth as well as mind-breadth, than a "rusher" on the University with all his sprains and bruises. We confess to a strange attraction for witnessing a closely-contested foot ball match. The keen air, the anxious spectators, the college colors, the brilliant runs, the somewhat merciless throwing, the intermingling of stalwart bodies in a confused mass, from which presently emerges an active figure with, thank Heaven, a blue cap, all these things, we say, have an exhilaration, a "lifting-up" tendency about them, which give fresh zest to our indoor grinding.

But the game is over, and we remember that in our capacity as exchange editor we have a stern task before us.

The *Dartmouth* in an exceedingly able way criticises an article in the Oct. LIT. and rushes into the heat of battle with two sentences as follows: "The piece entitled 'A Mephistopheles' is the only one that would strike one as strange and a creation of the imagination for the sake of romance than as a laudable literary production. The writer evidently tried to get outside of himself." We read over this gem of literary criticism in silent wonder and then, failing to catch the point at first, perused it more carefully but gave it up finally, and concluded that it was the exchange editor of the *Dartmouth* who had tried to "get outside of himself." My dear *Dartmouth*, remember that even criticism should consist of something more than a mere meaningless collection of words like the above, and that errors brought about through haste will unavoidably creep into print.

With the repletion which comes after a Thanksgiving dinner, comes also a thought of the "evil days" so soon to be at our doors. But Elihu, his customary geniality doubled by the turkey and mince pie he has eaten, cries "Salve" to the college world before old "Barbe Fleurie" frowns upon it.

VOL. XLVI.

No. III.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata nobis, nomini laudisque Yalensia
Cantabunt Societas antiquique PATRES."

DECEMBER, 1880.

NEW HAVEN
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
In Sale at Gallies's.
TITHE, MURDOCK & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.
HOOVER.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Sixth Volume with the number for October, 1880. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent to its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 3.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '81.

PHILIP G. BARTLETT,

JOHN C. COLEMAN,

JOSEPH D. BURRELL,

SHERMAN EVARTS,

ADRIAN S. VAN DE GRAAFF.

A THOUGHT IN PROSPECT.

HOW far more beautiful, even than the "Castled Rhine," must that land be whose perfect hills are crowned with castles of the air. And what a wonderful journey it would be to wander through its fair landscape and enter at will some of those marvels of architecture whose walls eclipse the brilliancy of the Czarina's Ice-palace. I remember it was a cherished fancy of my childhood that there was somewhere a Land of the Lost, whither all my treasured playthings, and all things else that were lost from the world's wealth, betook themselves and were there arrayed in splendid order. And I used to delight to think of entering that country, whose bourne to my childish fancy lay somewhere in the vague regions at the foot of the bed, and feasting my eyes on all its treasures—its coffers, groaning with the currency of every nation, its jewel caskets glittering with untold gems, its galleries displaying the beauties of all the lost arts, and best of all its toy-shops whose shelves, laden with a wealth so utterly boundless that my imagination failed me at the thought,

somewhere contained the last lost idol of my heart. I fancy that, had I looked to the hillsides of this Limbo of the Lost, I should have seen them peopled with castles of the air. Lonely and untenanted I no doubt had found them, for few live to inhabit the dwellings of their dreams; and yet it would be an enchanting if melancholy study to ramble among these structures reared of dead hopes, and learn the cherished aims of our fellow men, and through them get an insight of our own. And then, when the journey was over and these cities of imagination had all been explored, what thought would result? I deem it would be to sigh with Scott, "Oh high ambition lowly laid"—a sense of disappointment that men's aims were everywhere so selfish and so low.

In that country, where "sunlight falls on castle walls," let the wanderer dwell a moment among those of youth, the noblest province of all. Everything is beautiful, everything is bright, but everywhere the central figure of the airy structure is the self of him who reared it. Enter this high cathedral. The organ is pealing its grandest symphony, the white-robed choristers, like

* * * "the bright Seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow."

The music ceases and the great congregation, hushed in expectation, are waiting for the world-renowned eloquence of their priest. But he does not come. If you look closer maybe the veil of the temple will lift, and you see him—a beardless, pale-faced student conning his Hebrew by the midnight oil, and that is his air-castle. Yonder, "bosomed high in tufted trees," in the midst of a park where antelopes are grazing and on whose pure waters white swans are sailing, a noble manor rises, and within a brilliant company is gathered. The gentlemen, returned from the rare sport of their day's hunt, are eager now to charm and be charmed by their fair companions at the glittering board. Fairest of all is my lady the hostess, presiding with infinite grace. But the

head of the table is vacant. Mine host is not there—but with neglected Horace in his lap is seated before the traditional embers and from the traditional Havana is puffing blue wreaths of revery. And that is his air-castle. Or again, a humbler dwelling—and comfort is the order of this household. In the cozy library by a blazing fire sits the girlish mother—a lovely figure—and at her knee prattles her curly-headed tyrant waiting the father's return. His arm-chair is ready, just where he likes it; the lamp is lit at his elbow and the last review lies there ready for him to cut. Surely that was his step on the threshold. No, little mother, he will not come to you to-night; his own curly head is nodding in a college lecture-room, and your dear little house is only his castle in the air. Again the scene shifts and you are seated in a nation's highest council-chamber, an attentive listener to a great debate. A brilliant but misguided orator has just ended his powerful appeal for a measure that is wrong. Applause has circled through the galleries, Mr. Speaker has let fall his gavel, and now the eager multitude turn with one accord toward his seat who is the foremost statesman of the land, and whose voice they know will rise in triumphant opposition. Again—he is not there. This destined statesman is only working up the affirmative of the woman's rights question for the next session of his debating society.

So it is with all these air-castles. They are all beautiful, wonderfully so, as why should they not be, but because of their beauty shall we say they are the handiwork of high ambition? Rather that in their empty splendors we see what might be high ambition, lowly laid. Selfishness is the measure of their length and breadth. The throne of every palace is decked and waiting for the builder. And that most of them will wait forever is the reason they are standing in the land of the lost. Moreover, they are built on shifting sands—not on the sure foundation of an abiding and well-defined purpose, but rather on the mere caprices of bent and inclination. If we, college men and especially those of us who are ap-

proaching more nearly to the time when our secret aims are to exert their greatest influence in shaping our life, if we, who of all men ought to stretch ambition to its highest key, will look to the bottom of our hearts and upon the pictures which fancy paints there, we shall find them, I think, not unlike these castles in the air. It matters not what is to be the sphere of activity, whether business or politics, science or art, or a learned profession, the motive power of that activity is oftenest directed simply toward success, and that not the success of a purpose, which of course ought and must be the aim of every man that has a purpose, but simply the attainment of personal success itself, as defined in the world's usage. Success, which properly can have no meaning except as there be above it an aim or purpose for which it is sought, is by a strange perversion made itself that aim and purpose. Men talk every day of the "attainment of success in life," but if one should interrupt them with the simple query, "Success of what?" they would find it hard to answer. Nevertheless the word conveys a certain vague notion of realizing our desires for future pleasure, and as such it forms the aim of most of us, whatever be the coin it is to be paid in, whether in riches, in rank, or in renown. There is a tendency, too, that we cheat ourselves into believing that we have a real purpose, when in truth there is none. Have you never—you whose hopes are set on political rank and fame and who delight to dream of yourself as the greatest statesman of your day—have you never found yourself pleading at the bar of your own conscience that your real purpose is the welfare of your fellow-men or the improvement of politics?

Which of us then has high ambition? Is it you in the ball-room there, who yesterday were making love to the Scottish Katie, and to-day are "dancing with Lady Maria," and are leading a happy-go-lucky life, eating and drinking, singing or sighing, as the moment prompts; or is it you who are drudging over your studies far into the night, stingy of every moment lest you fail to get from it something that will help you to be great; or is it you,

who neither too frivolous nor too deep, too stingy nor too prodigal, are looking forward to the delights of moderate abundance of family and of home; or you who punctual and prominent at the prayer meeting and in the exercise of all good works that are public, are dreaming of the day when multitudes shall bless you for your piety. Much rather is it he that has lost sight of that ever haunting image of himself beneath a clear purpose of aggressive good for the world he is to live in. It makes no difference in what way he may earn his daily bread, or how much he may obtain of the good things of this world, if through it all runs the strong purpose, either for accomplishing a great reform or for relieving a little misery, for overthrowing a monstrous evil or for the spread of a little happiness, or simply always to do well the duty that lies next his hand. There is a clear difference between seeking and attaining a certain amount of comfort and happiness—which everybody must desire—and making them the highest aims, the stuff of which you build your castles in the air. But enough has been said if it has served to convey the single idea that our aims are not often high, that our dream dwellings are built of stucco and varnish, and that a life in one of them would end in a sense of failure; and to suggest the thought that it is only a strong purpose of positive good that makes the man, or through which, in the words of perhaps the greatest of living atheists, we shall

* * * "join that choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

BROOK FARM.

BY BENJAMIN BREWSTER, OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.

[Honorably mentioned in the award of the LIT. Prize Medal.]

AMONG the by-paths of history, one finds matter of more delicate interest than he is often rewarded with in tracing its straight, directly advancing thoroughfare. He sees there, in a dim romantic twilight, much that he is glad to exchange for the monotonous succession of milestones which proclaim human progress; he describes shadows of old-time hopes, ghosts of ancient opinions, skeletons of sanguine experiments—dry shells of things that once had a fresh vigor but attained not that supreme condition which the world calls success. And since the failures of a society are in many cases not less valuable than its successes, the moralist may join with the pleasure-seeker in a digression from the main road.

The story of our material America is so bright and straightforward, that one is half led to fancy (what an olden Yankee might have had for his boast) that it contains none of these charming failures. But among the few which the soil has yielded, Brook Farm is unique. There is a veil resting on all its history which adds a relish for the romancer, however it may disgust the fact-hunter. Although its doings, and the movement of which it was an exponent, were widely discussed forty years ago, yet no sooner did it die, than its remembrance slipped from the minds of men, and it found its place in an obscure nook of the historical burying-ground, with hardly a headstone to mark it. Its fate was not unsuited to its dream-like, unearthly character.

A few stray facts may be gleaned here and there. Boston was the cradle; half-a-dozen earnest men the fosterers. The object, in the narrowest sense, was to escape from conventionalities, to substitute coöperation for competition in trade, to elevate, as they were fond of saying, the social structure with the "spirit of the Gospel."

The means towards this end included the purchase of a farm at West Roxbury, Massachusetts, where, in the spring of 1841, scarcely more than a hundred men and women gathered, to form a community. They adopted a constitution, in which they announced their purpose and their method. Note the leading characteristics of this method: financially, the concern was a joint-stock company, where, in the words of Emerson, some might "give their labor in different kinds as an equivalent for money;" all food, clothing, and other necessities of life were furnished by the association; each member must perform some labor, but was free to choose his own (teaching was an important department); the net profits were shared according to the number of days each had worked, irrespective of the kind of labor; personal property remained intact, and a family could choose whether they would live in the central building, or in a separate cottage.

The basis of their industry was agriculture, because through this, did the reformers hope to return more readily to the pristine simplicity of the race. The "Dial," a transcendental magazine of the day, contains an appreciative article on Brook Farm by a female writer, which has this somewhat ridiculous passage (much of the writings of those painfully earnest people was ridiculous), "The lowing of cattle is the natural bass to the melody of human voices."

For some, the interest may be wholly taken up with the fact that so many eminent men were engaged in the experiment at Brook Farm; that Hawthorne, Theodore Parker, George Ripley, George William Curtis and others hoed corn there and milked cows; that here was an intellectual escapade, as it were, which their subsequent life, in most cases, was to contradict. But I deem the affair most remarkable in its intrinsic character, in the peculiar state of thought which gave it birth, rendering it altogether different from any other socialism the world has seen.

Civilization was very fruitful in projects of social reform at that time. The French Revolution had unsettled tra-

ditions, and many active minds were devoted to radicalism for its own sake. The followers of Fourier were attempting the overthrow of existing laws, mainly on the principle that everything that is, is bad. Already, in 1826, Robert Owen had started a stupendous but short-lived community at New Harmony, Ohio, which was remarkable almost solely for its negations. But a glance at the constitution, and the story, too, of Brook Farm will bring out the contrast.

This was the work, not of oppressed laboring-men, but of scholarly philosophers who gave up position in the world; it was rather loosely organized; it breathed not a vindictive spirit towards conservatism; it did not interfere with individual rights nor private property; and it made no attack on marriage. But all these points of difference are resolved into one broad, distinctive quality. Brook Farm was wedded to a lofty ideal, which threw in the shade all minor details of organization, as well as all side-issues drawing their life from spleen and prejudice. This ideal may have been very vague with many; it is certainly almost incapable of scientific definition,—better got at sympathetically, and through delicate suggestion. This much can surely be said: it was humane and sincerely Christian in its spirit, world-wide in its application, the outcome of high thinking on those mysterious questions which are continually wafted to us from eternity.

It has taken generations of bitter experience to mould the socialists and nihilists of to-day. It is not so much the impracticability, as the low, grovelling nature of their demands, which disgusts. The spirit of selfishness permeates all their schemes. The Brook Farmers may have been dreamy theorizers; their antecedents hardly allowed them to be otherwise. No one pretends to admire their trial because it lived nearly long enough to have passed the experimental phase, or because of any practicability in their method; what we do respect is the unspotted purity, the catholic unselfishness, in the beginning at least, of their idealism.

The French socialists of the early part of this century, —the political fathers of the modern extremists—were unbelievers and pessimists as well; their nature was that of the old world, experienced, dissatisfied, *blasé*. Our Massachusetts Arcadians were imbued with the spirit of the new, where the future counted for more than the past, and energy for more than experience,—a youthful society, boyishly enthusiastic. Whatever the cause, its distinctive countersign was always "Hope." Thus, while some foreign malcontents were levelling their guns at existing society, and others were carefully working out flawless "paper-societies," a band of New Englanders, kindled with an all-absorbing inspiration, were putting to practice their ideas, too unworldly to be base, too generous to be exact, too American not to be pregnant with optimism, and largely ruled by common sense.

New England was not wholly original here. Universally, great thoughts about man's spirituality were springing up. A mighty wave of speculation, untrammelled yet reverential, swept along in the wake of the atheistic sensualism engendered by the French Revolution. The soul began to be acknowledged supreme; mere material liberty was thrust from its topmost place. Coleridge the radical became Coleridge the idealist. Germany responded to the flooding current with rich schools of the new philosophy. Kant, Jacobi, Goethe, arose to give direction to the tide.

It was a movement which taught men to look inward, to assert their individuality, not resting content with forms and fashions. Step by step, it led to the magnifying of the idea of humanity, to great hopes for the future of the race, to plans for the lifting up of manhood, wherever placed. The disciples cast off the barren, utilitarian philosophy of the past century, and constantly proclaimed the superiority of things of the mind to things of the senses. They sought after elevating ideas; and everywhere they were awe-struck at far-reaching thoughts which faded when one tried to fix them, and with subtle

yet undeniable principles, inherent in the universe, which the understanding refused to grasp.

Wordsworth showed himself in tune with the prevailing strain, when he sang of

—"those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;

* * * * * * *

Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet the master light of all our seeing."

Was it strange that in America the Paines of revolutionary times should give way to the Parkers and Emersons of the transcendental epoch? The people here were without much traditional prejudice to new ideas. On the contrary, culture was so hard to obtain, that there was an inclination to seize too heedlessly at the tempting philosophy of freshness and hope. Orthodox Puritanism, by its fierce opposition, forced the new lights to mark out their ground, to narrow their generalizations, and in the second place to vindicate their theories by attempts at all sorts of social reforms.

Many of the transcendentalists were unbalanced ; many never applied the hoe and pruning-knife to the rank growth of their own minds. Still, in the tempering of our modern culture, not a little is due to these enthusiasts, who brought in a draught of unalloyed idealism to counteract the money-getting worldliness which has threatened to debase the nation. Stripped of what was crude and extravagant, the essentials of transcendentalism are seen to-day in some of the strongest arguments of religion against scientific materialism. For always and at every point, is this latter the natural enemy of all forms of idealism. And in these days when cold, unsympathetic science predominates, the spirit of Brook Farm and the old-time transcendentalism lives on, purified and moderated, in the Concord School of Philosophy, which is

characterized, to use language that acquired a new significance from the pen of a respected bishop, by "a tone of reverence for things held sacred."

It is ever so! The searching blasts of March must precede the pure, lapping breezes of May.

It was this transcendental faith, taking its germ—who knows where?—nourished in Germany, watered in England, and transplanted to America, which culminated in Brook Farm. It was this, strongly antagonistic as it was to every branch of the philosophy of the senses, which gave the New England experiment its noble distinction from other communistic attempts,—which presented for its attainment an indefinable something lying outside the scope of mere economic reform.

No machine-like existence was it that the Utopian speculators led. Nor need one imagine them stalking about as if filled with celestial fire. Such people are intensely disagreeable; and the retiring Hawthorne would surely have left the community sooner than he did, if anything approaching priggishness had been common there. Read his "Note Books" about this period, and see what a common-place, yet not tedious life was theirs. "The Blithedale Romance" has a too subtle, airy unreality to afford but the slightest hint as to the internal economy of the place. But since there is no record more precise than Hawthorne's, his impressions, as set down in these two works, must guide us. We find the theorists acting much as ordinary men and women, working with all the varying degrees of energy, having their hearty social gatherings, at times yielding to prejudice and jealousies, occasionally slighting their menial labors for a sip of intellectual wine, but oftener letting philosophy suffer before the more pressing claims of planting and harvesting. It was not that they soon grew careless of their first ideal;—their faith was not so readily palled. But it was the very depth of their enthusiasm which prevented its continual expression. The ideal was a matter of course, and with those who were really the soul of the enterprise, a controlling purpose lay under the surface of agricultural practicality and humdrum toil.

There was of course another side. With many of the young and subordinate members, vulgar associations got the better of refinement. For a humorous, perhaps incongruous touch of realism about our community, we are indebted to the memoirs of Margaret Fuller. Being one of the extremely vague and liberal class of transcendentalists, no ties could bind her down, even with her own intimates and intellectual kindred. Hawthorne lets his shadowy, uncertain humor play very prettily over "a transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Fuller;" but that appears to be the only part of her which remained permanently at Brook Farm. She was a frequent visitor, however, and it is upon one of her transient stays that she takes occasion to note the growing boorishness of certain members:—"The people showed a good deal of the *sans-culotte* tendency in their manners,—throwing themselves on the floor, yawning and going out when they had heard enough."

For some two years and a half Brook Farm lived on evenly and unaffectedly, simple in its method, one of the centres of idealistic transcendentalism. Then began its decline. Pure transcendentalism was losing its character of a distinct party, its best qualities now becoming merged in the life and thought of the people generally. The community it had established in its prime felt its original sources of nourishment drawn away. Looking about for the reason of their separation, the Brook Farmers fancied they saw such in the communistic form of society, forgetting that, legitimately, that had been in their case but the means towards a far higher and wider-reaching goal. Finally, to sever the now loosening ties which had held them to their first pure ideal, Fourierism was being transported to this country in eighteen-forty-three, and was rapidly spread about by sensational newspapers, and enthusiasts more remarkable for sincerity than wisdom. Brook Farm was dazzled by the specious details of the French theory. Its prominent members were conspicuous in the Fourieritish convention of eighteen-forty-four; soon after, a new constitution was published; and our

idyllic Arcadia was now a regularly organized "Phalanx" in the multitudinous hosts of Fourierism.

The rest of Brook Farm's history leaves a sadness on the mind; so different is the fruit of this experiment from the bright promise of its early sweetness. It is the story of Othello and Brutus over again,—noble natures misguided and brought low, their own characters their greatest stumbling-blocks. For it was a long step downwards for Brook Farm,—this alliance with the foreign socialism. Mild as it is compared with many other communistic theories, still Fourierism is too narrow and one-sided, too exact, too liable to smother the individual character, of too earthy a savor, for a moment's comparison with the broad idealism of the Brook Farmers' former creed.

While our community, now regarded as a stronghold of Fourieritish doctrines, was busily scattering those opinions, it lost, in its aim at a more extensive practicality, the plain common-sense that had safely controlled its early history. The finances became involved; appeals to the outside world availed not. To increase its troubles, a large fire destroyed the principal building, or "phalanstery," in the spring of eighteen-forty-six. Discouragement followed. A year more rolled over the tottering association, wearily contriving, by some shift, to arrange its affairs. Then the dreamers went their several ways into the busy world. Miles Coverdale was probably not the only one of whom it could be said, that, amid the bustle of society, the retrospective vision of this bright mosaic in his life gave rise to tender pangs, tempered by a secret joy that he "could once think better of the world's improbability than it deserved."

Brook Farm is no more; the lapse of less than half-a-century has dimmed the clearness of its outline. From a communist's point of view it was a decided failure. Its influence upon political history is a cipher. A slight splash,—a series of wavelets,—and then full calm again on our civic stream! But as a romantic side-scene, an appropriate offset to the plain-sailing, business-like progress of the nation, it owns an indisputable charm. As an index

of a speculative school that is now overshadowed, it lays claim to our serious interest.

Even in the later days of Brook Farm, its moral purity was unsullied; while in its inception it had a simple majesty,—like an August flower hiding shyly in some shady glen, and seeming to be a lost child of Spring. Grosser socialisms have survived. There is cause for gratitude, in consistency's name, that this pure blossom drooped and fell with the first touch of frost, its primal beauty not wholly darkened.



IN A GRAVEYARD.

Once on a bright and sunny day
With slow and loitering pace we strayed
Along a shadowy forest way,
In tender green of spring arrayed.

Our winding pathway led us where
A graveyard in the sunshine lay,
And what we talked of sitting there
The birds and flowers alone can say.

This much I know—I faltering spoke
The love within my heart concealed;
Her answer was a startled look—
Her blushing cheeks her heart revealed.

The dream was short. The autumn showers
O'er one more gravestone swept and sighed;
On one more grave the fresh bright flowers
Were planted, bloomed, then withering died.

And now a mist—perhaps of tears—
That gravestone's marble image blurs;
Her death has come before the year's,
The name that marble bears is hers.

Then sigh, sweet voices of autumn, sigh,
For a sweeter voice is forever hushed;
And you, ye fair, bright flowers, die,
For a fairer flower is forever crushed.

B. J.

FLORENCE FRUIT.

IT is high noon in Florence. The scorching rays of the sun have driven every one in-doors and the Plaza of San Croce with its surrounding row of little bazaars is deserted. The shadow of the great cathedral spire stretches out into the square, and a midday quiet is over all things. "An infernal dead-alive old place," mutters Winton Leavitt as he emerges from the cathedral shadow and stands upon the glowing stones, "I knew how it would be when old Lindsay told me to come here; if it wasn't for the chance of seeing a picture or two, I'd go back to Rome to-day, but fortune favors the brave, and perhaps I shall catch inspiration from some Madonna's eyes." Winton Leavitt is a young New Yorker, half Bohemian, half artist, who has come to Italy partly to study painting, partly human nature in the person of Miss Kate Lindsay, his betrothed, who, with her invalid father, is staying at Rome. Mr. Lindsay had strongly advised Winton to go to Florence and study the paintings in the Uffizi Gallery, assuring him that they were fully equal to those in Rome. So Winton, albeit somewhat unwilling to leave the presence of the fair Katrina, had started on a pedestrian jaunt to Florence, sketching ruins, mills, bits of scenery, and pretty peasant girls, by the wayside, until we find him this sultry day entering the Plaza San Croce of Florence, travel-stained and disgusted. His impatient soliloquy was interrupted by a soft voice from a bazaar near him, addressing him in Italian: "Will the Senor not step in here and rest a moment? It is very warm on the plaza." Turning in the direction of the voice, Winton saw a rarely beautiful girl standing in the doorway of the rude shop. Although in the course of his wanderings he had seen many a maiden of high descent and low, he had never seen the equal of this little Italian. "Thy dark eyes opened not, nor first revealed themselves to English air," muttered Leavitt as he bowed in acknowledgment

of her words, and followed her into the coolness of the quaint little bazaar. Bidding him be seated, the girl stepped into an adjoining room, and quickly returned accompanied by a withered dame, evidently her mother, who eyed him sharply at first, and apparently satisfied with her scrutiny, brought him refreshment from the inner room, seated herself opposite him, and in her voluble Italian way poured forth a stream of questions, the daughter meanwhile busying herself about the room, now and then darting a glance from beneath her dark lashes, at the handsome stranger. Finding that the old woman talked well, Winton, amused by the quaint situation, told her of himself, of his college days 'neath old Yale's elms, in far away America, and of his artist life, and found to his no small delight that the daughter as well as the mother, was interested in his story. He found out something of their history as well. How Tito del Nuovo had died and left to his wife Vittoria and daughter Magdalen (who was a good girl, old Vittoria said, with a glance of pride at her handsome daughter), to eke out a scanty living from the little bazaar on the plaza.

The sun was setting, and the Plaza was alive again before Leavitt, promising to look in upon them on the following morning, took his departure. "By Jove," muttered he, as he turned to the place that had been recommended to him as lodgings, "that little Magdalen is one of the finest bits of womanhood I have met for many a long day. I must paint her as *Mater Dolorosa*, our Lady of Tears. But what would Kate say to a flirtation with the pretty Italian? Heigho!—but here must be the place," and Winton disappeared into the shadow of a little Florentine house in whose top story he was to find his atelier and sleeping room. The next day saw him in Vittoria's shop again, this time finding Magdalen alone with a shy pleasure in her eyes at seeing him. He was surprised to discover in the chat that ensued that the Italian girl had an education and understanding, much above her position, and was told that an English lady staying in Florence had become interested in her and had taught

her many things. Day after day Winton visited the shop on the Plaza, the Madonnas looked out forlornly from their canvases on the Uffizi walls, while he was drinking in the inspiration and sweetness from the lustrous eyes of Magdalen. But the long walks by the Arno's side, the little trips out into the country with Magdalen and old Vittoria, the long conversations when Winton saw more and more of Magdalen's trusting womanly nature unfolding itself before his dazzled eyes, passed quickly, and one morning the scales fell from his eyes and he remembered that other trusting heart he had left in Rome. Then came a terrible conflict in his mind. He felt that he loved Magdalen madly but that he was bound by all that was right and holy to Kate Lindsay. On the one side were honor and duty, on the other disgrace and—but the thought of Magdalen's love rushed in upon his soul, and even disgrace lost its terrors. There was nothing new in the situation; he had known of many placed as he was, and had always despised them as unworthy the name of men, and yet the old, old story had been so sweet a one to tell by the Arno, and Magdalen loved him, and Kate Lindsay's face rose up before him, and the solemn vows he had plighted to her, like the Furies pursuing Orestes, tossed their hands in scorn of him.

It was the early morning, and as he gazed from his window over the house-tops, just gilded by the rising sun, with the blue Arno winding on in the distance, nothing of the peace and beauty of the scene came into his heart, but the powers of darkness and light struggled desperately for victory. Memories of the past rose up before his mental vision. He saw his old home in America, with his sweet-faced mother, long since dead, standing in the doorway to welcome him, a light-hearted boy, home from school; he seemed to feel the cloistered stillness of his college days, as contrasted with the fevered life he had lately been living, falling upon his soul like the touch of a friendly hand, and—the angel of darkness was triumphant again—he remembered how, only

last night, he had told Magdalen, trusting Magdalen, that when the trees in the gardens around Florence, whose blossoms were opening then, should bear fruit, he would take her as his wife across the water, and how Magdalen with one of her beautiful smiles had said, that though Florence was very dear to her, still the strange new thing called love was all-powerful. And at last this poor young artist, fighting his first battle on this strange field, turning to the gleaming Arno said, "there is nothing for this but death; I cannot leave Magdalen for Kate, and I dare not see Magdalen again." And the angel of darkness rejoiced in the life it had won. Judged by almost any human creed he was wrong, terribly so, and nothing can be said in defence of his determination; but dare we say that the Eternal Eye may not have seen some wheat among the tares, something large and true in this baffled, soiled human life? That evening Guido Velchio, mending his boat by the river side, saw a dark object in midstream floating lazily with the current. Rowing out to it he saw that it was the body of a man, and turning the pale dead face up to the setting sun, recognized the young foreigner who had been seen much lately with Magdalen del Nuovo, grasping in his hand a blossom from some tree on the Arno's bank.—When the Florence fruit was ripe there were two graves beside the Arno, and old Vittoria was keeping the bazaar on the Plaza alone; and in Rome a weak old man was being ministered to by a girl with a pale, sad face, who looked always for news from Florence, news which never came, for he from whom she was waiting tidings, clothed upon with the "old, old fashion immortality," had passed away from mortal sin and sorrow. And Guido Velchio plies his trade by the Arno, and the Madonnas look down still from their stations on the Uffizi walls.

GOLDEN HAIR.

"Wild, strange een of Golden Hair."—LUMAEN.

What time the dawn the cloud had tipped
The shades had tossed,
The skies had kissed,
From hill to hill had bridged the mist ;
What time the fleeting dews had tipped,
Silent from the roses' crypt,
She was lost.
Heaving hill and meadow bare
Echoed the name of Golden Hair.

The lark stared from the long-tressed birk
In wonder down,
And song he dropped ;
His matin flow of music stopped.
The bells in towers dim and mirk
Shook the mosses from the kirk
Old and brown.
In shaded holt the shadows wear
Only the form of Golden Hair.

Oh ! quickly by the streamlet's glint
I followed fleet,
Until the mere
Shadowed my heart with sudden fear ;
The odors of the scented mint
Rose beneath the heavy print
Of my feet.
Haunted trees in the hollow there
Breathed but to me of Golden Hair.

The snake slid through the tangled fern
And matted weeds,
The grasses rank
Nodded in breezes moist and dank ;
And in the tarn the booming hern
Stood like a hermit lone and stern
In the reeds.
Ah ! the pool with its gloat and glare
Lighted the brow of Golden Hair.

Go whisper in some other ear
Thy sympathy.
Alas ! the pond,

Far sadder than the sad beyond,
With holy lilies wreathed her bier
And seemed so strange beside the drear,
 Black scenery.
How heavy was that weighted air
On the white cheek of Golden Hair !

The sun lies dead beyond the hill ;
 The shuddering
 Of wan leaves stirs
The amber moon's pale gossamers ;
And over all my senses steal
Dark, solemn presences ; I feel
 The brooding wing
Of her I wed now—dull Despair—
I cannot wed my Golden Hair.

H. P.

PAPERS OF THE TEATOTUM CLUB.

NO. VI.

“**H**ERE comes Chapman just in the nick of time with the spark of celestial fire which is to set this dry wood pile of ideas into a brilliant flame,” said Biddle. “What! Biddle metaphorical? After this the judgment,” said this young Prometheus. “Come, doff thy prosaic ulster and don thy smoking-cap, for here we have been sitting for over half an hour like so many sociable sphinxes, gazing at the fire with ‘calm eternal eyes,’” said Perkins. “I am afraid,” said Chapman, complying with the invitation, “that you will find me only a companion in your silence, for my individual ego has been turning the crank all the evening, till the last delicious conversational sausage has been turned out and served up with weak tea and preserves at a ghastly meal at old Mrs. Busby’s. First,” he went on, counting them off on his fingers, “there was a bashful young divine, with ‘shining *mourning* face,’ who said grace, devoutly stammering, and for all the entertainment he contributed might have been inwardly digesting his next one, together with the tea and preserves.” “And one or two of your sausages,

I suppose," threw in Perkins. "I suppose so," said Chapman, "but they seemed to affect him more like pills. And opposite to him sat his true counterpart, a coy country cousin of nineteen, with some of the bloom and freshness and all the uncouth awkwardness of one of ten. She must have 'dwelt among the untrodden ways,' for I am sure she was 'a maid whom there were none to praise and very few to love,' except, perhaps, our friend the parson. Mrs. Busby and I completed this sprightly company. Mrs. Busby had, in the kindness of heart no doubt, asked me to partake of this family hospitality, with the idea that I should be charmed with Miss Simplicity, and so applied herself to passing preserves and piety to the young Jeremiah. Thus you see I was left to captivate the schoolmarm, for schoolmarm she must have been, since she knew even less and 'wanted to know' more than the marvellous Lady of the Aroostook." "You could not better have described some of my own social sprees," cried Perkins. "I feel as grateful as did the lady who, seeing her train go off without her, murmured a heartfelt 'thank you' to the expressive 'damn it' of a gentleman in the same predicament. I always come away from such an intellectual ordeal in the most utter despair and disgust at the poverty of my conversational powers, thinking how, if I had only been a Chesterfield or Sydney Smith, or only the hero of a novel, instead of philosophizing on the climate or discussing the relative merits of Davies' or Bourdon's Algebra, I should have come away, leaving them charmed with my store of anecdotes and clever epigrams, the country girl opening her sweet eyes in wide astonishment at my wisdom, and even the parson bestowing now and then an involuntary smile upon my wit." "Oh, I tried all that," cried Chapman. "I told her at length of my art studies in Italy, and directly she 'wanted to know' if I'd ever been there; I asked her what style of painting she preferred, and she said she had never painted anything but the front fence, and she didn't like that very much. I then asked her, as a last resort, what was her favorite story, and she said she had always slept on the

second, and so was rather prejudiced in its favor. Now what, pray, is a man to do when he is by a cruel destiny forced to entertain a fair one so lacking in intellectual force as to give such unbecoming exhibitions of her stupidity?" "No, Chapman," said Biddle, "I should say that you are the stupid one not to see that she, whom you call Miss Simplicity, was ckuckling in her sleeve at your wretched endeavors to be attractive, and at the same time air your learning." "Maybe she was, but surely her sleeves were long enough to completely conceal it." "There is where you can find the one great virtue in the waltz," said Perkins, "for if you meet such a girl at an evening party, you at least have the liberty to put your arm about her waist and run around the room with her in silence. Nevertheless conversation is certainly an art, and deserves to be studied as such, but college is surely the last place in the world to do so." "There I agree with you," said Chapman, "for where our language is half made up of slang phrases, each of which has a hundred different meanings, the temptation is irresistible to use those lazy make-shifts for the more elaborate phraseology of the King's English." "But," said Biddle, interrupting with wise emphasis, "it is not the manner of conversation that lies at the root of the matter, so much as it is the matter that is to blame for the manner. That is to say, the manner is no matter if the matter is in no manner, or—that's what's the matter, don't you see?" "You would serve very well, Biddle," said Perkins, "for us to exhibit as a melancholy example during the remainder of our lecture. I think you had better stick to slang. However, from your 'elaborate phraseology,' I *tumble* to the idea. Where all our talk is about athletics, the failures or successes of our fellows, the safety of giving odds on the race, or the best brand of cigarettes, to say nothing of even lower subjects, there is little hope of making conversation an art." "You have wholly misstated the general topics of college conversation," said Marcou dogmatically, and fell back again into his expressive silence. "I suppose I have, but if you should ascribe an appropriate epithet to college conversation as

a whole, you certainly would have to call it frivolous." "Well," said Chapman, "it would be very easy for one to be almost as brilliant as Macaulay or Dr. Johnson, had he the license of a novel writer that would permit him to arrange the questions and answers to his own advantage. Why, nobody knows how many clever sayings of mine you are deprived of simply because you are not accommodating enough to lead up to them." "True, and probably nobody ever will know. But, after all, the novelist has not such an easy time of it as you suppose. For you might search through all the range of fiction and never find a scrap of conversation so brilliant as some of those the indefatigable Bozzy has recorded. Surely in nothing have more novelists so dismally fallen short of the attainable than in their conversations. Scores there be who can draw you graphic pictures or harrow your soul with the pathetic, but the true conversationalist, whether in reality or in fiction, is like the poet—*nascitur non fit*." And, again, Marcou sank into silence. "There you go with one of your stock slants at Dickens, but his pathos, his descriptions and his humor show quite as great, if not greater, genius than Thackeray's cleverest dialogues," replied Biddle. "If you speak of humor," said Perkins, "I'm sure Thackeray is full as keen a humorist as Dickens; but we were discussing conversations, and certainly it marks the greater author to let his humor sparkle in what his characters say, rather than to confine it to his descriptions of them. And I never read any novels where the characters are so perfectly sustained throughout their conversations as they are in Thackeray's." "'Except Bulwer's, is the meaning of that pitying smile on Marcou's face,' I doubt not. Yes, yes. You needn't take the trouble to say it. I can see the shade of the conceited Baronet 'rising from out thy silent sea' of smiles. We all know your predilections for the superficial pedantries of 'Sawedwad's' characters. But it does provoke me to see anybody sit and smile in that superior way, as Marcou has been doing this evening, as much as to say, 'I let you go on talking for my amusement, but if I wanted to, could

overthrow your ideas with a word'—but you know, Marcou, such silence is always the screen that hides a clever fool." "But to come back to our starting point, the art of conversation, for I insist it is an art, my ambition is to excel in it, and since I am certain I was not born a conversationalist, I shall endeavor, with your consent, Marcou, to become one—and I have some hopes that with a few years' travel, reading and society, I shall be able to break the stiff conventionalities that make the weather the closest bond between two strangers."

"You remember the story in Grimm," said Marcou, "of the man who went all over the world crying, 'Oh, if I could but shiver,' and when he returned home still untaught in the art, soon learned it from a bucket of ice-water in the hands of his wife. So, Perkins, beware lest you return baffled from your wild-goose chase, to find your only true preceptor in the witty Chapman." This piece of labored sarcasm put an end to the evening's talk.

B. E.

ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

The rose that was blooming in Mirabel's hair,
And the rose that was glowing on Mirabel's breast,
She denied to her lover, although she knew well
That night and day they would be his care,
Night and day be loved and caressed,
Till to odorless ashes their loveliness fell.
But she threw them away—the haughty belle—
In the muddy street. "If worthy thy quest,"
She said, "Sir knight, go, seek for them there!"

And parting their wreathed finger tips,
He scornfully turned, "Do you think I will seek
The beauty you throw to the groveling street?
When the blight of dishonor fair purity nips
Love shall not obey Passion's whimsical freak."
Ah, strong is the contest when Pride and Pride meet!
But Love stepped between them, and—need I repeat?
The two roses re-blossomed on Mirabel's cheeks,
And her fond lover gathered them sweet from her lips. J. G. B.

NOTABILIA.

"THE kindly Christmas tree, from which I trust every gentle reader has pulled a bonbon or two, is yet all aflame whilst I am writing, and sparkles with the sweet fruits of its season." Yes, Christmas is here, and three full weeks of crisp, bracing holidays are before you, wherein, if you be fortunate, you may taste the delights of the "unconditioned existence" of the philosophers. How you are going to read and improve yourself, and accomplish a whole catalogue of useful things in those three short weeks. And then there are all the old family friends who used to pat you on the head and give you peppermints before you went away to school—all of them you must call on dutifully—and there are the Christmas and New Year's gifts to buy for your little brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces,—Heaven knows where you will get the money—and a little flirting to do with pretty cousin Kate, who is just sixteen, and will pout and feel hurt if you don't show her *some* attention—and you must write a little on that Commencement piece and try your hand on a poem for the LIT., and practice the "Knickerbocker" for the promenade, and perfect yourself in the "poetry of motion" on the ice. And all this you are going to accomplish with eversomuch more beside, and altogether, "do those things which you ought to do, and leave undone those things which you ought not to do." But beware! beware lest a pair of bright eyes bewitch you, and you cast all your good resolutions to the winds. We wish you all success, however. We should like to give each of you one of Marcus Ward's most *recherché* Christmas cards, but we, too, have little kinsfolk to provide for, and must be content to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE establishment of a monthly Graduates' night at the Yale University Club, the first of which was passed so

pleasantly the other evening, marks an epoch in the life of that institution. It will be remembered that the LIT., last spring, bade "God speed" to the enterprise and promised it a brilliant future, and after that its success was of course simply a matter of time. Many are the trials and tribulations it has had to undergo, however, in the way of inefficient stewards, delinquent and disgruntled members, and all the host of difficulties which prey upon a novel undertaking; but it has weathered them all, and in the social chats of the first Graduates' night, where graduates, faculty and students, conversed with one another in the pleasantest manner, it became evident that the sword above its head hung no longer by a slender thread, but that its existence was an assured fact. It is destined to form no mean element in the social life of the college, and when so many of our social institutions are being swept away, we can but hail its success with the utmost satisfaction.

IF the college literary monthlies should ever grow weary to the verge of desperation—and as they have no more than the patience of Job, perhaps they will some day—if they should ever grow desperate at "the weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" old jokes about their dullness, their dignity and their age, which their brighter brethren are forever cracking at their expense, they may, perhaps, find solace in an application of the "tat-for-tat" philosophy, and disguising it in many fair sounding phrases, retort "you're another," to their young detractors. It may be true, or it may not, that we are all deep and uninteresting, and in our dotage; it may be true that the poor, persecuted little old man on the LIT. cover is antiquated, bow-legged, dignified, stupid—anything you will, but from pure modesty he may tire of having his personal peculiarities continually pointed out, and hearing parallels drawn between them and his mental infelicities. If it is all true we still must plead that it is quite as much your fault as it is ours, for we are always only too

glad to print your bright productions, if you will but produce some. But maybe it is not all true, maybe we are not so very deep nor so very dull after all, and the majority of those who read us at all, find some little entertainment in it; maybe staid Elihu would as heartily throw aside his wig as did old Dr. Johnson, and cry, "Faith, I'll have a frisk with you," if some gay Beauclerc would appear to stir him up from his sleepiness. However that may be, it is surely true that the extreme of frivolity is even worse than the extreme of dryness, and is far oftener reached. One has only to wade through the pile on our editor's table to become thoroughly disgusted with "lightness." The hosts of sickly poems, of flat attempts at wit, of pointless personalities, and so on, seem to abound more than ever of late. Columbia's "Sophomoric circus musings," the *Crimson's* letter from "Betton Surety," and some of the "personals" of the western papers, are a few of the specimens of light literature that make one sigh for an essay on "the axiomatic monotony of a proverbial philosophy." Need we say that this sort of writing finds the acme of its brilliancy in the works of Smintheus, who, with all their vulgarity and none of their wit, has set himself to imitate the productions of the Danbury News man and others of his stamp.

It is a significant commentary upon the method of classical instruction pursued at Yale that of the one hundred and thirty men of the present junior class, who had passed through the required work of the course, but three were found to choose the electives offered in the Ancient languages under the senior professors of the college. For the vast majority do not drop their Latin and Greek from the feeling that they have assigned them their due attention, or have gained any real mastery of them. Nor are any considerable number drawn away by decided tastes for other branches. They simply fly from the evil that they know, to what they know not of: they have been bored by the classics—they will have no more

of them either in college or out. No one who has come to any just appreciation of the wealth of classical literature, or who recognizes in true scholarship something higher and deeper than studies merely disciplinary can give, can view such a state of affairs without pain and indignation. Yet it cannot be denied, by one who has "gone through the mill"—to use the expressive popular metaphor—that there is a justification for the student's attitude. The classics as required are a grind and a bore, and nothing beside. Apparently they are regarded, and certainly they are used merely as the best enginery devisable for the administration of the nostrum sung in the bitterness of his heart by the college poet,

" Marks, marks, marks from the Faculty, marks
All booked in an orderly way,
In strange hieroglyphic, Yale's patent physic,
Dose given three times a day."

Homer doled out through the year in instalments of thirty lines, and the recital of the crimes of Oppianicus dragging its weary length through all the months from January to June are poor food to feed a love of learning on. Yet this was the pabulum administered to the present senior class in freshman year. So long as anything like this remains possible, so long as the study of the classics is degraded into a mere means of discipline, and is not recognized as an end in itself, so long must we expect to see it lose ground, until at last forced from the curriculum entirely, as it has already practically passed out of the latter half. And much as we appreciate its worth so may it be. For at present we are in large degree but renewing the experience of the old schoolmen—thrashing chaff, with no reward save vexation of spirit.

FOOT ball, too! For however the other colleges may argue about the technicalities of the championship, our team certainly demonstrated their real superiority over any of their rivals, and surely no college which had to re-

sort to the mean tactics of playing simply to consume time, can lay any just claim to the laurel. But so far as we can see, Yale holds even technically whatever championship there is, and so our foot ball victories have added the last drop to the cup of our athletic happiness, and the cycle of victory is complete.



PORTFOLIO.

—I wonder how many men in college have had an experience here like my own—the experience of finding home grow yearly less attractive, and the life I had anticipated more and more distasteful, until at last the prospect of either is unendurable? I came from a pushing little town in a far off western state. Four years ago I was more than content with it, and with the life and associations it held out to me. But now as my college course draws to an end, I feel that to return to it, as duty seems to call, is to give up all that is energizing and elevating in my life. Here I feel myself expanding and growing and satisfying in some measure a hunger for knowledge, for mental power, for some share, however small, in the higher intellectual life of the world. There nothing seems to await me but the starving of every noble higher aspiration in a society which has neither time nor taste for anything but money-getting, and no pleasures above those of the race course. And my question is whether even the prospect of failure here is not to be preferred to assured success there. To some whose past has been brighter than mine, and whose college years have not been of such vital import, the question may be unintelligible. But surely my feeling is not unreasonable; surely it is hard to face the belief that one has already seen at twenty-one the best of his fellows, the brightest and highest life that he is to know.

—There are many who hold that for them Victor Hugo's writings possess no charm; that he is a clever French sentimentalist,—nothing more. From this class, large and respectable as it no doubt is, I would stand aloof. I have found more lately beneath the crisp, terse sentences which clothe his thoughts than I had ever imagined, and this feeling is growing upon me. I picked up *Les Misérables* the other day and read for the fourth time the story of the man Jean Valjean. Only a runaway galley-slave, tempted, persecuted, failing, our own prison records could tell us of many such as he; and yet Valjean is after all a type of our fallen humanity—struggling, baffled, beaten back and struggling on again in the same dull way, hardly understanding why the great world frowns upon it. The truth of it is, I think that the world is careless, not evil hearted. My Lord Tomnoddy orders his brother man out of his way, not because he is ill disposed toward the poor wretch, but because poor clothes and a hang-dog appearance grate upon his Lordship's sense of the refined. And many a Valjean, looking from the darkness of his own life into the light of another's, wonders why the Gods above do not decree that he should die since he happened to be born. But Valjean, with haunting visions of the society against whose canons he has transgressed presses along the dusty road with thoughts of a happy, peaceful life before him, a life in which even the galley slave may attain unto rest. This life never comes in the world below, and as Valjean passes out into the unknown world, we feel that the despised galley-slave can teach us lessons, lessons of trust and hope, and steadfastness.

—There is an experience unique and interesting, but from the necessity of the case restricted to a narrow circle of college men—that of Sunday School teacher in a mission school—when I speak of this circle of college men as being narrow, perhaps I ought to add, narrow at any one time; for it is a fact that at some time during the college course quite a large number of men in every class has attempted for a longer or shorter period and with varying success to follow out the injunction, "Teach." Each successive incoming class is sure to be canvassed early by representatives from the various chapels—Bethany, Broadway, Trinity Mission—to "take a class." It may be said in parenthesis, and indeed, should be

said in justice to Bethany, that she hardly comes under the above category. For some inscrutable reason, Bethany rarely suffers from a dearth of teachers. To proceed: the freshman in question, brought up say in the country, a Sunday School scholar from his infancy, and perhaps accustomed to teach that milder and more manageable, but withal less bright species of humanity, the country boy, "takes a class." And now all goes merry as a marriage bell. The heart of the superintendent is made glad. No waif is left out in the cold for want of a teacher. But alas! The freshman who "did run well" for a season, who "put his hand to the plow" with a world of good resolutions, finally looks back, and longs for the flesh pots of an unoccupied Sunday morning or afternoon, the hard-worked college student's "Egypt." And so he at last falls out by the way, and a new conscription is ordered. It may happen that the second levy comes during sophomore year. And though from the nature of the case a much smaller number of possible candidates may be looked for than in the preceding year (freshman year exercising a winnowing effect, not only on the so-called high stand men, but much more on those once possessing the requisite qualifications for a Sunday School teacher) it may probably happen that the solicitor's importunity will prevail upon some undergraduated Gideon to put on the harness, and come up to the help of the superintendent against what may be called without palliation, "the mighty." I am one of those who took a class in my junior year (observe the year). Instead of saying that I took a class, I ought rather to say that I "took orders." A class of boys were given me. I stayed with that class of boys for *one consecutive* Sunday, and then—and then I passed. I learned then something of what is meant by street Arab. They pinched and thrust pins into each other. They fired missiles about the room. They attached papers to my back. They answered questions by a vacant grin or a shake of the head. They attracted the attention of the few lady teachers present, to my helplessness. They exemplified for my benefit and the other teachers the philosophic fact, that man is indeed miserable when his authority is defied, and he has no means to enforce it. Each boy proceeded on the assumption that he was doing me a marked favor if he even attempted the first question and answer in the catechism: "Who made me? God made me."

I intended to dissolve my connection with that school forthwith, but the superintendent prevailed upon me to make another attempt, and this time with a class of little girls. I made the attempt and succeeded admirably. Had they been big girls (I trembled when the word girl was pronounced by the superintendent, fearing that big girls were referred to), I could not have—well, I could not have taken a class of big girls. But being as they were, little girls,—I love those two words when taken together—I could win the hearts of them all and I knew it. I grew up in a family where there were many little sisters, and my experience learned then served us in good stead. By Christmas and Easter cards, by little Valentines, by a ride and spread at Whitneyville each fall and spring, by an occasional kiss, which comes very easy, I have won over every one. They are always on hand. Their teacher does not often fail them. It has been a labor of love to me. If any one thinks he can succeed also, let him be sure to try. He may benefit others; he will be sure to benefit himself.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Thanksgiving day, as has already become the established custom, was loyally devoted by the great body of the college to the pleasant duty of attending the

Princeton Game

Played at the Polo Grounds, New York city, before four thousand spectators, an assemblage inferior in numbers, indeed, owing to the state of the weather, to that of last year, but even surpassing it, if possible, in brilliancy and enthusiasm. The ground was in no condition for play, the uncertain footing making the running game impossible. Princeton won the toss, and favored by wind and snow alike, for the first half made an even fight. In the second, however, Yale, although not similarly favored by fortune, showed a decided superiority. Princeton was forced to make safety after safety until the score showed eleven against her to five for Yale, when with some twenty minutes time still remaining, and defeat staring her in the face, she had resort to the cowardly tactics of blocking the game, making no attempt to play upon the ball, but keeping it down, or running out of touch with it, until time was called. Though immediately challenged to continue the game or to play again on any date she might name, she refused both propositions, hoping thus to retain the barren honor of a championship which she could not preserve in manly contest in the field. Yet even of this she has failed, for under the usual rules governing associations, either there is no championship or Yale holds it, according as the Princeton-Columbia game is decided. The players were for *Princeton*—Rushers: Bradford, McDermott, McKee, Peace, Loney, Ryan; half-backs: Winton, Withington, Morgan; backs: Harlan, Cauldwell. *Yale*—Rushers: Fuller, Beck, Storrs, Harding, Lamb, Vernon, Eaton; half backs: Watson, Camp, Badger; back: Bacon. Referee: Capt. Manning of Harvard. Judges: for Princeton, Mr. McLaren; for Yale, Mr. G. H. Clark, '80. This game ended the season for the strongest team Yale has ever put in the field, the total score showing four games won and one tied, thirty goals and twelve touch-

downs made, against no games, goals or touchdowns by opponents. Yet even this result is unsatisfying, since it was debarred from showing its great strength in either of the most important games of the year. Some solace, however, was found upon our return after the recess, in the enjoyment for the first time of the benefaction of a wise and merciful corporation in the

Abolishment of Sunday Chapel,

Surely a "new thing under the sun," the first of the lost institutions of Yale, whose departure will be mourned by none of her sons. The only other event which has broken the monotony of these dullest days of all the year has been a

University Base Ball Meeting

Held Wednesday, Dec. 1, when after a full and vigorous discussion of the question, it was voted to enter the college association, the reason which prevented our joining last year being no longer in force. Delegates were accordingly sent to Springfield on the following Saturday, and no opposition being made to our admission, took part in the proceedings of the convention.

Items.

Mr. J. F. Craul has been appointed second sophomore editor of the *Record* and Mr. A. P. Wilder, freshman editor. —Mr. Wm. Churchill, '82, has received an election to *Ψ. T.* —A paper by Prof. Beers was the feature of a very pleasant evening at the University Club on the occasion of the first "Graduate's Night," Dec. 8. —Messrs. Hay and Merrill, '81, and Osborn, '80, took part in a dramatic entertainment in the city Dec. 13 and 14. —The college catalogue appeared Nov. 29, showing a total attendance of 1032, a gain over last year.

BOOK NOTICES.

My Winter on the Nile. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.00. For sale by Judd.

Mr. Warner describes the attractions which Egypt offers to the ordinary traveler who is neither archæologist, nor naturalist, nor economist, nor going a' wooing *a la* "Kismet," but is simply out pleasure-seeking. There is nothing to be said of the subject itself, but only of his treatment of it. The secret of the book is in setting the incident of the voyage, not of the voyage in general, but of this particular one, in the romantic background of ancient Egypt. It is a double picture—the bustle and hubbub of the present ever intruding itself upon the silent past. We climb the Great Pyramid and measuring with our eyes the vastness of the sand waste before us, we give wings to our fancy and look back where centuries crowd upon centuries; in the meanwhile the present is with us in the shape of a half-clad Bedawee, who "offers to run down the side of this pyramid, climb the second one, and return in a certain incredible number of minutes." When we emerge from the darkened splendor of the tombs of the ancient kings our thoughtful silence is interrupted by a diminutive Arab, whose vocabulary does not extend much beyond the cry for "backsheesh," or by his progenitor, who tries to sell us a mummy's hand or some bogus scarabæi. The dragoman of the party, with his immense self esteem, his pompous air and his ludicrous English, and the good humored sailors shouting and calling on Allah and pulling hard and accomplishing little more than to run the dahabæeh aground are familiar types of Modern Egypt. The pitiful condition of the country, a sad reminder of its former greatness, mingles a sort of pathos with the genial humor of the traveler. There is fine spirit in the narration of the "Rip Van Winkle's" passage of the first cataract, and in fact all the characteristics of a good story are recognized.

DISRAELI AS A NOVELIST. (*Endymion.* By the Earl of Beaconsfield. New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

"A turn for fiction is a joy forever,
Its charm with age increases; it will never
Pass into prosiness."

—*Endymion* (after *Punch*).

A few years ago, a cartoon in *Punch* represented Mr. Disraeli bidding good-bye to Mr. Gladstone, with the remark: "I began with books; you're ending with them; perhaps you're the wiser of the two." It was peculiarly apt just then, immediately after a crisis which had brought Mr. Disraeli into power. He seemed to have finally given up all efforts to excel as an author. It would be equally apt now, if the characters were transposed. The recent appearance of *Endymion* seems to indicate that Mr. Disraeli has now made himself "the wiser of the two." What motive has urged him to this last work it is hard to imagine. In it he holds up for ridicule the character of St.

Barbe, who grieves that works of true literary merit are driven from the market by books whose only claim to favor is, that their authors are great statesmen. He himself has at least furnished a first class instance of this abuse. He has made money; but even his remarkable gain in wealth is, in the opinion of many, a poor recompense for the unenviable reputation it has gained for him. Gradually, for the last ten years, the ridicule which had been heaped upon him after the appearance of *Lothair*, has been forgotten in view of his remarkable and excellent achievements as a statesman. But, unwilling to let well enough alone, he has sought to gain further honor by adding another novel to his list; and by doing so has again brought back to the minds of all, the remembrance of his former literary escapades, which otherwise would have passed into oblivion. Respect for the statesman and orator has alone saved this last book from the unflattering reception offered his efforts when he was an obscure M.P. The forbearance of the critics is hardly due to any improvement in his style, for this has been of a retrograde character. In his earlier novel he lacked his present ability to make himself ridiculous.

Yet it is not strange that Mr. Disraeli has found novel writing attractive, for his own life reads like a novel. "He wrote 'The Wondrous Tale of Alroy,'" says Mr. Curtis; "The 'Wondrous Tale of Disraeli' is equally striking." Young Benjamin was educated in a German university, and on his return to England his imagination, already bubbling over, impelled him to publish *Vivian Grey*. It was an odd book, and pleasingly so. It was something of a farce. Wit, merriment and cultivated cynicism were blended in a mass, only strung together by a mere shadow of a plot. This was just as well, perhaps. The instant popularity enjoyed by the book came solely from the excessive and unusual playfulness apparent in it. Its grotesque characters and outrageously absurd incidents were admired and laughed at by the English people then, just as now they laugh at the absurdities and overdrawn characters of *Pinafore*. His success was complete, and he was received at once as a great author.

But despite his desire to be considered successful in his literary career, his novels can only be regarded as mere amusements to pass away his time. Most of them were published during the twenty years succeeding his first endeavor, and at the end of that time he rose to deliver his first successful speech, already famous as the author of *Coningsby*. Soon after this episode, *Tancred* was published. Perhaps this was another "wiser ending"; for we hear little more of Mr. Disraeli for some time. But several years ago *Lothair* suddenly appeared. It was like a religious revival. At once he recovered his notoriety as an author. Soon after he published a review of that and of his former works, explaining the purposes for which they were written (for they were written with a purpose), and also criticising them all. *Lothair*, he declared with complacency, had been more extensively read by people of the United Kingdom and of the United States, than any work which had appeared for the last half century. *Vivian Grey* was a mere fancy; a piece of boyishness; "Yet," says he in *Vivian's* best style, "it has baffled all my efforts to suppress it." Poor unfortunate! even his failures enchanted the world.

Now, to judge from this criticism by the author, Vivian Grey was a mere "flyer" to try the market. Its success induced him to enter the lists as a genuine novelist. But with a strangely mistaken idea, he brings forth more material of the same sort; the same kind of a plot dressed up in cynicism, conceit and plentifully seasoned with perfumes and jewelry, which form a poor substitute for the frankness and animal spirits of his "failure." Such a novel is *Lothair*, such were his former "real specimens," and such, too, is *Endymion*, as far as it is judged as a work of fiction.

In beginning a criticism of Mr. Disraeli's work, we must not be blind to one great talent which he evidently possesses. He has shown a capacity to judge men and things to a nicety, has used this capacity well, and in his long career has met many of the world's greatest men, as materials upon which to practice it. He has not failed to give the world the benefit of his observations, and his works are often enlivened with excellent pen-pictures of prominent men. For these alone some of his books are worth reading—*Endymion* notably so. Inadvertently too, he often betrays his spite against some of his fellow-men, by drawing malicious caricatures of them. Take, for instance, the character of St. Barbe in *Endymion*. The mean, unfair idea of a man given there is probably intended as a return for the clever satire "*Cod-lingsby*." Nothing but hatred and petty spite could impel any one to draw so disgusting a picture of Thackeray. In *Venetia* again, we have Byron and Shelley fairly looking out at us from the pages. He has proved a clever copyist. However, in fiction as in art, true genius lies in creation, not in reproduction. And hence it is by Disraeli's created characters that we must judge his claim as an author. We fear the test is too strong. For what are his created characters? Read *Vivian Grey* and then if you can retain any decided impression of the character, go through his other books, and after scraping away the vast mass of wealth, affectation, foppery and heroism, in which all his heroes are clothed, you find again *Vivian Grey*. Do what you will, you can not escape this inevitable personage. We are quite sure we recognize him as the Young Duke and Ferdinand Annyn, also as Coningsby and the Duke of Bellamont. Rub off a little geniality and put on a little snob-bishness and behold! *Lothair* and *Endymion* Ferrars. Nor does this poverty of imagination appear in his leading characters alone. There is always a horde of lesser lights, who might reasonably be supposed to have been used for each novel in succession and who must be worn out now,—at least we are thankful that they are to some extent dispensed with in *Endymion*.

This would not be a bad feature, perhaps, if these characters were at all natural, or if they were connected by some sort of a plot—at least enough of one to excite interest. It is this that furnishes a very considerable part of the charm of some of Thackeray's novels. Are we not pleased to run across an old friend and acquaintance, as we meet Warrington the descendant of the Esmonds, and again find both him and Pendennis in company with Colonel Newcome? But Mr. Disraeli not only changes their names and tries to palm them off as totally different persons, but worse than this, the characters are poor to begin with. First, he has a hero who is nothing if not a second Crichton, and who proceeds to mystify and set by the ears all the hitherto great men of the country. After the appearance of the hero we see men, who

have had brains enough to become great, masquerading as fops and professional carpet-knights, and performing unheard-of whimsicalities. It is Gulliver and the Brobdingnagians over again. The world he creates for these curiosities to move in, is an equally great absurdity. Everything is all gold and silver spangles, mother-of-pearl and perfumes. All the children are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and when older are really driven to a pitiable distraction, in their efforts to get about among the vast boulders of wealth surrounding them. There is a flavor of the Court Circular. All things give way before them and failure is an unknown article. One is reminded of *Opéra Bouffe*, so astoundingly are all received principles of morality and common sense twisted around. Like a certain world, where everything was to be upside down :

"Cause and effect shall from their throne be hurled
And end their strife in suicidal yells."

Especially is this so in his plots. He seems unable to approach to anything like setting off one occurrence against the result of another, or of hinging certain events on the turn of future ones. Everything that could attract attention and cause a reciprocity of feeling in the reader seems to be avoided. The only effect on the feelings is one of weariness and fatigue. At the start he tacitly points out the goal, and then the hero moves resistlessly towards it with monotonous straightness. Any occurrence that in this world would throw him off the track and make some excitement, is doctored with the principle of the couplet quoted, and lo ! on he moves again and we are disappointed again. Our author is evidently a Barmecide.

However, enough of this. The resistlessness with which he endows his heroes, is as much a part of his own character as is the frippery and love for wealth with which he surrounds them. He is celebrated for his dandyism and coxcombery as well as for his statesmanship. But he can not be called a novelist. His books are in no sense true books. It is a matter of doubt, if any are so soon forgotten, or leave so feeble an impression on the mind. They have none of that wealth of the "true book," that "wealth of the Kings' Treasuries" which Mr. Ruskin would have us seek after. Yet they are widely read on their appearance. Not for their literary merits, however. It is the *man* that people are after. Why did the Romans listen to Nero's violin playing? Would not the American people be interested in a novel written by Grant or Tilden?

F. E. W.

Hints for Home Reading. Vol. XVIII, in Putnam's Handy-Book Series. A collection of papers by E. E. Hale, F. B. Perkins, H. W. Beecher, C. D. Warner, Joseph Cook and others. Edited by Lyman Abbott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, board, 75 cents.

There seem to be well-nigh as many different methods of selection and reading as there are books. The various plans with the reasons for them are here brought together, and one can compare them and select the one which suits his situation and desires. Mr. George Palmer Putnam's list of books at the end is of great value to anybody who is engaged in collecting a small library for ordinary use.

The Trumpet Major. By Thomas Hardy. Leisure Hour Series. Author's Edition. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

In the year 1804, when Bonaparte was collecting his army at Boulogne and constructing the boats of the second Armada to convey it to the chalk cliffs across the straits, there was great excitement among the sons of Albion, and especially among those who dwelt in the village of Overcombe, which was near to Weymouth, a place that the "Corsican braggart" might any day choose as his landing. At this place the scene of the story is laid, and on the history of this time the incident largely depends. The interest centers in the family of a good old English miller, who led a life of charming simplicity and had the heart of a true Briton; his two sons, as brave men as ever carried arms for their king, were among those who fought under Nelson and in Spain. The heroine gets from her artist-father the grace and refinement of the city and inherits from her country mother the bloom of vigorous health. She is the coyest maid in all the town, the very "pink of propriety," and nobody would suspect what strength of will is disguised under her quiet demeanor. But however undemonstrative she may be by nature, she cannot prevent treacherous accidents from disclosing her deepest feelings. Some of the coincidences that are frequently occurring are, to say the least, remarkable, but we do not think of finding fault when we are presented to such a man as John Loveday. His character is a beautiful study—the passion of humanity linked with the self-forgetfulness of a saint, the sweetness of childhood in the strength of the full-grown man. That is a sad but glorious scene that one can picture to himself as he closes the book—the mingling of the pæans of victory with the wail of the march for the dead.

Art Essays. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Atlas Series. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Price, 60 cents.

The first two essays are on the practical work of painting. One statement is this: "It is a most certain truth, one of the very few things about fine art which can be called certainties at all, that without a thorough knowledge of technical processes art-criticism can never be reliable." What follows is a discussion of the methods of the Flemish and Italian schools in the use of colors, illustrated by Van Eyck and Rubens on one side and Titian on the other. The third essay is a review of Fromentin's "Les Maitres d'Autrefois, Belgique, Hollande," and the last is on the etchings of William Unger. To the ordinary reader the other two essays, on Rubens, are the most interesting of all, especially the first one, which describes in distinction from Rubens the artist, Rubens the man, the merchant-painter, rich and prosperous and drinking to the full the cup of honest pleasure. The frontispiece is a fine etching of Rubens by M. Flameng.

The Orthoëpist: A Pronouncing Manual. By Alfred Ayres. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

There have been numerous attempts to satisfy the long felt want of a small and accurate pronouncing hand-book, but this seems to be the most successful one that has been made. In addition to its English it contains a number of foreign words and phrases of common use. The author differs from Mr. White in some particulars—for instance, in the pronunciation of

the word *been*, but he leaves us in no doubt as to his reasons for the pronunciation adopted. One of the best features is the short discussions of questionable points. The book is handsomely dressed in brown cloth with gilded edges, adding beauty to utility.

TO BE NOTICED NEXT MONTH.

A Dreamer. By Katherine Wylde. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

Progress and Poverty: An Inquiry into the cause of Industrial Depressions and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. By Henry George. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 75 cents. For sale by Judd.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The foot ball season is over, and while we have not the slightest reason for being ashamed of our champion eleven, it is unfortunate that the game of the season should have ended in that most unsatisfactory of results—a draw. Elihu attended the game to the no small detriment of his shoe-buckles, and was hoarse for a week from combined excitement and influenza. There was one thing he noticed with satisfaction, namely, the evident partiality of the Columbia men present for Yale. It was an indication of a better feeling and as such he welcomed it. There is one Smintheus at the New York University, whose wit has not improved with age, who has probably done more to keep Yale and Columbia apart than any other single influence. But let us hope that he has had his day and that the future may see the two colleges struggling in generous rivalry with no baser emotion than the "stern joy" of meeting a worthy foe.

Our own college seems to be in a singularly benevolent mood. Our eleven sport gold foot balls on their watch chains, we have meetings to reward the nine, while the crew are not to be neglected. To this last "boom" we would add our heartiest sympathy. We have always believed that eight months unremittent toil should have some more enduring reward than mere glory and words of praise.

Our exchanges this month are not up to the usual standard, and there is a sad downward tendency in the flights of the Harvard poetic muse. But perhaps the Thanksgiving dinner and the examinations under whose shadow we are now passing, have been too much for our brethren the scribes, and we look for better things to come. And as we look out over the campus, clad in its wintry garb, thoughts of the merry Christmas time with its delightful surprises (Elihu will hang up his stocking with the children), its Germans, its moonlight nights, when the ringing of the sleigh-bells sounds out upon the frosty air, its long days spent with the last novel, or in quiet art galleries, when, in short, the college man feels that it is a good thing for him to break away once in a while from the "scholastic shades" and rest himself body and mind,—such thoughts, we say, coming into our mind tempt us to toss aside our pen and with a wish for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the college world, to push our table back to the wall.

VOL. XLVI.

No. IV.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manus, nomen laudisque VALENTES
Cantabunt SCHOLAE, unanimique PATRES."

JANUARY, 1881.

NEW HAVEN -

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

On Sale at Gulliver's.

TUTTLE, MORSEHOUSE & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1830, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Sixth Volume with the number for October, 1880. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 350 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the **EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE**, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

JANUARY, 1881.

No. 4.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '81.

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CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THE history of the reign of George the Third reads almost like a page torn from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, so remarkable is it in its changes and contrasts. Ministries reputed strong quickly fall; statesmen of tried ability and renowned eloquence find themselves opposed successfully by vastly inferior men; national questions are set aside for questions of trifling import; a paltry tax "worth sixty thousand pounds plunges England into a war which costs one hundred millions." Through all these changing crises one influence makes itself steadily felt, one policy cannot be set aside, and the Hanoverian King shows to all the world what obstinacy and prejudice, backed by power, can do for the detriment of a great nation. There is something almost sublime in the thought of George squaring himself against most that had made England great, defying alike the Commons and people so long and so successfully. His was a reign of splendid failures. History presents no sadder spectacles than the Great Commoner receiving the Privy Seal, Wedderburn and Yorke purchasing power at the expense of honor, and Fox fight-

ing so many years for the people who loved him well, contending to the last for those broad principles of national reform which were the foundation stones of his political creed, and dying with his hopes unrealized, his ambitions unfulfilled.

A brief consideration of the life of this man will not be inappropriate in a day when the triumphs of the actors on the political stage of a hundred years ago are being rehearsed with renewed interest and applause. There was little in his early years that foreshadowed the greatness to follow. With money enough and attractions enough on which to spend it, with a father indulgent almost to madness, living in a time when not to be fashionable was to be out of the world, Fox plunged into all the gayeties of the day with that enthusiasm and zest which were to show themselves later on in his marvelous eloquence and manful deeds. His father taught him gaming; Sandwich and Weymouth were his political instructors. With such teachers there is little wonder that his first years were not looked back upon with pride. They were years in which he was uniformly on the side of corruption; years in which he was as little liked by the people as he was afterwards loved. And so great had been the impression made by his policy in these early years that, even after he had seen his error, and was trying in an honest, manly way, far different from the old bluster and affectation, to speak his true mind, we find Parliament and the people regarding him distrustfully as insincere and time-serving. But Fox could not long play the rôle of an oppressor, and leaving the ministry he embarked upon that career which was one broad field of light, and which presented to the world the spectacle of a man, of finished eloquence and strong principles, fighting against oppression in any form whatsoever. On his withdrawal from the ministry, witty George Selwyn wrote to him thus: "For the future I will eat salt fish with you on the day you was turned out; you shall be my Charles the Martyr now." But it was with no feelings of the martyr that Fox took the step he did. With

the firm conviction that the cause he had espoused was the only just one, he entered into the struggle with the feeling of a brave soldier who, although fighting against "fearful odds," is nevertheless impelled by a sense of the right to play a man's part in the struggle. "I am free to boast of being connected with a set of men whose principles are the basis on which the state has for a long time been preserved from absolute destruction. It is to the virtues of these men that I have surrendered my private opinions and inclinations." The party in power had unlimited confidence in its ability to crush any opposition. It was backed by the King, it had boundless wealth and secure patronage, and therefore every reason to hope for success. But in spite of these obstacles, with good hope for the time to come, Fox entered upon that period of his political career which showed that he was one of the bravest of men, most self-sacrificing, most true.

His personal history during these years presents but little incident, and we cannot altogether forget when we hear of his quietly reading Herodotus in the morning, that he has "lost his last shilling the previous night at Brooks's gaming table." If his abilities were extraordinary, his excesses were extraordinary also, and our judgment of his character as a statesman must not render us blind to his faults; although we must confess to a liking for the jolly, good-natured commoner, entering into everything he did, from captivating his hearers in Parliament to recording a bet at Brooks's, with a jovial pleasantry which rendered even distasteful work more endurable. Events press rapidly upon one another. The French Revolution with its horrors and excesses ruptures the long friendship between Burke and Fox, and the dramatic scene in the House of Commons is numbered with the past. Fox and Pitt are rivals; the greatest rivals the world has ever seen—the one dazzling with his enthusiasm, the other causing boundless admiration for his "sustained majesty." Fox finds himself at last in power, with the King more friendly to him than ever before; with the prospect of realizing at no distant day the hopes he had held so long. But he

finds that the nation is not yet ready for the sacrifices he wishes it to make, and death cuts off the great reformer, working to the last for the country he loved so well.

We ask ourselves now the questions: Was Fox after all a statesman? Were the principles for which he contended broad and true? A statesman is he who can rise above the level of every-day thoughts and agitations, and with the "calmly-seeing eye," as Carlyle phrases it, judge what must be done for the country's truest weal, not alone when the ship of state is sailing through quiet, sunlit waters, but when she is near the treacherous rocks. What then were the measures for whose success Fox contended? He saw thousands upon thousands of human beings trampled down by a tyranny so loathsome and base that even an Algerian slave trader, type of oppressive crime, said: "You English outdo us." He saw not only brutal, uneducated men dealing in such things, but also those who were reckoned among the proudest in the land, the scions of noble houses, the patrons of civilization. With all the ardor of his nature Fox plunged into the conflict against this evil. "The history of the abolition of the slave trade is a history of individual efforts carried on through many years with unexampled zeal and perseverance, and taken up again and again by the British Legislature, with slight hopes of success, against an opposition resolute to defend a traffic of which the enormity of the evil was reconciled to many minds by the magnitude of the profits." Although Fox did not live to see the fruits of his labors, nevertheless his efforts in behalf of down-trodden humanity will be remembered in loving gratitude by the friends of the oppressed everywhere, for all time to come. The other great object of Fox's life was the "conclusion of a sound and honorable peace" with France. As we read the letters that passed between Fox and Talleyrand we cannot but admire the plain, common sense bluntness of the Englishman as contrasted with the cunning subtlety of the French diplomat. The Corsican *parvenu* was little feared by men of Fox's temperament, but he felt the necessity of making a sound

peace, and an honorable one, with a power at whose head was an ambition so vast and unreasoning as Bonaparte's. But even this object was not attained, and Fox died, conscious that though he had failed in his desires, he had nevertheless shown to the world that the nation, the morning drum-beat of whose soldiers "was heard around the world," should aim at better things than mere power, more humane things than the oppression of humanity.

Reviewing, then, the life of this splendid failure, we find that it was a life of noble aspirations, of high ideals; a life standing out the brighter by contrast with the desperate self-seeking, the terrible political depravity which characterized the spirit of a reign at once the most brilliant and most strange in English history. If we ask the causes of his power as a statesman, for statesman he surely was, we shall find them to be his eloquence and his purpose—brilliant eloquence and lofty purpose. He was deficient in judgment, over sanguine in disposition; and yet for his brave stand against oppression in the face of almost overwhelming opposition he deserves the crown of statesmanship.

We are often called upon to admire the struggles of men who have attained success in the world's work—who have obtained the world's plaudits for their brilliant genius and splendid triumphs—but we must not therefore be blind to the efforts of Charles James Fox, who, though unsuccessful, yet deserves to stand with the bravest and truest of England's statesmen, with Chatham and Burke, with Walpole and Canning.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The moonbeams pale
On hill and dale
Are shining clear and bright.
The stars o'erhead
Look down and shed
A mellow, golden light.

The streams and ponds
In icy bonds
Are all securely bound.
The snow so white
Hides from our sight
The hard and frozen ground.

Down from the steeps
The night wind sweeps
Upon its pinions fleet ;
Now heaping drifts,
Now forming rifts
In Nature's winding sheet.

But in the sleigh
Our throng so gay
Heeds not the wintry blow.
With mirth and song
We glide along
Across the ice and snow.

Why should we care
If on the air
Rings out the midnight bell ?
And sadly falls
From ivied walls
The old year's dying knell ?

Why should we sigh
For time gone by ?
That solemn, deep-toned bell,
Which, loud and clear,
Rings out the year,
Rings in the new as well !

Too soon, too soon
The silver moon
Behind the hills hath fled !
The twinkling stars
Alone their bars
Of golden light now shed.

But still it seems,
Though wrapt in dreams,
I hear the sleigh bells chime ;
And once again
Within my brain
They ring in merry rhyme.

AN UNJUST CRITICISM.

AFTER indulging to the fullest extent his passion for savage criticism upon Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile," Poe turns with undiminished ferocity upon the "Vision of Poets." He first attempts an exposé of what he terms Mrs. Browning's affectation, harshness, and obscurity of expression. Of the noble and poetical truths inculcated in the body of the poem he says: "So far as the allegorical instruction and argumentation are lost sight of, so far as the main admitted intention of the work is kept out of view, so far only is the work a poem, and so far only is the poem worth notice." The criticism is on the whole in the highest degree unfavorable. Its justice can be determined in no better way, perhaps, than by a brief discussion of its object.

The most fastidious critic must acknowledge that for language that is harsh affected and obscure, the language in "A Vision of Poets" is exceedingly effective. The power of description displayed in the poem is excelled nowhere in poetry. The word-pictures are brief, but vivid and graphic. There is great strength in the portrayal of the dead tree, suddenly petrified as it writhed beneath the thunderbolt. We share the pilgrim poet's fear as we listen with him to the "gliding coil" and the hard "straining against the soil" of serpents he cannot see. The fascinating horror of the narrative culminates when the poet's brain "beats like a throbbing heart," as, compelled to stoop and drink from the pool of "world's cruelty," his lips sob through water—rank, stagnant, slimy—hiding living horrors beneath its blackness. But the "faint silver" on the carpet of the moonlit forest, the heaving tree tops, reaching towards a "throbbing sky," and those

"Calm stars that far and spare,
Did o'erswim the masses everywhere,"

convince us that Mrs. Browning could imagine and portray the weirdly beautiful as well as the weirdly hideous; and not only the beautiful, but the massive and majestic as well. When, following the poet through his allegorical dream, we enter the lofty church and behold the slowly rolling clouds of incense-smoke, dark and sombre except where the edges glow with a ghostly glimmer from the statuesque candle flames; and the dim light fails to chase away the gloom that still enshrouds the highest architrave and farthest column; we feel that the writer of the description might have painted the picture—that had she not been a Browning she might have been a Turner. Our senses are captivated, and we can sympathize with that fancy of the ancients which always associated in their minds the supernatural with the poetic. We can see how it seemed to them that a mind capable of rearing, even in imagination, a fabric as grand and awful as that in this vision must have been more than human; and how perhaps the fables of Orpheus were not without their truthful meaning. The account of the organ music is a word-picture of beautiful sound, so vivid that the swelling harmony as it rises appears almost as tangible as did a moment ago the clouds of incense-smoke. It is an analysis so subtle that to the lover of music it explains the charm which before he felt but did not understand.

The style in which these impressions are conveyed, it must be confessed, is somewhat quaint and unusual; but its appropriateness cannot for a moment be doubted. So far from being harsh and affected, it contributes much towards the peculiar dreamlike spirit which is so conspicuous a feature of the poem. The poetess cannot be condemned for treating her unusual subject in an unusual though powerful manner, any more than the artist who paints a ghostly scene in unearthly but effective colors.

Had Poe confined his unfavorable criticism of the poem to its occasional obscurities he would not perhaps have laid himself open to the charge of a certain sort of unappreciativeness, a charge which; by his determined disapproval of it as a whole, he necessarily incurs. It is here,

and here only, that his opinion might have accorded with that of the unprejudiced reader. Yet, strange to say, mingled with our perplexity as we struggle for a solution of these occasional enigmas, is a certain degree of extorted admiration. Through the partly revealing, partly obscuring medium of the poet's expression, we catch glimpses beautiful enough to convince us that were the medium a little clearer we should see a perfect painting. We feel that the diamond is there, but are disappointed at finding it rough and unpolished. We are compelled to believe that Mrs. Browning has in her mind an exalted order of thought, though she fails to present it with perfect clearness—vague thought which crystallized would shine with as bright a lustre as the many other gems that make her poem brilliant. A justification of such a peculiarity is, of course, impossible; an explanation however is evident—the flow of Mrs. Browning's poetical conceptions was too impetuous for even her unusual facility of expression.

But in "A Vision of Poets" Mrs. Browning proves her claim to the high rank she holds, not alone by that skill in description which paints the dark and massive church, nor by that delicacy of sentiment which conceives the figure of the star rays reflected,

"where, javelin-like,
They quiver while they strike,"

and interprets the stars' fitful gleam as the actual pulse-beat of a life bestowed by the Creator. The poem does more than satisfy the lover of vivid and sensuous description; it answers nobly with power of logic and beauty of metaphor a question that agitates every reflective mind; it is a beautiful allegory used as a vehicle for an argumentative solution of the mystery of human sorrow; it embodies a passionate effort to propagate a high moral principle—to teach a lesson that is fraught with consolation to suffering humanity. With a keen sense of dramatic propriety the poetess has caused this strain—didactic, it is true, but yet poetical in the highest degree—to be uttered when it receives from attendant circumstances

an air of the utmost impressiveness. Coming as the last surviving "undertone of perplexed chords" has slowly faded into silence; when the pilgrim poet's mind, and ours through his by sympathy, are influenced by the heavenly visions of the dream to accept the angel's words as almost divine, the question breaking in upon the stillness forms a thrilling climax.

Of this poetical argument, with its beautiful analogies and noble examples, perhaps a faint idea may be conveyed by a prose transcription. The toilsome climb of a steep mountain side must lead to purer atmosphere and clearer and wider views; and so through the upward struggling of the soul, its vague aspirations to something higher, with the grief and impatience that come from delay, the soul's vision also is at last rewarded with a wider horizon, with clear and beautiful spiritual revelations, of which before it had no conception. "The soul that suffers is the soul that sees," and mankind may be reconciled to, and often welcome, the suffering; for without it cannot come the sight. Jacob with his head pillowed on feathers instead of resting as it did upon a stone, would have lost his glimpse of heaven; Bunyan owed his dream to the privation of his prison cell; Milton's sublimest conceptions came with his blindness. Again, the possibility of evil is indispensable to the existence of merit in a good action. Had man lived on in the monotonous ease and comfort of Eden, his almost infinite possibilities for goodness and wisdom could never have been developed. Want was needed to bring his latent talents to light, temptations his latent power.

Such is the didactic element which has aroused Poe's unreasonable antagonism. It is true that Mrs. Browning had two ways of putting her lesson from which to choose. Instead of clothing it in the noble language which its nobleness of thought deserves; instead of investing it with an air of the supernatural and divine, and so giving it the impressiveness which its importance demands, she might, as Poe suggests, have put it in prose, something after the manner of Euclid, with theorem, proof and con-

clusion. But no one can doubt, I think, that she has chosen the better way.

The criticism that has been considered is evidently that of a man with whom good taste seems to have been a substitute for morality; whose sufferings were the tortures of conscience, and who, unable to see the uses of such affliction in his own experience, fails to appreciate, and therefore condemns, any optimistic view of it held by another. The poem, on the other hand, is the work of one who offers in herself the best possible exemplification of the doctrine she advances; of one of those with whom "to speak nobly comprehends to feel profoundly." It may seem indeed that Mrs. Browning's ideal poet, to whom in the allegory she attributes an agony of grief intense enough to wring out his life-blood, is perhaps too sad—that the tears of her poetry might better have been smiles; its prolonged sobs for human suffering, songs of triumph for human blessings. But Mrs. Browning assumed the task of interpreting the world's sorrow, and with materials taken from her own experience she has performed it conscientiously. Often in the weary years of sickness that filled her life; in her sad self-questioning upon the hereafter, that to her appeared so near; in her self-torturing efforts to penetrate the mysteries of eternity, she must herself have felt those

"Spiritual thunders born of soul,
O'er her roll and counter-roll."

And yet she stopped to analyze her feelings and, true to her ideal poet,

"Tho' each word did pale her lips,
And leave her own soul in eclipse,"

she yet wrung them forth, heroically regardless of her own anguish, and gave them to the world. To the rich harmony which makes men cry when they hear it,

"Lo!
The world is wider, and we know
The very heavens look brighter so,"

Mrs. Browning, in spite of what a jealous fellow poet is pleased to term "her harsh and affected expression, and her obtrusive didacticism," has added an element, sad it is true, but sweet enough to win for herself an everlasting crown of the bay which shades "the eyes profound" of the poets in her vision.

B. J.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I AM not much of a story-teller, but I want to tell about my chum and his Christmas eve. The world should know about it now, because the great glow of love and kindly feeling that makes the world warm at wintry Christmas-time is dying down, and the New Year is fast piling the ashes upon the embers. Anything that will check the young reprobate, even for a moment, and strengthen the gleam that must warm us till our next Christmas lighting, is good for us.

To begin with, I caution you all that this communication is strictly in confidence. I would not have my chum know a word of it for the world, because he is exceedingly modest; and, though generally mild-tempered, he would never forgive me this.

My chum's name—not his real name, of course, but the name by which I shall designate him—is John. He is the kindest-hearted fellow in the world. I have known him to plead half an hour for the life of a butterfly that was doomed to be pierced; but there is one thing that he hates most unreasonably, namely, the girls. Strange, too, for he is full of poetry and romantic notions; but so it is—he would walk a mile to avoid a young lady.

Poor fellow! he could not go home Christmas, because he lived too far and could not afford it; so he stayed in New Haven. Come Christmas eve, he was *very* uneasy.

Our venerable room seemed lonesome without me, of course, and this was the evening of gleaming tapers and merry laughter. He put on his overcoat and a soft slouch hat, determined to go somewhere or do something; but, at all events, to find Christmas. His greeting from the wind was not very encouraging, and the snow was coming down as if this were its last chance and must be made the most of; but John rather enjoyed that than otherwise. The street was thronged with good-natured Santa Clauses of all ages, and conditions in life, even down to the street urchin, whose small fist held an imposing fortune of several cents, that was to make the storekeeper open his eyes in deferential astonishment. John's heart began to warm within him; this looked more like Christmas eve. He lingered about the great, bright show-windows; he drifted in, here and there, with the crowd, and always drifted out again with less money in his pocket, and more warmth about his heart. It seemed to quicken in his mind the memory of old friends; and lo! he found he had a host of new friends; for all the passing throng seemed friendly.

At last, he drifted too far, and found himself among the deserted wharves and silent factories. As he ploughed his way leisurely through the snow, he pondered. Just what his meditations were, I cannot say, for he never told me exactly; but no doubt they were of the Christ Child and that old, old Christmas carol, first sung to Shepherds, "Peace on earth, good will toward men,"—for my chum is spiritual-minded. When he came to himself, however,—an event that was caused by somewhat too close contact with a drunken man—he found himself in the lowest quarter of the city. Across the street, an enraged woman belied her sex with language that made him shudder. Further on, two men were quarreling violently before a saloon. John wondered what they knew of the Holy Season, that was to him so "sweetly solemn;" then he wondered what sort of Christmas eves their wives were passing at home. That touched John. Perhaps there were little children suffering too, and John loves children—girl babies included.

The inevitable consequence of these reflections was, with John, that in a very few minutes he was standing in a meat market, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his feet wide spread, contemplating critically a dozen fine chickens. Then he selected one—a bouncing fat chicken, a regular turkey—thrust into it a Christmas card bought for another purpose, paid the broadfaced German with an easy affectation of “ja! ja!” “gut!” etc., as though he had been brought up on German, and sallied forth to find some one hungry enough to be glad of a chicken. It must be genuine, biting hunger; no half-way article would do, for John was bent upon doing something thoroughly romantic. Mark this, and note how admirably he succeeded, though not exactly as he had planned.

The problem, “Where to find the hungriest family in New Haven?” was harder than calculus, and mathematics were pretty hard for John, too. He peered into all the dirty basements where liquor was sold—that plainly would not do; into cobblers’ shops, where dried-up little men, one in a shop, bent patiently over their lasts. John felt sorry for them; but they couldn’t be very hungry, for they had whole clothes and were evidently earning money. He felt drawn by an evil destiny to—but he would not listen to it. Yes, he must! What was that perverse something that seemed leading him inevitably to the house of a bad little boy who once belonged to his Sunday-school class? The house was squalid enough, in all conscience; but the little boy used to come to Sunday-school wearing a necktie and a brass pin with a glass stone in it; and he had been persistently absent for as much as six months; and when John had gone to see about him, the door was blocked by a fat mother, who seemed to have enough to eat. John was almost resentful toward these people for claiming his chicken. Yet, slowly, helplessly, he found himself drifting towards that house. At last he yielded in despair, and made directly for it. Softly he stole through a passage scarcely broader than his shoulders, into a barren court, and there were the doorsteps. With palpitating heart, he laid the chicken down; and with

a little twinge of regret, he left it. "It was done, at all events, that was some comfort; but he didn't half believe that that family was hungry. The chicken would get snowed under, and they wouldn't find it at all; for no doubt they were a shiftless family. It was a wretched piece of business, anyway."

At that moment, having progressed some distance down the street, he chanced to look up. A rickety old house stood upon a shabby foundation as high as John's head; the windows were four or five feet above him. There were no curtains, and he could see a dingy room, to all appearances utterly devoid of furniture, except, upon a sort of ledge or mantel, a small lamp. What first caught John's eye and held him, was the pale face of a young man, who paced back and forth before the window. His forehead was broad and high, and his shirt was thrown open, displaying his throat and chest. Once, he stopped to move the lamp, and his white face looked *hungry*. John could have shaken him by the hand and called him brother, he was so grateful to him for being hungry. Instead, however, he lost no time in recovering his chicken.

Now John's troubles began in earnest. The only entrance to the young man's house seemed to be by a flight of stairs running up one side, against a small wing. John crept noiselessly up; but the stairs groaned and creaked at every move most horribly; you never saw a flight of stairs make such a fuss over so noiseless a person as John. At the first step, he stopped in alarm; then tried going on all fours; then stopped again, and by lying flat, reached cautiously to the landing. Then, in some precipitation, he retreated, and started for college in high glee, chuckling at every step. Four blocks away a thought struck him, and he stopped solemnly; what if that chicken should not be found till daylight revealed it to some thief! The idea was too dreadful, and he turned back. The chicken was still there. Painfully climbing the stairs, he grasped it, set it against the door, and knocked twice. It almost frightened the life out of him, and he got away more with reference to time than to manner; but he did it

safely. Then he felt quite comfortable, for he knew that knock must bring out the household; yet he thought he would just come around that way after awhile and assure himself. Accordingly, he did so. The sight that dimly met his eye caused him to groan despairingly; the chicken was as unmoved as the Sphinx. It was enough to move a Stoic; yet, worse things were in store for him. He climbed the stairs and knocked ferociously. As he turned to escape, a treacherous board gave way, and one of John's legs went through. The crash was enough to wake the dead. Half frenzied with excitement, John cleared himself frantically and sprang down the steps, only to come into violent collision with a muffled figure on the sidewalk, that fell with a little shriek and a clatter of dishes. It was a girl! a horrid girl! Oh, it was too dreadful!

John picked himself up, and was on the point of running for his life, when he noticed that the figure did not move. Now my chum will not treat even a girl with less consideration than he would show a dumb animal, so he stopped. The door above was thrown open, and an old woman appeared with a light in her hand. John lifted the prostrate form in his arms, and carried it up the stairs into the house. In a corner of the room which he entered was a pallet of straw; on this he laid her, but he had hardly done so before she opened her eyes with a dazed look, and, reaching out a small white hand towards him, as if for help, sat up. At this alarming manifestation, John almost ran again, but did not; he simply stood still and looked foolish. With an appealing look, she turned to him and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, what *has* happened? Where am I? Is my basket safe? Oh, what *will* those poor people do without their supper? Look at me, sir! My hair is down about my shoulders, and my hand has been in the jelly, and the milk is all over my dress, and—look at me! Why don't you help me, sir?" Although greatly against his principles John could not choose but look. He saw, besides the above recounted casualties, a pretty, tearful face, across which ran a streak of raspberry jam not mentioned in her catalogue. He stammered some sort of an apology, and,

drawing his handkerchief, approached cautiously to wipe her face and hands. Because he was too tall to reach her conveniently, standing, he tried to kneel. His right knee, as he found by trial, was too sore from his fall, so he tried his left. Thus he happened by chance to place his right foot, which was not small, upon her foot, which was small, and then there was another commotion.

All this time the old woman had not been idle, but with remarkable repression of her curiosity and excitement, had been fetching water and freshening the feeble fire with all her scanty store of coal. Fortunately, at this juncture she interposed. While she cared for the poor young lady—who, it seems, was also a naughty young lady, who had slipped from home without her father's knowledge, to perform, with her dainty basket, precisely the same exploit that John had planned for himself, except that she knew where she wanted to go—while the young lady was being cared for, I say, John had time to collect his senses. He saw plainly that he should have to go home with the young lady—indeed, as he afterwards confessed to me, he was not so much averse to it as, from his antecedents, might be supposed; so he dismissed the matter for the moment from his mind, and fell to wondering about the young man whom he had seen. When the ablutions were finished, he asked the old woman (with some difficulty, indeed, for she was very deaf), who replied, "Oh, sir, don't mind him—he's my son; but ah, me! ah, me! he's feeble-minded. We are sometimes pressed to live. I was praying to-night that we might find some way to get along, and we generally do. Mercy! what's this?" and she picked up the chicken that had fallen partly within the door. John told her enough of his story to explain the mystery, gave her money to relieve her present wants, and bore off his fair charge.

Seldom, perhaps never, does Santa Claus bring young ladies along with other presents, but I notice that John goes out pretty regularly two evenings of the week. I don't know where he goes.

K.

TO THE CATSKILLS.

To you my early friends I turn again,
Like one who in the fierce hot strife with men
Leaves strangers and returns at evening's fall
To some loved comrade in ancestral hall,
There to converse of scenes long past away,
To wake in sweet companionship till day.
So I: my early friends, the best and last.
My travels into stranger lands are past
And seem but dreams; you, only you are real.
Yes, on your forehead there is set the seal
Of truth, the blue of deep infinity.
Cold, pallid Blanc, feels no affinity
With warm and happy human life below.
The Himalayas' wreathed peaks of snow
Smile not, but coldly gaze on squalid homes
And stagnant intellect; on feeble gnomes
In knowledge who abide beneath the slime
And refuse of this life in sloth and crime.
But you spread through a fair luxuriant land
Your warm, bright, breezy nature; you command
The onward march of mind, the toiling hand,
The larger, nobler heart. Your dusky glens
Contain our nation's lore; you guide the pens
Which tell her deeds; the limner's brush obeys
Your will, as in your changeful moods there plays
Or seems to play the working of a soul
Which sympathizes with our joy and dole.
The morning sun darts through the purple air,
Above our heads his earliest beams which bear
To you the new day's greeting; and at eve
When all his rays with shadows interweave,
He loves to linger; on your brows to leave
A good-night kiss and warm you with his fire.
The clouds, that wand'ring all day long do tire
At sunset, seek repose upon your breast,
And you and they fill fair the glowing west
With mild and mellow splendor all our own.
And when that living light is faded—gone,
The same fair blue which met our eyes at dawn
Still robes your graceful forms. The frowning night
Mutters its blighting spells to dim your light;
Yet only likens to God's azure dome
Till you and heaven blend within the gloom.

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

THE art of speech is the noblest of human arts; sweeter than music, grander than sculpture, more vivid than painting, more enduring than architecture, deep as thought and wide as humanity; divine, for "the Word was God."

Yet it is become somewhat the fashion to deride grammar and dictionary as aids to useless pedantry, and to exalt hammer and blow-pipe and microscope, as though the history of rocks and elements and germs were alone worthy of attention. Why consider arbitrary rules of grammar when the mathematical laws and the grand generalizations of science are unfolded, and the actual world around invites to study at every turn? Since the days of Bacon and Newton men of science have been asking this question, with increasing emphasis as they have pushed farther and farther along the lines of discovery, and achieved generalizations more and more grand, until their queen stands crowned with the marvelous triumphs of the nineteenth century, and some of her followers mock at the study of language for its own sake as useless toil.

But linguists follow more than tradition, and will have some reply to make for themselves. If the "proper study of mankind is man," as the poet sings, then the study of language stands first in importance, for language not only embodies human thought, but it is its most wonderful product. How marvelous a thing is a word! Nothing more evanescent and fleeting! Speak it, and the breezes hurry it into silent space, where its sound shall be lost forever! Yet how deeply significant it may be, and how measureless its worth! The Pyramids will crumble before men forget words spoken ages before they rose. Such words came up to utterance out of the deeps of human experience, and are heard to-day because they still "roll from soul to soul" along those deeps. They touch universal chords.

What man is interested in is man. Respecting him his curiosity never will be satisfied. To know his nature and origin and destiny is his constant study. The story of the stars and rocks and animals excites his admiration, but satisfies his curiosity only so far as it casts light upon his own history. The charm of language is that it spiritualizes the universe—it clothes it with the fair robes of thought. It is no more the cold external world, but the world which the sun of man's intellect has warmed and made its own. Language, therefore, combines the subjective and the objective. It is the universe studied through the medium of human experience.

Rightly, then, do the students of language assert its dignity. They deal with human life—its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, its victories and defeats, its faith and questionings, its essence and surroundings. The house of language is thronging with the forms of fellow-beings who have laid its foundation and built its superstructure, and its every stone is hallowed by the human experience of which it was hewn, and by associations which recall the past while they explain the present; but however grand the temple of geology which the ages have builded, or sublime the citadel of astronomy with outlook into the starry depths, they are cold in their splendor, for no human hand has raised their columns, nor have the tides of human life surged through their halls.

A language is the outcome of a nation's life, and of its best life, for the great thinkers of each nation mould it for their people. The elegant Greek, the sonorous Latin, the sturdy German, embody striking national characteristics; the vivacity of the national temperament goes tripping out to the accented final syllable of the French, and the musical taste of the people has made the rhythmic melody of the Italian.

A language is a boundless sea. No man can hope to sound all the depths of any one. Know a language to its foundations and you know the whole philosophy, science, art, theology, the entire knowledge and experience, in short, of those who speak it, and that knowledge not only

in its developed form, but in its origin and growth. The fact that one savage tribe named an animal from its tail because they hunted it on horseback, when it fled, but another named the same one from its head because they hunted it on foot, when it turned and faced them, is not only interesting, but universally significant, because it involves a principle which goes to the roots of all language. The dying regret of the German grammarian that he had not confined his life's labors to the dative case was not altogether foolish. His long study had given him some insight into the depths from which language springs, and he saw that he could reach the ultimate source of one form of language only by neglecting all others to trace that.

Some of these considerations explain why scholars find linguistic studies a never-failing source of refreshment, and why they speak of them as a "pleasure in youth and a comfort in old age." Their wealth of meaning is exhaustless. Deeply as they may be pursued, the bottom never will be reached. There will always be the charm of new discovery to allure, and the deeper the knowledge the more simple it becomes and the more strongly it appeals to a kindred humanity, because its elements are necessarily the simple experiences and conceptions of life. It is a singular fact that all mental and spiritual terms are derived from names of material things, transferred to those abstract ideas which are analogous. It is because the significance of words is so deep and hidden that it becomes more apparent through the study of a foreign language than of the mother tongue. The latter is so familiar that its terms are used only in their obvious and superficial meanings, and while it may be perfectly possible to trace their growth, the process seems so useless that the necessity of doing so, which is imposed by the difficulties of translation, is a great assistance. The same is true of modes of thought, of which most is learned by setting them in contrast with those of another language. The reflex knowledge of the mother tongue derived by comparison with another language is greater than could

be attained by direct study limited to the latter. It is with the great family of languages as with that of nations. As the man who knows but one nation is narrow and prejudiced, while a larger knowledge of the world broadens the sympathies and balances the judgment, so the man of one language must suffer from some limitations of provincialism, while the student of several languages attains the large-mindedness of liberality and breadth of view.

M. E.

ON A PORTRAIT.

A shapely head—a quiet face,
Expression serious, sweet ;
A picture rich in many a grace,
But yet 't is incomplete.

For here is but the faintest trace
Of that sweet depth of feeling
Which, into thy living face,
Is ever softly stealing.

A perfect outline well defined,
Is what I see before me ;
But wanting from it is the mind
Which casts its magic o'er me.

B. J.

NOTABILIA.

THERE are times when the hand-to-mouth philosophy forces itself on a man with a startling cogency and often when he would least expect it—when everything ought to prompt him to exactly the opposite frame of mind. How many, for example, of the present Seniors when they first found themselves dating a letter with the numeral they had so often proudly sung, were not startled into a sudden realization that their college days were numbered and did not at the same time feel an unholy but irresistible longing to throw aside for these last few months the restraints of college discipline and duty and enjoy each moment to its utmost capacity. Three years and more we have dutifully toiled to fit ourselves for a wider sphere of activity, and as a class have a past that need not put us to the blush. And now for the rest. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." So long, at least, as nature is so lavish of the good things of the winter, let us make the most of them. Leave poring there over the court intrigues of the Tudors, and enter yourself a gay courtier on the glassy floor of the Ice King's palace. Have done with your weary study of the intricacies of international trade, and some frosty night when Diana glides,

"Clustered by all her family of stars,
Like a lone widow through the welkin wide,"

surrender every faculty of your soul to the delights of coasting. Give over your tedious scrutiny of the philosophies of Kant and Comte and Mill, and the worn-out systems of the old school-men; declare yourself an Epicurean to the heart and drain the cup of collegiate happiness to its last drop. The jolly round logs shall give you their company far into the night, and let the sun climb high before he troubles your slumbers in the morning. And when spring comes she will bring with her all her

retinue of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles." Yes, "gather the roses while you may," for the end will come soon enough when good-byes must be said, and then—you can go to work with a will. Alas! how different is the voice of duty and wisdom, which bids you strain every nerve to make up for three years of lost opportunities, and even then your college life will be at best but a failure compared with the possibilities it afforded you. Have courage! Cry to the tempting shade of Epicurus, "Get thee behind me," and the deceitful future perhaps will make it good to you. But it will cost you a sigh or two.

THIS part of the year is the busiest of all for the writers of college. The Sophomores have their usual compositions, the Juniors cut their quills and prepare for the final flight on their Junior Ex. pieces, and the Seniors get a thought about their Townsends in edgewise among the mountains of work that engage them, or rack their brains over something new to write about for Commencement. After a man has debated with himself on every subject and has at last come to a final decision in time to find that some other man has drawn all the books he meant to use, there remains the chase after ideas—after something original—a hunt which is well nigh as tiresome after four years of text-book exercise as it was when the first Freshman compositions were "cribbed" from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It would be a great addition to our course in composition to have some instruction in method. As it is now, each man discovers his own way of writing, and perhaps in the end does not do justice to himself because he does not know the best way to go to work. Is it the right plan to toss off volumes of fragments and then "boil them down" to some consistency and shape? Or is it better to make a scheme and work on that, item by item? To the *litterati* who lurk unknown beneath the Elms it would be a great advantage, in Sophomore year, when schemes are required for the essays, to have a few practical remarks by one of the

writers among our instructors on "how to write"—not meaning how to get thoughts out of an empty brain, but how to arrange the few one may be fortunate enough to have.

SUNDAY morning chapel has been abolished, for which we are all duly thankful, but there is another "twin relic of barbarism" that remains, stretching its ghastly presence across the curriculum, and against this monster public sentiment must make its next crusade. We refer to that most unprofitable and taxing ordeal of the whole year, the annual examinations. There is something inherently irrational in the very conception of annuals. To require a man after he has finished a certain subject of study at Christmas, reviewed it and been examined upon it, and for two terms has banished it from his thoughts and been occupied with entirely different matters, to require him then to reopen his book, hurriedly review it again by himself in the scorching June heat and pass another and even more taxing examination upon it, seems so purely arbitrary, so utterly profitless, as to make it a matter of surprise that the annuals have not long since shared the fate of the still more hated but equally rational biennials. Surely no argument can be urged in support of the present system that would not apply with equal force to maintain the biennials or to establish an examination at the end of the course on the work of the whole four years. "What is so rare" in the days of June as to render it specially profitable for a man to read again at that time the Prometheus which he studied in the previous autumn, or the Chemistry that has lain unopened since Christmas? If there be any special virtue in that season, why is it not equally urgent that at the close of one's college course he should make himself master anew of the Q. E. D.s of Euclid and the detestable " μ " forms of Freshman year? Already in the Scientific School the plan is pursued of having final examinations on the different subjects whenever they are finished, and other colleges

have adopted this method with uniform success. To complete the symmetry of its conquests, the iconoclastic spirit of the year needs this one victim more; but the student's prayer to the Faculty availeth little.

WE hear with considerable surprise of the destined publication of a collection of Yale poetry chosen from what has appeared in the college papers of the last ten years. While it is unpleasant to discourage any such enterprise and while the book, if its make-up were attractive, would doubtless prove a very pretty addition to the college memorabilia, we doubt if it would have any value for its own sake. Most of the *soi disante* college poetry is so mainly by courtesy, nor do we think that the last few years have afforded many very notable exceptions to the rule. It seems then somewhat doubtful if a collection of any size could be made from so short a period, which would have much of merit in it. It would be better if the period were extended at least as far back as the foundation of the LIT. and it would seem wise that in a matter requiring such careful discrimination as the selection of poetry, some one should be consulted more experienced than an undergraduate would be likely to be.

WE have been somewhat surprised that the *Courant* arraignment of the change from sixes to eights in the class races has been allowed to pass unchallenged by both *Record* and *News*. There is indeed the consideration that it labors under the suspicion of having been written merely to fill one of those aching voids in the editorial columns, of which our weekly press gives evidence more and more as the lively and energetic *News* goes on gaining in strength and position. For confessedly the article was written after the change had been made, and when to reopen the subject, already thoroughly discussed before '84 entered college, could only lead to confusion worse confounded. But though in our opinion the article is only mischievous as regards

its avowed purpose, indirectly it is of value for the very forcible statement made of the disadvantages of rowing at Lake Saltonstall, whether in eights or sixes. When once the question is raised it is difficult to discover a single valid reason for continuing to hold our regattas there rather than on the harbor. Considerations of expense and convenience to both crews and spectators alike favor the latter, and it can not be doubted that by the change a larger number of entries and a far greater crowd of spectators would be called out. The only objection which can be urged is that of liability to rough water. But even Saltonstall is not faultless in this particular, and postponement, which by reason of the expense involved, is out of the question there, would be an easy matter on the harbor.

PORTFOLIO.

—I was reading the other day a story of quiet Scotch living called "A Noble Life." Little Lord Cairnsforth, the "wee earl," as his tenants called him, is born a hopeless cripple, but in the possession, in an unusual degree, of the intellectual faculties. Living on a placid Scottish loch, with the beauties of mountain and valley all about him, he has unlimited money and attendance; everything to make him comfortable. But his father and mother are dead, and his tutor an old clergyman, his faithful servant Malcolm, and the clergyman's daughter are almost all the persons he sees during his boyhood. Shut off from the active amusements of the strong lads about him, he sits in his little chair day after day, never murmuring, but always with a bright smile and pleasant word to those about him. So he grows up to manhood, carrying out plans for the comfort of his tenants, helping his friends (for he has many around him now), still sitting in his little chair, with the same bright face, the same self-forgetfulness; and at last he dies in the prime of life, mourned alike by haughty lord and humble tenant, leaving behind the care and pain which attended him his

journey through. It is a simple story, nothing in it to excite; but it has the merit of being true, and it can do us no harm, I think, to remember once in a while that heroism and nobility of character do not always belong to the strong and great, but that the "weak things" are often chosen to confound the mighty.

—My skeptical friend and I had another discussion a few days since. We often have them. He tells me that the Bible, in which I believe, has too many inconsistencies and glaring contradictions to suit him. He thinks the whole system of the Christian religion is unworthy a thinking man. He doesn't believe in giving his confidence to anything he cannot comprehend. I said he was a skeptic—he is more; he is an atheist. He judges the tenets and beliefs of Christianity with many of the facts and theories he has observed in life, and draws from that comparison many inferences unfavorable to the Book of Books and its teachings. Many men have done so before him, and many more will do the same. I ask him if he has fully comprehended the teachings he makes bold to question; if it is not barely possible that there is something there beyond his comprehension, or the comprehension of any mortal; if it is not more reasonable to refrain from definite conclusions upon what he cannot understand. He owns there are many things he cannot reconcile—well, yes, cannot understand. Again I ask him: In all that you think you can fully comprehend, do not the teachings of this book accord with the teachings of all human experience, so far as you have observed it? Yes, he must own that to be true. Then, I ask, why is not this theory in the search for truth most reasonable and most practicable? First, let it be granted that man has no right to draw inferences from what he owns he cannot understand. This certainly is reasonable. Then, let all investigation, questioning, research, in whatever direction, so be it honest, be unsparingly pursued. Hammer away with all your strength at every creed, at every faith. If you do meet that which is beyond you, own it in honest confession. Accept the truth, wherever it confronts you. Grapple it to your soul with hoops of steel, and abide by it—there's the mark of honest manhood. But be not discouraged at what you cannot understand. Keep fighting always for the light and truth, I say. If you cannot find it all, or if you cannot fathom life's deepest problems to your satisfaction, honestly own that there is something beyond

you, some higher power, Omniscient, and do not show your mortal weakness by taking blind refuge in skepticism or unbelief. It is unmanly, and unworthy the earnest seeker after truth. There is a sweeter refuge, and one far nobler, too. It is within the arms of that Omniscient, a refuge "eternal, sacred, sure."

—When that anxiously-awaited ship which, laden with the wealth of some far away mines is sailing to me, shall come safely into harbor, I shall indulge, among other fancies, an old dream of mine. I shall become a devotee, not of some fleshly idol, but of the genius of History. I shall purchase all the rare and well-known histories of the countries which have been made famous by song and story, before camp-fire and in forecastle watch. I shall buy a history of Rome, and read over again the deeds of the men who conquered the world. I shall study their laws and the causes for them. I shall find out, if I can, why the commonwealth Rome became the empire. In my Greek history I shall read of Agesilaus and of Pericles, of Herodotus and of Phidias. I shall read in the history of France of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, of the days of '89, of the Bastille and of Versailles. In my English history I think I shall like to dwell most on the Renaissance and the Reformation, but I shall remember, too, Pitt, prime minister at twenty-four. So I shall pass my time. Perhaps I shall incur the reputation of being a book-worm, a recluse, a man who spends no time in benefiting his fellow-men, an utterly selfish being, but then I can always hob-nob with Mark Antony, or bluff King Hal, or Louis Philippe, and perhaps enjoy a modicum of happiness. Still my ship may be wrecked in spite of fair winds, and my library shelves may look down upon me reproachfully, but I shall have had my dream in spite of all.

—Rummaging through an old up-country garret one rainy July morning, I came upon an account book of a former owner of the house in whose top-story I had ensconced myself. A queer old book it was, with its yellow pages, its cramped handwriting, and its date of 1779. Eleazer Squires, its owner, had been somewhat of a notorious character in those old days. He had kept genuine New England rum in his cellars, and his house consequently was a favorite resort for all classes of society. Eleazer has transferred to posterity an account of his gain-getting in this little book. Listen to some

of his entries: "July 5th, 1779—Drawed one Gallon Rum for Jared Stark." Jared must have been the town drunkard, for his name occurs on almost every page, invariably credited with "one Gallon Rum." "August 31st, 1779—Drawed two Pints Rum for Parson Henderson." Ah, parson! parson! you forgot the injunction, "taste not," that sultry August day. So the book goes on, telling how old Eleazer "drawed" gallon after gallon of the "fiery" for his townspeople, until at length his own moral courage must have forsaken him, for we read on "Sept. 10th, 1779—Drawed three Pints Rum for Self." After that the personal entries become more and more frequent, and on "Dec. 24th, 1779—Drawed half Barrel Rum for Self." Here the entries close. Whether Eleazer's Christmas debauch was too much for him or not, I cannot say; at all events, he wrote no more in his account-book, and I learned afterwards that he was found frozen to death near his home one cold night in the winter of '79. It was the custom then, of course, to drink long and deeply, but I could not help pitying old Eleazer as I read his story in the dingy leaves of this half-diary of his.

—I was brought up to believe a "free translation" or an "interlinear," as of the earth earthy, as an insidious snare of the Prince of Darkness. In the primitive academy where I prepared it was well known that the principal never pressed to his side, as though he loved him, the boy whose transgressions went beyond even an occasional conference with Anthon. The principal had never heard of that youth who, in an exalted state of gratitude, cried out from a full heart, "If ever I get to heaven, in the great company of the redeemed I'm sure I shall find, not 'Daniel Gray,' but Charles Anthon, L.L.D., Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin language in Columbia College—Charles Anthon now transposed from the *oratio obliqua* to the *oratio recta*; from the college militant to the college triumphant. And I will shake the hand of that benefactor of his kind, if so be the crowd of those paying their respects, that great host whose college life but for him had met an untimely end, do not keep me too long waiting." The principal had never heard of this youth, or if he had, regarded it only as a monkish fabrication. Thus I was brought up a Pharisee of the Pharisees, of the straightest sect. When I left the academy my old instructor rubbed his hands at the prospective fruit of his labors and admonitions, quoting, with all the

confidence of never disappointed or betrayed trust, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Of course I was not at this time wholly ignorant of the world, nor did I wish to be—I chose rather to be virtuous than to content myself with innocence. I was very confident that there were translations in existence, though I had never seen one, and yet I felt that Yale students neither used them nor had need of them—they were all so smart. But my old principal told me repeatedly that I must be on my guard; that translations went around like roaring lions seeking whom they might devour. I assured him that when the roll of our college was called there would be one at least for whom no palliation need be asked; one who would not bow to Baal, though all Israel went after strange gods. To the joy of my instructor I concluded my asseveration with: "'Some trust in horses and some in chariots,' but we will remember your wholesome admonitions." I went to college, and I saw nothing unusual for days. About the middle of the first term, Freshman year, I went into a class-mate's room, and I noticed a number of books labeled "Natural History," Vol. I., II., III., etc., on the same shelf with his classics, and showing as unmistakable signs of wear as "old Homer" himself. I said nothing, but fell a-musing. I reproached myself. How, I asked myself, can this fellow find time to study that noble science, natural history, and yet beat me with regular college work? My solution was that he worked while I loafed. I didn't loaf any more. On another occasion I visited the same room, and, being curious, I opened Vol. I., Natural History, and—and I shut it up—it was a "horse." My pulses ceased to beat; the color left me, and that spoke for a good deal, I being decidedly blonde—almost red, some ill-disposed people have told me; my eyes were set. I requested to be taken home. I languished for days thereafter, caring little whether I lived or died. My image was broken. I felt that I never could trust in man again. But youth is elastic, and I ultimately recovered. My recovery was naturally followed by a revulsion in the opposite direction. I used horses myself. I called a translation a horse, a steed, a pony, etc., etc., and laughed at it. I named my translation Bucephalus, Bellerophon, the Charger of Alaric. I once bought an exceedingly unservice-

able horse. It was too free. I mounted it. It wouldn't go. A youth present, seeing my chagrin, exasperatingly quoted : If I had a donkey what wouldn't go, do you think I'd beat it ? I shut him off with, "Well, I should—" I demolished that horse, refusing it even shoving time, and rushed from my room to the book store, or rather the book *stall*, in a great hurry, the hour of recitation being almost at hand, crying, with King Richard, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" I was continually quoting "the Arab's farewell to his steed," the Arab's experience was the counterpart of mine. I did delight in repeating :

"Thou beautiful ! thou beautiful !
That standest meekly by,
With thy proud-arched and glossy neck,
Thy bright and fiery eye."

Once only was I near disposing of a horse. It was "singular beloved" Bucephalus. I was in need of shekels. Moody was preaching here then, and his exhortations had stirred up my slumbering conscience. Necessity and conscience conspired to wrest from me my faithful horse. The love of money is the root of all evil, but for once and a wonder, had the love of money been a little stronger, not evil but good might have come of it, for I would have disposed of my horses, and so returned from devious paths to obvious (to use the same metaphor), and so been cured of my Arabian, my Ishmaelitic, my nomadic habits. But as it was, my attachment to Bucephalus was too great. I was already in the act of closing the bargain. By a mighty effort, I flung Gulliver back his gold ; and as I rushed from his establishment I defiantly quoted with the above mentioned Arab :

"Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back
And scour the distant plain.
Away ! who overtakes us now
Shall claim thee for his pains."

—When asked my favorite novel, I have answered unhesitatingly, "Henry Esmond." I have never yet found anyone, however, to agree with me. On the contrary, most men have rather expressed surprise at the possibility of such a choice, and have been curious to know on what grounds I made it ? When first confronted with the "gigantic why" I confess that as often I could give only the child's answer, "Because I do. I read it most and with the greatest pleasure." Even

now when years have confirmed my early choice—for so I may call it, since under an experience perhaps somewhat peculiar, I read Thackeray first before I was ten—I cannot feel satisfied with any expression of the particular excellences which I find in it, just as no analysis of the face which we most admire, or of the character which we most love, can at all content us. There is one of them, however, upon which I am fond of dwelling, it's perfection as a work of art. That it is the best of historical novels—that it is not only true to the life of its age, but the best picture of that age, is generally admitted. But this is not all. This is the mere setting of the scene. The book is entirely free from that moralizing of the author *in propria persona*, which, however much we may enjoy it, is confessedly an artistic defect. The book is Thackeray's indeed, none more so; but Thackeray speaks in "Henry Esmond." Necessarily, it seems to me, the novel of the first person is the most powerful. And, to my own taste, at least, I find this confirmed in experience. "David Copperfield," which I like best of Dickens', is so written; and the same is true of "Bleak House," which I would rank second; so, too, "My Novel" is Bulwer's best work. Thackeray appears to have felt this, though no author wears his bonds so lightly as he. Witness "The Virginian," as well as "Pendennis" and the use made of him in "The Newcomes" and in "Philip." But in none of these has he realized its power as in Esmond. That the novel is historical doubtless added to this. But to my thinking Thackeray himself is in Henry Esmond, of the past though he is, even more than he is in Pendennis. And this goes for much more. The author is lost in his creation. In this it is artistically perfect; in this it becomes one of the few greatest characters of fiction which we know better than ourselves. And it is a nobler character than that other greater he has given us in "Pendennis." Perhaps, after all, this may be the reason I like the book best. "Henry Esmond" has been almost an ideal to me. I have loved to think that there have been and may yet be men like him and lives like his,—men not of those of whom history is written, but yet pure and gentle and brave, yet strong and sound in body and mind and heart; lives, however obscure and clouded by disappointment, yet self-contained and calm in that peace which comes not to passion and success, but to love and high self-sacrifice.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The opening of the winter term has witnessed the usual display of activity at the gymnasium. Never, indeed, has the old building been more frequented than this year. The various class crews have already gone into training; the "Consolidated" promises to rival the freshman nine in its devotion to the use of the ball alley, while scores of men are doing individual work, many of them it is hoped in preparation for the coming winter games. Of course, however, the chief interest centers in the university team.

The Crew

Began work Jan. 17, under the direction of Capt. Collins. The candidates are Rogers, L. S.; Collins, Fuller and Guernsey, '81; Storrs, '82; Folsom, Hull, Rogers and Parrott, '83; and Merritt, '84; the list comprising the full crew and one substitute of last year. On the same day Capt. Lamb of

The Nine

Placed fifteen men in training, including six of last year's team: Hutchison, '80; Lamb and Walden, '81; Badger and Hopkins, '82; and Watson, '81 S., with Ives and Van de Graaff, '81; Griggs and Platt, '82; Jones and Smith, '83; Hopkins, '84, and Allen and Gardner, L. S. On Jan. 19, a

Senior Class Meeting

Was held for the election of the usual graduation committees. Only that for the promenade was chosen, however, when the meeting was adjourned until Jan. 25. The gentlemen who compose a committee giving universal satisfaction are Messrs. E. E. Hart, H. P. Johnes, E. H. Gilbert, J. F. Merrill, H. Q. Cleneay, G. S. Isham, W. J. Brewster, P. J. Fenn and Grant Fitch. Mr. Hart has been chosen chairman, and Mr. Merrill, floor manager. On Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 26, the

Lit. Election

Assembled one hundred and nineteen members of the junior class in the Lyceum lecture room. In accordance with the provisions of the constitution of Chi Delta Theta, Mr. Bartlett, chairman of the present board, presided. The call for nominations brought out nine names, but Mr. Storrs withdrawing, only eight were voted on. The informal ballot resulted as follows: Whitney, 112; Brewster, 108; Worcester,

105; Wight, 89; Bruce, 77; Bentley, 43; Johnson, 32; Blumley, 24. On the formal ballot J. E. Whitney, Cornwall, received 114 votes; Benjamin Brewster, New Haven, 112; F. E. Worcester, Albany, N. Y., 110; C. A. Wight, North Hatfield, Mass., 97; W. I. Bruce, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 82; Cyrus Bentley, Chicago, Ill., 38; Barclay Johnson, New York City, 30; C. E. Blumley, Norwich, 11. The first five gentlemen having a majority of the votes, and being accepted by the present board, will therefore be the editors of the next volume of the *LIT.* Of even more general interest to the class perhaps has been the announcement of the

Junior Appointments.

The list is a highly creditable one, being second only to that of '79 in the total number, and equaling that of '81 in philosophicals, though singularly weak in orations: *Philosophical Orations*—F. F. Abbott, Reading; M. H. Beach, Alexandria, Va.; B. Brewster, New Haven; W. I. Bruce, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; C. B. Graves, New London; B. Johnson, New York City; J. H. Pratt, Jr., Montclair, N. J.; J. L. Wells, Fayetteville, N. Y. *High Orations*—J. R. Bishop, New Brunswick, N. J.; C. E. Blumley, Norwich; E. B. Cragin, Colchester; D. S. Sanford, Redding Ridge; W. Seymour, Newington; F. E. Worcester, Albany, N. Y. *Orations*—F. Brinton, Philadelphia, Pa.; G. E. Curtis, Birmingham; W. Churchill, New Haven; B. Cumming, Augusta, Ga.; J. P. Kellogg, Waterbury. *Dissertations*—C. Bentley, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; F. J. Brockway, Hopkinton, N. H.; J. A. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; C. H. Foote, New Haven; W. H. N. Ford, Milford; A. P. French, Braintree, Mass.; H. C. Fries, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. S. Griggs, St. Paul, Minn.; H. C. Jefferds, Bangor, Me.; J. H. Kingman, New Bedford, Mass.; A. B. Kittredge, East Jeffrey, N. H.; C. W. Lyman, New Haven; S. M. Parke, Pittston, Pa.; B. Fitch, Rayville, La.; D. B. Weaver, Lancaster, Pa.; J. E. Whitney, Cornwall. *First Disputes*—A. H. Atterbury, Trenton, N. J.; A. Fitzgerald, Litchfield; F. A. Kellogg, New Haven; E. W. McBride, Goshen, N. Y.; H. C. McKnight, Ellington; F. E. Page, Bath, Me.; H. B. Platt, Owego, N. Y.; C. H. Smith, Birmingham. *Second Disputes*—R. P. Bates, Bennington, Vt.; J. F. Beede, Meredith Village, N. H.; G. S. Boltwood, New Haven; S. C. Loomis, Suffield; A. A. Welch, Hartford; M. Welles, Newington. *First Colloquies*—H. R. Baltz, Philadelphia, Pa.; G. H. Graves, New Haven; A. C.

Hand, Honesdale, Pa.; F. M. Lowe, Fitchburg, Mass.; C. M. Morris, West Hartford; W. Murphy, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. C. Palmer, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. M. Rolfe, Auburn, Me.; C. L. Scudder, Great Barrington, Mass.; E. V. Silver, Brooklyn, N. Y.; F. H. Snell, Washington, D. C.; H. S. Snyder, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. B. Storrs, New York City; H. P. Sweetser, New York City; T. McD. Wentworth, Racine, Wisc. *Second Colloquies*—W. I. Badger, Boston, Mass.; M. S. Bate, Brooklyn, N. Y.; N. R. Bronson, Waterbury; S. M. Clement, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.; F. C. Farwell, Chicago, Ill.; H. H. Knapp, South Norwalk; M. Lovering, Harvard, Mass.; H. L. Moody, Brooklyn, N. Y.; N. H. Parsons, Jr., Rye, N. Y.; J. Rossiter, North Guilford; A. Scranton, Scranton, Pa.; C. M. Sholes, Newport, N. H.; L. M. Silver, Brooklyn, N. Y.; T. Waller, New London; E. O. Weed, New York City.

Items.

Prof. Peck will read the Epistles of Horace on Saturday mornings through the term.—The first lecture of the sixth course of the Yale Kent Club was delivered by Prof. Mark Bailey, Thursday, Jan. 20.—A Freshman debating club has been formed. A motion to make it a secret society was lost, 28 to 11.—Messrs. E. H. Gilbert, '81, W. P. Eno and T. Holland, '82, have been chosen to fill vacancies in the Board of Governors of the University Club.—Two successful concerts were given by the Glee Club at Amherst and Northampton, Mass., Jan. 11 and 12.

Obituary.

At a meeting of the senior class, Dec. 20, the following resolutions were adopted:

As we feel that by the death of our beloved classmate, CHARLES ARTHUR HEALD, we have lost one who by his brilliant talents, by the purity of his life, and by his warm-hearted sincerity and good will had become to each of us a true friend, and as we desire to give some expression of our deep sorrow, and of our sympathy for his family and friends; be it

Resolved, That we his classmates make known our grief at the loss of him who stood so high among us as a favorite and as a Christian gentleman.

That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy in this great affliction, and that we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

P. G. BARTLETT,	} <i>Committee.</i>
E. H. GILBERT,	
T. H. MYERS,	

BOOK NOTICES.

A Dreamer. By Katherine Wylde. Leisure Hour Series. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

Phillip Temple is one of the most unusual characters one meets in the ordinary run of fiction. As far as we follow him we are unable to say what he believes or what he means to do, though he talks with surprising fluency on every topic. It is to be hoped, for the good of his country, that he built no such "houses of sand" in Parliament as he constructed outside. With him, the hero, we have no sympathy. His story is sad, but it repels all feelings of pity. There is the shadow of a great wrong darkening all his life, a shadow which his deep repentance cannot drive away. The history of this man and of those connected with him is almost painful. The sombre color that deadens every spark of brightness that may chance to appear here or there in these pages is only relieved by a dash of light at the close. We are reminded of the uncomfortable feeling one has while reading the first chapters of "Jane Eyre." Possibly it is the very misery of the man that has such a fascination for the reader, that forces him to reach the conclusion.

Progress and Poverty: An inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions, and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. By Henry George. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Price, 75 cents. For sale by Judd.

The fourth edition of this book is now placed before the public, and even one who differs with it cannot deny the justice of its claim to attention. It fearlessly meets the arguments of Mill, Ricardo and Fawcett, conducting its discussions without bigotry or violence. It attempts to disprove the whole of the accepted theory of political economy by attacking at once the fundamental premises of the science. It refuses at the outset the generally known definitions of wealth and capital, and labors to prove, first of all, that the wages of labor are found in the product. On this proposition it constructs a theory which differs in almost every particular from that taught in our curriculum. Its inference, which may not be illogical on the grounds, is that the remedy for the poverty and misery of highly developed civilizations is to be found in community of land. Denying Mill's premises, it is led also to deny "the doctrine that industry is limited by capital—that capital must be accumulated before labor is employed, and labor cannot be employed except as capital is accumulated ; the doctrine that every increase of capital gives, or is capable of giving, additional employment to industry ; the doctrine that the conversion of circulating capital into fixed capital lessens the fund applicable to the maintenance of labor ;" to deny "the doctrine that more laborers can be employed at low than at high wages, together with such paradoxes as that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labor, or that certain commodities may be increased in cost by a reduction in wages, or diminished in cost by an increase in wages." Whatever opinion one may form on the arguments it adduces, it is only justice to acknowledge the fairness of its method and the honesty of its purpose. To those who are interested to know what is to

be said both *pro* and *con* it can be recommended as an able exposition of "the other side" of the question.

Scotch Sermons. 1880. Comprising twenty-three discourses. 345 pp. New York : D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

A series of sermons by Scotch divines of various degrees of eminence, including Dr. John Caird of Glasgow and Dr. Knight of St. Andrews. One may be pardoned for being somewhat surprised to find such wide liberalism among a clergy who have always been known as the strictest schoolmen. This is especially apparent in the sermon on "Law and Miracle" by Rev. D. J. Ferguson of Strathblane. The two sermons of Principal Caird are models of Scotch style, free from the tinsel of "glittering generalities," but wonderfully clear and logical.

Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures. Studies in Comparative Mythology. By Laura Elizabeth Poor. Boston : Roberts Bros. Price, \$2.00. For sale by Peck.

A study of Aryan literature from its rise on the slopes of the Himalayas to its extension in the present, from Valmiki to Victor Hugo. The Vedas are discussed first, the vast literature whose long-concealed beauties are just becoming known to us through the translations and treatises of Max Müller and Monier Williams and the charming poems of Edwin Arnold. The great Persian poems come next, filled with the music of the bulbul and the odor of the roses of Iran. Greece and Rome follow, and then we reach the Scandinavian Edda, tracing Balder the Beautiful and the great Thor back to their origin with the gods of Greece and India. Through the mediæval ballads we come to the present. "This book is not an encyclopædia," and therefore is not open to the objection that it attempts to cover too much ground. It is based on the sciences of Comparative Philology and Comparative Mythology, taking Max Müller as its chief authority. It traces throughout all this vast literature the growth and variation of the same elemental ideas that appear in such graceful simplicity in the Sanskrit writings. It is a very successful attempt to bring into popular shape the surprising results of the philological discoveries that have been made since Schlegel's time—results that are not by any means final as yet, and may extend no one knows where. Quotations illustrate the points to be established. Among the most beautiful is a funeral hymn from the Sanskrit :

"Open thy arms, O Earth ; receive the dead
With gentle pressure and with loving welcome ;
Embrace him tenderly, e'en as a mother
Folds her soft vestment round the child she loves.
Soul of the dead, depart ! take thou the path—
The ancient path—by which our ancestors
Have gone before thee. Thou shalt look upon
The two kings, mighty Varuna and Yama,
Delighting in oblations. Thou shalt meet
The fathers, and receive the recompense
Of all thy stored-up offering above.
Leave thou thy sin and imperfection here ;
Return unto thy home once more ; assume
A glorious form."

Modern Schools of Art: American and European. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Price, 30 cents.

The second series of Art Essays is based on the pictures displayed in the Paris Exhibition of 1878. The writer deprecates the lack of nationality in American art, due to the studying which our painters almost universally take under the French teachers. However, he says nothing but good of the pictures we had in the exhibition, and praises in a very agreeable way the pieces sent by Dana, Lafarge, Bridgeman, J. G. Brown, Coleman and the Giffords. There is an interesting criticism of the great picture of the exhibition—Makart's "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," and some remarks about the Hungarian Munkacsy, and his picture of "Milton and his Daughters," which was the subject of so much talk in the papers recently.

What is a Bank? By Edward Atkinson. New York: The Society for Political Education.

A short paper describing in a simple manner money and its uses, and the functions of banks in commerce.

Under Slieve-Ban. By R. P. Francillon. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

A story of Irish life and love, with here and there a bit of genuine Irish humor cropping out, told in a way that sustains the interest from the first and never allows it to flag. We follow the fortunes of Michael Fay from the beginning of his love for Kate Callan down to the vindication of his sturdy loyalty with a pity that never weakens, an admiration that never ceases. He was only an Irish farmer, a little better, it is true, than the villagers of Dunmoyle, but hardly the man to whom we should look for heroic deeds; and yet he gave up all that made life a sweet and dear thing to him, and so came nearer the spirit of a certain village carpenter than many a noble lord and delicate lady. For Louise Gastineaux, the wife of Kate Callan's faithless lover, Phil Ryan, we cannot confess to much admiration. The sketch of her is incomplete. Michael and Kate stand out in sturdy relief, but Louise is a shadowy, half ghostly creation, a being who causes us to shiver even while we pity her for the seeming wrong she is enduring. The book is one which well repays a "leisure hour" spent upon it.

The Atomic Theory. By Ad. Wurtz, Member of the French Institute. Translated by E. Cleminshaw, F.C.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price \$1.50.

This latest addition to the justly popular "International Scientific Series," is a valuable contribution to one of the most difficult, and at the same time one of the most important subjects of investigation at the present day. No other man living could have been selected so able to perform the task in so satisfactory a manner as the illustrious French Chemist who has devoted his life to the investigation of the Atomic Theory. M. Wurtz is nothing if not French, but his book is consequently no less interesting, and he succeeds admirably in interesting us in his discussion of the historical evolution and present form of the Atomic Theory, and in the clear exposition of its influ-

ence upon science since the beginning of the century. Dalton was the originator of this grand idea, and we may with good reason assert, that among all the advances that chemical doctrines have made, since the time of Lavoisier, this is the most important; it has changed the face of science. The Atomic Theory is the only one which has given an intelligible explanation of the facts of modern chemistry; yet we can consider it only as a temporary expedient, which will eventually prove but a part of a more comprehensive whole.

M. Wurtz is the originator of the idea of Atomicity being a relative property of atoms. By it he means the power which an atom actually exhibits in any given compound, not the absolute power of the atom to hold other atoms in combination. This chapter on Atomicity is excellent. Mendelejff's "periodic law" with regard to the properties of the elements as functions of their atomic weights is discussed with much clearness. In this classification of Mendelejff, the elements are arranged according to the increasing value of their atomic weights. "It contributes new elements to the classification of simple bodies and contrasts views founded upon other considerations." Mendelejff's Tables are by no means perfect, for they contain apparent contradictions, which however may be owing to the imperfect determination of the atomic weights. It is probable, however, that when the atomic weights shall have been correctly determined and the chemical and physical properties are known, a table constructed on Mendelejff's plan will show perfect accordance between the properties and atomic weights. This classification is simple in principle and productive in its results. Probably the most interesting chapter is the final one of hypothesis upon "The Constitution of Matter," in which the "Vortex Theory" of Sir William Thomson is explained. We quote the last sentences of this chapter in reference to the Atomic Theory: "Its fertility and power are clearly manifested in the incessant progress of the science. It has thrown light upon the most recent discoveries, as well as been, since the time of Dalton, its immortal author, the most perfect instrument in the most profound theoretical conceptions and the safest guide in experimental researches." The book supplies the great want of a good foundation for chemical teaching; it is clear, compact and comprehensive; it will do much to circulate a knowledge of chemical theory.

TO BE NOTICED NEXT MONTH.

Adam Smith. By J. A. Farrer. English Philosophers. Edited by Iwan Müller, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

On the Threshold. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mary Marston. A Novel. By George Macdonald. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

RECEIVED.

Catalogue of the American Water Color Society. Thirteenth Annual Exhibition. New York.

The Catholic Family Annual. 1881. Illustrated. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Searching for good things to quote among our exchanges is very like reaching for the Dead Sea fruit and finding it turned to ashes in our grasp. We read a few lines of a poem and are struck with the beauty of its opening, but our admiration turns to disgust as we find the end disfigured by slang or vapid nonsense. We are stirred by reading some manly paragraphs of an essay, and are in turn disgusted with the weakness and lack of depth it displays in other particulars. In the *Acta Columbiana* we noticed one poem, however, which deserves to be quoted entire, if not for its metre, at least for its sentiment :

HELIOTROPE.

Amid the chapel's chequered gloom
She laughed with Dora and with Flora,
And chattered in the lecture-room—
The saucy little sophomora !

Yet while (as in her other schools)
She was a privileged transgressor,
She never broke the simple rules
Of one particular professor.

But when he spoke of varied lore,
Paroxytones and modes potential,
She listened with a face that wore
A look half fond, half reverential.

To her that earnest voice was sweet ;
And, though her love had no confessor,
Her girlish heart lay at the feet
Of that particular professor.

And he had learned, among his books
That held the lore of ages olden,
To watch those ever-changing looks,
The wistful eyes, and tresses golden,

That stirred his pulse with passion's pain
And thrilled his soul with soft desire,
Longing for youth to come again,
Crowned with its coronet of fire.

Her sunny smile, her winsome ways,
Were more to him than all his knowledge,
And she preferred his words of praise
To all the honors of the college.

Yet "What am foolish I to him?"
 She whispered to her one confessor.
 "She thinks me old, and grey, and grim,"
 In silence pondered the professor.

Yet once, when Christmas bells were rung
 Above ten thousand solemn churches,
 And swelling anthems, grandly sung,
 Pealed through the dim cathedral arches—

Ere home returning, filled with hope,
 Softly she stole by gate and gable,
 And a sweet spray of heliotrope
 Left on his littered study table.

Nor came she more, from day to day,
 Like sunshine through the shadows rifting:
 About her grave, far, far away,
 The ever-silent snows were drifting.

And those who mourned her winsome face,
 Found in its stead a swift successor,
 And loved another in her place—
 All, save the silent, old professor.

But, in the tender twilight grey,
 Shut from the sight of carping critic,
 His lonely thoughts would often stray
 From Vedic verse and tongues Semitic—

Bidding the ghost of perished hope
 Mock with its Past the sad possessor
 Of the dead spray of heliotrope
 That once she gave the old professor.

We have endeavored, with but faint success, to become interested in the *Acta's* last love story, "Suspense," and would suggest for its author a transferring of his story to the columns of the *New York Ledger* or the *Boys of New York*, or some such sensational paper, as it is entirely out of place in a paper of the pretensions of the *Acta*. As for the *Brunonian*, that enterprising sheet has a poem on "Night," in which the hero, "wearied and tired and worn," with a terrible headache and heartache, and "a nameless woe," and generally used up, says, in "an aimless, half-crazy way, 'I will go and look at the moon, and perchance mount up to her passionless height by some fancy-inflated balloon.'" And he goes forth and gazes, and all the "stars opened their eyes, and stared in innocent surprise," and had a regular "bum" all by themselves in "mimic glee," and our hero spake not a word, and the curtain falls. [Alarums; exeunt fighting.] All this, gentlemen, for two dollars a year, strictly in advance.—But "darkness falls on our study walls," and we must bid the college world a warm good-night.

VOL. XLVI.

No. V.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mea grata manet, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Cantabunt Somites, unanimesque Patres."

FEBRUARY, 1881.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

(On Sale at Gifford's.)

TUTTLE, BORRHOUT & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Sixth Volume with the number for October, 1890. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia*, college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 5.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '81.

PHILIP G. BARTLETT,

JOHN C. COLEMAN,

JOSEPH D. BURRELL,

SHERMAN EVARTS,

ADRIAN S. VAN DE GRAAFF.

A STUDY OF THE PRESENT.

THAT the present is an age of transition in the world, is a proposition with which most of us in its verbal expression at least have been made sufficiently familiar. But as few have sounded the depth of meaning in the words, so few have recognized the vital influence of the truth they convey upon the college life which is ours. Certain signs indeed there have been, which even he who ran might read. Short as is the span of undergraduate life, the present generation has seen the extinction of the rush, the revival and second death of Linnæa, the birth and growth into vigorous life of the *News*, as well as the more recent abolishment of freshman societies and of Sunday chapel. Affecting us on that social side of our life to which so much importance is attached nowadays, these have all called forth passing attention and comment, But of their full significance, and of those deeper and less obvious changes to which they point we have thought far too little. To this aspect of the college life of to-day therefore, as belonging to a period of transition corresponding to that through which

the world at large is passing, an attempt is here made to direct attention.

That there should be such a correspondence was inevitable. The college could not fail to respond to that great extension of knowledge which marks the modern epoch of transition. Just as the Renaissance wrought a revolution in the universities in the bringing in of the recovered treasures of the ancient world, with the beginnings of science to displace the elaborate disciplinary lore of the schoolmen, so the "new learning" of our time must of necessity transform its higher educational system. Within the century the horizon has received a vast expansion. The sciences of nature, under a development which has no parallel, have revealed new worlds to be conquered. The sciences of life and society are new discoveries: upon them a philosophical history has arisen, giving a new interpretation and value to the past. Drawn closer in the bonds which material progress has woven, the nations have come to share their literatures and their arts as well as the diverse products of their soils; the modern languages have attained a new importance. Thus the old education is become inadequate. The classics, in which its life was centered, have fallen from their high estate as the sole or even the chief essentials of that culture which is the avowed end of liberal education. As an active force they have done their work. They have still treasures to yield. Absolutely, in certain important fields, they have never yielded more than in this century. But relatively their fall has been great, and it is greatest of all in that which most fitted them for the place they have held in education—their capacity to inspire admiration and enthusiasm, to make men students and scholars. Some of us yet talk with wondering admiration of the devotion to their Greek and Latin displayed by our fathers, of their love for Horace and for Homer. And some of us have bravely tried to lift ourselves above the level of these degenerate days, and aspired to rise to the stature of these seeming giants of old. But we have failed, and could only fail. Here,

as in other fields, the Time-Spirit is irresistible. The classics can no more be what they have been.

A new adjustment then must be made—a new education must be found. That this has been sought is evidenced by the changes made in the curriculum within the last thirty years. That at Yale, at least, it is yet far from found, that we are groping slowly, almost blindly, in a transition period, is the explanation of that profound discontent and stagnation which marks the intellectual life of the college to-day.

This characterization of the present will of course be criticized. Many know not the ills under which they labor. Many more who have felt their weight, will yet, under the "bias of patriotism," feel it their duty to stand up for the conservatism of Yale as opposed to what they have learned to denounce as the radicalism of Harvard. But let us submit to a candid self-examination. What is our popular conception of the college course? Does college work hold in it any other than a secondary position? How many of us here are students in the proper sense, and how much of our work is merely mechanical, under the pressure of the marking system? What is the character of our common life? What are the forces strong among us? We know what the answers must be. We know the shallowness of our talk and of our thoughts—that we have not sufficient interest in questions literary or even political to discuss them. We know that the work of the first half of the course is for the vast majority sheer drudgery, endured as a necessary evil, slurred over with ponies and cribs, and its slender acquisitions forgotten in utter neglect as fast as may be. When with junior year indeed, the sciences, the modern languages and literatures, with the limited freedom of our optional system are reached, men of all degrees take up their work with an enthusiasm to which they have been strangers. But their ardor is short lived. Honest work is hard. Those who have labored in bondage do not lightly rise to the dignity of freedom. The savor of the flesh-pots of college ease and pleasures is yet more allur-

ing. And what is more the new wine is forced into the old bottles. Discipline, with all its enginery, still pursues us; still the marking book rules supreme; still the dreary round of three recitations a day goes on; the set formula of question and answer as before too often exposes, not enlightens, our ignorance. And science and literature and modern languages, are not to be learned out of text-books and taught by question and answer; still less than the classics are they fitted to enter into the machinery of discipline. Occasionally in some limited optional an instructor sets aside the traditional method, and we see that the work may be something else than drudgery. But the exception only strengthens us in our discontent with the prevailing order, and so, despite a passing struggle for better things, in the latter as in the former years of the course, our work as task-work sinks to the second place. Our best energies are given to that side of our life which has been called social, but is only covered perhaps by the negative term—not intellectual. Here we have found vent for the instinct of expansion. Here we have actually passed from the college to the university. Here aided by the great increase of wealth among us we have created a new world of our own in which we find much to do and much to enjoy.

Contrast the *Banner* of to-day with that of thirty years ago. All is changed. The old barbaric customs and ceremonies are gone. Hazing is dead, and with it class feeling is declining; the societies are passing; the field then filled by the *Lit.* is shared with the *Record*, *Courant* and *News*; athletics are the great and growing power; a multitude of miscellaneous organizations, glee clubs, orchestras, Sunday schools, live and flourish. There is always something to see and gossip over; we have no "dull season." Athletics fill the fall and spring, and cover the winter, too. Besides there are the theatre and society, assemblies and germans, the concerts and promenade, and navy entertainments, "graduates' nights," university meetings, lecture courses, etc., etc. At all times there are the papers recording and discussing the most

trivial of doings and happenings. Extremes meet: the unnatural repression of one set of activities is attended with an equally unnatural stimulation of the other. For a college is not a place in which to enjoy life and study men, it is not a place for the acquirement of experience in running newspapers, nor even Sunday schools and prayer meetings. And yet this is the conception of it upon which the best men among us are acting to-day.

Conservatism is a good thing, but no good thing is open to greater abuse. In education as in politics there are times when it costs us dear; when not compromise but resolute radical action is alone wise or safe. Such a time is the present. Resistance can indeed only postpone, it cannot avert, the coming change. But, meanwhile, we of the present must suffer—and Yale must hazard the place of leadership she has so long maintained.



A SONNET AT CARMEN.

Accept the tribute of a stranger's heart
Who ever homage gives at beauty's shrine
When beauty bids; and thou demandest mine,
As thou dost all. Ah, rarely Nature's art
Doth come so near perfection, even in part!
Thou art all beauty! Thou art half divine!
I ask no inspiration from the vine,
For I have felt my thrilling pulses start
Beneath thy wandering gaze when every eye
Was turned upon thee in thy beauty's flush,
You felt the flattering crowd, but, dreaming nigh,
Saw not thy lover and his tell-tale blush.
He saw thee only, heard thy voice on high,
All else to him save his loud heart, was hush.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

THE severity and dignity of the old school of poetry, joined with the delicacy and grace of the new, is the distinguishing feature of the small volume of poems left by John Keats. Without doubt, there is much to criticize in these poems. Keats was verbose; he indulged in extravagant conceits; he often had the bad taste to prefer magnificence of style and theme to elegant simplicity. He lacks the best qualities of almost all great poets; he has neither the polish of Vergil, nor the strength of Milton, nor the earnest sincerity of Wordsworth, nor the exquisite grace of Tennyson. And yet, when he died at the age of twenty-four, he gave good promise of equaling the most successful of his predecessors. For, though only partially developed, we find in several of his poems a rare combination of poetic gifts seldom found even in the master-pieces of our greatest poets. But without attempting anything like an analysis of his poetic genius, I shall content myself with calling attention to one or two marked characteristics of his style, as shown in "The Eve of St. Agnes."

We may lay it down as a fundamental principle, that next to nobleness of theme, vividness is the most essential element of the best poetry. It is this which everywhere impresses us in the writings of Keats. In other books that we might name, we read descriptions of the fallen gods; but in *Hyperion*, we see them, they are thrust before our eyes, lying on the ground in the agony of mute despair, or shaking Heaven's palaces by their angry tread. We see the scenes portrayed in the *Ode on a Grecian urn*—the leaf-robed trees, the lovers, the priest leading the victim to the grassy altar, attended by the throng from the little town close at hand—as vividly as if the urn were before us, or, rather, as if we ourselves were watching the original

"In Tempe or the vales of Arcady."

So, too, in some of his sonnets, noticeably in that on Chapman's Homer, and nowhere more plainly than in *St. Agnes' Eve*. This, indeed, must be patent to all who are even slightly acquainted with his writings, but it may not be equally clear how it is attained; in this case it will be interesting to look for a moment at one or two passages in the latter poem. The vivid effect of this poem is due to that artistic treatment by which Keats intensifies the interest and heightens the impressiveness of all his best work. This appears in almost every stanza, but it will be sufficient for us here to speak of those which form the opening, or introduction to the story, and of a single one, farther on.

The poet begins by telling us it is *St. Agnes' Eve*, that is, the night on which maidens may catch visions of their lovers, and hear their "soft adorings." But it is a winter's night, chill—ah! bitter chill; the birds, the hares, the flock, all tremble for the cold. As the monk kneels in the chapel with his rosary, his fingers are numb, his breath rises like incense from a censer; the very sculptured dead on either side the aisle seem to freeze and ache in their icy hoods and mail. As he does his penance the Beadsman hears—far off—the whisperings of merry music. Suppose we leave him, and go whither the sounds invite us. As we approach the Hall, they grow more distinct, and, at last, as we open the door, they burst upon us in a flood of silver melody. It is a brilliant scene before us; a thousand guests, adorned "with plume, tiara, and all rich array," are celebrating the gay festival. But among them is a maiden who scarcely hears the music, who gives no heed to the cavaliers who press about her; if she dances at all, it is not eagerly, as is her wont; her heart is elsewhere. Her lover is a foe to the Baron's house, and is forbidden the castle; it is long since she has seen him, she may never see him again, and she is resolved to-night to test *St. Agnes'* power to grant her, in blessed vision, the desired meeting. All unknown to her, at this very moment, her lover is standing on the threshold; at last he creeps in, and lurking behind a

pillar, in a spot retired from the festivities, escapes the notice of his bloodthirsty enemies.

Notice the marvelous skill which Keats has displayed in this introduction. At first sight, the opening seems foreign to the story. Why should he begin by describing the bitter cold? What has it to do with his narrative? Are not these first stanzas examples of the wandering diffuseness which characterizes his earlier efforts, as *Endymion*? But as we look at them more carefully, we see that they are in perfect harmony with the poem, and add greatly to its effect. In the first place, the bitterness of the night increases our sympathy for poor Porphyro, who stands without. His devotion seems greater when we consider what he endured for the sake of catching even a glimpse of his Madeline. Again, it is antithetical to the warmth and cheerfulness within. As we leave the Beadsman, shivering over his penance, and enter the Hall, the happiness and gaiety of the merry revelers seems doubly real. The scene is so charming that when we are told that Madeline fails to enjoy it, through her eagerness to dream of her lover, we see the strength of her affection more clearly than we could if the poet had devoted a dozen stanzas to describing it. The narrative, too, closes with the lovers' flight from the castle, and the remembrance of the cold here pictured, joined with the storm which arose later in the night, makes their escape far more tragic and affecting.

We see, then, how skillful and artistic this introduction is, in its relation to the story; but let us look, for a moment, on the way in which it increases our interest in listening. These lines describe the cold so vividly that we actually feel it. We forget that we are reading of what occurred centuries ago; we begin to shiver; we even look up to see if our chum isn't shivering too. But we read on a little, and soon exchange the cold for warmth and comfort—how pleasant by contrast. Now the poet begins the story. Ah! a story is never so delightful as on a winter's night, when we are sitting by a cozy fire. So, aside from its admirable adaptation to the

narrative, this opening puts the reader into just the humor for attending and enjoying.

But without analyzing the poem at length, though it would all well repay our study, we will notice how vividly Keats portrays one or two scenes farther on. It was an exciting moment for the hidden lover, when Madeline entered her chamber. We might well suppose that his thoughts were all fixed on her, and that his eyes saw nothing else. Had we been writing the poem, we should doubtless have acted on this supposition, but Keats was wiser than we. In times of greatest excitement, the perceptions are most active; none are slumbering then, but all are wide-awake. So, here, notice the minuteness and exactness of the descriptions of Madeline's surroundings. As she entered the room her taper was extinguished. Porphyro not only noticed this, but he saw that

" Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died."

He noticed, too, as he had not before, the adornments of the casement, as Madeline walked toward it. It was high and triple-arched, and garlanded with carvings of fruits and flowers and bunches of grass; the panes were diamond-shaped, and of quaint device, and were splendidly painted with heraldries and saints and emblazonings, and in the midst was an escutcheon. Instances of this same accurateness of perception are to be found in all our best poetry, illustrating the great truth that poets are the mirrors of nature and human life, portraying not only their grand outlines, but also their minutest details.

Another characteristic of Keats' style, as we see it in this poem, is the Midas-touch which transforms his figures and incidents, elevating them above those of every-day notice. Despite theories to the contrary, the best poems are exaggerations of real life. Take any event, however interesting in itself, and transcribe it literally in verse, and it will resemble "Peter Bell" much more than "Laodamia." A story must be lifted up from the plane of ordinary life, and in one way or another be spiritualized, before it can arouse our interest. There is an in-

stance of this in the stanza immediately following the description of the casement. His imagination must be dead indeed, who, as he reads this, does not see the maiden, kneeling "for heaven's grace and boon." The moon shines in through the stained windows,—notice Keats' exquisite taste in making us see the girl by the light of the moon, rather than of the candle,—and throws warm colors on her head and breast, and 'on her hands, as she clasps them in prayer. Observe the effect; from this moment the poem has an even more elevated tone than before. All grossness of thought is removed; Madeline is transformed from physical to spiritual beauty.

"She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for Heaven; Porphyro grew faint,
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint."

"This is too romantic," cry the pedestrian school of critics. "This is poetic," we answer.

Important as it is, the story forms only a small part of any poem. It is, indeed, only the thread on which the poet's thoughts and fancies crystallize. And so the interest in St. Agnes' Eve by no means lies only in the narrative, charming as that is. As we study the poem, the story loses its freshness, and our delight in it palls, but there is something in all true poetry, like this, which never loses its freshness, and of which we never tire. There is a melody in the verse, but there is a still sweeter melody in the grace of the thoughts and expression. There is a power of condensation, too, shown by Keats in his later years, which is an ever interesting study. Here, for example, is a line describing the "little moonlight room" in which the old nurse concealed Porphyro.

"Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb."

How long we may think of that without exhausting its meaning, and when we once master it, how well the vivid picture repays us for our study. Read, too, the description of the old woman:

"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,"

who

"Hobbled off with busy fear,"

* * * *

"With aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial."

What vividness, again, in the closing scene, when the lovers, in their perilous escape,

"Glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall,"

and how impressively the poet shows us the storm into which they fled, by these brief lines:

"The arras, rich with horsemen, hawk and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar,
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor."

I can only refer, in closing, to what must have occurred to every attentive reader of this, and indeed of all Keats' poems,—the author's entire absorption in his theme. He was happily free from the fatal self-consciousness of most modern poets. When he wrote, he laid aside his own theories and opinions, and, we may almost say, his own personality, and entered into perfect sympathy with the scenes and characters he described. To this, more than to any other cause, we must attribute his success; he forgot himself so completely, that the world will never forget him.

M.

WHO CAN TELL?

Who can tell when the winter is coming?
Who can tell when the summer is going?
We go to sleep when the roses are blooming,
We wake and we find it snowing.

Who can tell when the winter is going?
Who can tell when the summer is coming?
We go to sleep when the tempests are blowing,
We wake and the bees are humming.

E. W.

THE NOVEL OF HISTORY.

NARRATION is one of the chief playthings of the mind. They tell us, the old Greeks crowded eagerly around the rhapsodists as they chanted of battles. A fairy-book is almost the choicest treasure of the child. And the purest mental relaxation for the modern adult is afforded by the novel.

Fresh from this idea, of pleasure being an essential aim of fiction, if one turns to that class of novels commonly called historical, there is suggested a contradiction in terms. How can a novel be historical?—how can history be novel-like? The one is a vehicle of instruction; the other of enjoyment, pure and simple. A historical novel must be either false history, or unsatisfactory fiction.

The latter clause of this impeachment may at once be discarded, since all readers of historical novels agree that a well-sustained plot, artistic unity, and development of character are as truly elements of them, as of the society novels. Whether the other proposition—as to the defective history—is a necessary alternative, forms a question of no trivial importance, involving some of our most vivid impressions of eras, if not of historical characters. For who does not couple chivalry and “Ivanhoe” together? Is there any one, who does not owe his pet ideas about Queen Anne’s time to “Henry Esmond?” Does not the mention of Savanarola call up before every one an image of that grand, delicately organized being portrayed in “Romola?”

In the first place, these novels are of no value as regards order of events, and all such matters, belonging to history, in the narrowest sense. To pervert chronology, for instance, when the artistic development of the story will be helped by it, is a temptation which, as a novelist, the author cannot resist; in the nature of things, the occasion is exceedingly liable to occur. But even if events should so shape themselves as to admit of adapta-

tion to a novel, still, historical proportion is almost sure to be disregarded. His novel the centre of his thoughts, the writer is justified in valuing everything according as it is related to that. Facts may form the grouping of the picture, but the hand which lays on the lights and shadows is guided by imagination and art, rather than by exact truth. He who goes to historical novels for faithful descriptions of actual occurrences, is doomed to disappointment. From such a point of view, the history contained in these novels is indeed false; their perusal is useless, and worse.

The fallacy which would lead one thus to put undoubting faith in fiction, merely because the fiction touches, at some points, the sphere of established history, arises, as I take it, from a confusion of the provinces of history and the novel. Of such a confusion, though here in the opposite direction, would I accuse Macaulay (although he wrote an eloquent and just definition of what history should be,) and the advocates of the idea that history can be made, when properly written, of more absorbing interest than the most exciting novel. We hear much, in these days, about historical unity; and it would appear that when such natural unity cannot be discovered, the historian may evolve a theory from his own mind, and shape his words accordingly. History may well be exciting in its substance; it may often display evidences of a superhuman design; but care should be taken that not too much of its interest is due to the fact of its being "properly written."

If history is made what it ought to be, an honest record of events, accompanied by a straightforward presentation of causes and effects, admitting of course all the advantages of a pleasing, and, if you will, vivid style, there is yet something wanting. The common everyday affairs of life, the habits of the people, the trials they are exposed to, their amusements, the desires which control them, would be as out of place in a history as the corresponding elements of our own life in an official census. History is as little suited for them, as the his-

torical novel for plain, ungarnished facts. When we would learn such things—and they really give the color to existence—about our foreign contemporaries, we turn to the novel. And it is this which may justly perform the same service for ages that are gone by. All novels shed light on history; in a sense, the modern novel of manners is but the historical novel of to-day.

For a discriminating reader, I think these considerations overbalance the single drawback that historical novels may distort the truth. He understands clearly that it is not *bona fide* history he is reading; he casts off a credulous assent to everything the novelist puts on paper; his standard history is at his elbow, with an unadorned account of what really took place; he looks to the novel for suggestions of the temper of society. Nor is it a blind acquiescence that he yields here. He knows the story-teller may easily be mistaken in his theory of the social condition wherein he lays his plot. But this novelist, as such, is supposed to be more or less capable of catching the spirit of the epoch, which, as a historical novelist, he must have carefully examined. At any rate, his interpretation will give rise, in a careful reader's mind, to a productive train of thought.

A precisian might object to this as a lazy way of studying history—a method better suited for the drawing-room and easy chair, than for the scholar's study-table. But if we admit the power of the novelist at all, in depicting for us the peculiarities of a society, why not employ the results of this power, when it is applied to a society that is dead? Considered from a liberal standpoint, it is no unnatural nor unfruitful alliance—this between history and fiction. The former can uncover the skeletons of buried eras; it is for the latter to breathe life into them.

At the present time, almost prehistoric ages are furnishing fields for exciting fiction; the banks of the Nile are made to echo the homely gossip of an extinct, and to many, a mysterious people; and the long entombed Pharaohs are quickened with the same passions that would

sway a modern. In the case of these novels, and of all those, like Bulwer's "Pompeii," which enter realms hardly illumined by the lamp of learning, one is left at the mercy of the novelist. A greater degree of skepticism will be useful, until some standard, reliable work of serious history is open to all. Still, though hardly coming under the head of novels of history, books like "Uarda" will not have been written in vain, if the only benefit they do is to infuse natural ideas into our hitherto wooden conceptions of the pyramid-building race.

But historical novels proper are available for a definite and important purpose. Consider them as bearing to history a similar relation to that which the poetry of the soul bears to metaphysics. It is on this basis, as well as on that of literary merit, that they stand, sure to be honored in the future, as in the past.

N. J.

SERENITY.

When, with its blessed coolness, the evening falleth from heaven,
And the sun takes his light to lands that wait for his coming,
Often I watch the swallows, as swiftly they fly above me,
Strangely weaving their flight with arcs and sharply drawn angles.
Then, in their midst, as they fly, the martins, which noisily chatter,
From early daybreak to night in their coops near our dwellings,
Mingle their flight, and move less swiftly, perhaps, but more smoothly.
The flight of the swallow appears like a boat's rapid progress
When one bends to the oars with strokes short and hurried,
Sometimes lifting them up, when the boat glideth onward,
And the tired boatman rests for a while from his labor.
Not like this is the flight of the purple-clad martin :
Rather like that of a ship whose sails are extended,
Constantly catching the breeze that beareth it onward,
Seemingly thoughtless of motion, calm, peaceful and tranquil.

Oh ! that to me such a flight were given ; not like the swallow's,
Anxious and hurried, but rather serene, like thy motion,
Herald of Spring, ascending in circles through heaven !

M.

BETHLEHEM.

I SPEAK not of "Bethlehem in Judea," though Nazareth, Nain and Emmaus are also numbered among its neighboring towns; but of Bethlehem of the Moravians, an historic city, watered by the Lehigh river and veiled by the shadowy haze of the Blue Ridge. Once it was a Mohican hunting ground, a sombre forest,—the father of Cooper's Uncas is buried here. But long, long years ago every vestige of these was effaced, save the name which they wedded to their noisy river, and that cannot be washed out. Then it was peacefully acquired and settled by the Moravians, a people of God, of the rule and practice of John Huss, a people who with Waldenses and Wicliffites had fled from the persecutions of royalty and papacy in Europe to seek religious liberty in the free, unsettled West. And the colony grew and flourished, living by itself and for itself and God, and soon became famous in the land for its hospitals, asylums, schools and churches, for the virtuous and well-ordered lives of all its people. Here it stood for many a year shut in by the forests on all sides, having its own form of government, its own customs, traditions and institutions. It was the design of the Moravians who founded this colony to preserve "the truth" in all the purity of the Vaudois; and to this end they adhered to old and well-tried forms. But though outside influence did not affect it for a long, long time, yet American life, American ideas and civilization, were destined in the end, to overthrow much of its individuality. Once when the sun went down in Bethlehem, the streets grew dark save where a lamp from some cottage window or the lantern of some traveler gave forth its little radiance. But now the flames of mammoth iron works cast their fitful shadows over wood and river, and all night long make light this ancient village. Once when the darkness fell over Bethlehem, the hum of the town's small industries was hushed. But now one may

hear from evening to morning, like as from morning to evening, day after day, the sound of furnaces and foundries, soothing and subdued if far away, but when near at hand loud and exultant, like the roar of pent up waters breaking forth. In place of the drone of the old grist mill, its water wheel and slow revolving stones, there is heard the noise of giant steel works, a medley of noises: the hoarse breathing of great blasts of air forced through tons of molten metal; the dull thud, thud of huge trip hammers; the shrill cry of circular saws driven through solid bars of red hot steel; the panting of monster furnaces quivering with fervent heat; the rumble and roll of countless wheels and cylinders and intricate machinery; all that makes possible the transformation, in a twinkling, of an ingot of metal into a finished rail. And again when all things living are at rest, save the metal workers in those hungry foundries that say not day or night "It is enough," this town whose sleep was once unbroken by sound or cry, is now awakened by the long, low wail of coming locomotives and the thunder of rushing trains of coal drawn by them to the sea. Thus all things "modern," all that belongs to the so-called "progress" of the day is fast effacing the distinctive character of this mission city. Once the buildings were all Moravian, some costly and extensive like the church and seminary. Now all the new buildings erected assume an American dress. Once the inhabitants were nearly all Moravian,—now aliens from every nation are employed here as laborers in the shops and mills; a large proportion of the mercantile and professional men are Americans; and the promising university recently established here bids fair to keep assembled in this once exclusive city a large band of enterprising young men who under the character of *memorabil fiends* will ere long, have removed everything that is distinctively Moravian, save the church and the church yard. Once the customs were all Moravian, but they are fast fading away before the swift advance of cosmopolitan ways and ideas. All these innovations were stoutly and tenaciously fought against, but to no purpose. The many

were too strong for the few, and all resistance to outside encroachments was sure in the end to prove abortive. It was neither possible or desirable that this town should follow on in the same old beaten track, while all around it change and revolution did its swift and silent work. And yet one cannot contemplate this destruction of individuality without regret. In Europe, not different countries alone, or different provinces alone are individual and distinct, but in many places, cities almost adjacent have an individuality of their own, traditions, customs, peculiarities and characteristics of their own, making them separate and unique. Whereas our country as large as Europe itself is but one great neighborhood; and all the individuality that may once have adhered to different sections of it, making possible a distinctive North and South, is rapidly being melted down into one vast sea of sameness. And now even this town that so long stood aside while progress swept by it at race-horse speed laving the sands at its very feet, finds the barriers once thought to be so strong, but frail and perishable, wasting away in the rushing stream and destined soon to be well nigh all effaced and left like the sea after a storm, as if it had not been. Many of their customs were suited to a past age or generation and men were forced to change them or abolish them, according as they were found wanting in the light of a wider knowledge and experience—such as marriage by lot without previous courtship; community of goods; a difference in dress to denote condition in life; the separation of the whole body of people into different companies, the married people with the little children living in one great house by themselves, the young women by themselves, the young men by themselves, thus wholly depriving themselves of the stimulus to individual exertion and the joys of family life. While all these customs and many more have been cast aside sooner or later, there are others still retained in their original simplicity and beauty, customs of rare interest to the tourist and the curious.

Of all the old Moravian customs still retained, the most

beautiful and unique is the death and burial service. When any voice is hushed forever, it is at once announced to the whole community by a sad, sweet harmony dispensed from the high church tower. In winter and in summer, at morn, at noon, at eve or in the night, whether the "dear departed" be man or woman, infant or adult, the death is at once reported to the church musicians who respond to every call, no matter at what hour or by whom made, and repair at once to the belfry to perform their sad office. And now any visitor strolling there in search of amusement, may perhaps at any time have his attention arrested, not by the clang and shriek of the "Passing Bell," a custom still retained in parts of England, but by the tender, melancholy strains of trombones, raising in his mind the hurried question "who is dead?" and saying to him in tones gentle but unmistakable, "*memento mori*." They tell a story there how the Indians had once assembled at night to destroy the town and were only prevented by hearing a death announcement from the belfry, which they mistook for the expressed displeasure of great *Manitou*. The announcement is made by three solemn dirges played at short intervals by a quartette of trombonists. The first and last are in the same air, the first simply expresses in tones sometimes almost jubilant that one of their number is safe at last :

" A pilgrim soul released
From sorrow, care, and pain—
Has e'en now left our covenant,
'Gone home!' with Christ to reign."

The third dirge is the believing heart's response to the sad announcement conveyed in the first :

" Lord, at my dissolution,
Do not from me depart ;
Support at the conclusion
Of life, my fainting heart."

The second dirge is varied and the well cultivated ear straightway discerns what is the age, the sex and the condition in life of the one dead. They look upon death

not as an unmitigated evil but as an entrance to something higher and holier than the broken, fragmentary life of man on earth can attain unto. They prefer to speak of their departed friends, not as dead, but as *Heim gegangen*. They wear no mourning, regarding it as wrong in principle, as a useless expense doing dead or living no manner of good, as partaking of the nature of pomp and parade, any approach to which is unbecoming on such an occasion. All the funeral ceremonies are equally beautiful. The coffin is never taken into the church during the funeral service, but is left in the "Dead House," a little building adjoining it. The coffin is not borne to the cemetery in an expensive hearse with waving plumes and prancing horses, but on a bier. No long line of carriages follow the dead to its resting place. The trombone players lead the way with music, the people follow all on foot. Now if no one has yet fallen in sympathy with Moravian customs, he will do so when once he sets foot in the grave yard. The graves are not made to resemble a coffin like our own, but flower beds. They are arranged in straight rows and every mound is the same in size. And best of all, the yard is free from those ugly ghastly piles of monumental stones which disfigure so many cemeteries. A Moravian monument is a little slab laid flat upon the mound. The monument of the old and the young, the rich and the poor, is exactly the same, indicative of the general leveling in death. No language is exhausted to construct an appropriate epitaph. No lines of superlative eulogy are found here, as if in fear that their memory would rot, or as a reminder to the King of Kings that his servant has a claim, not to be set aside, of rulership over not "ten cities," but ten times ten cities. The name, the age, and birth-place are always recorded, and sometimes a short quotation from the Bible or Hymnal is also written—that is all. Nowhere is there written "*siste viator*," and yet no tourist fails to stand and ponder. Everything seems at rest—'after life's fitful fever they sleep well.' Hence it is that the place has no terrors for any of the townspeople. Children play there all day long

and are not afraid if the night overtakes them there. Women take their sewing there. Lovers make their moonlight rambles there. Under foot there is luxuriant grass and blooming flowers oftentimes quite obscuring the little slabs above the graves. Overhead are tall forest trees filled with innumerable songsters who know no fear. Everything around seems to say "it is well with me." Let any one having visited this cemetery read that sad but sweet distich of Heine,

"Wo wird einst des Wandermüden
Letzte Ruhestätte sein?"

And his answer will surely be, "In Bethlehem."

The Easter services of the Moravians are likewise very beautiful. As early as 3 o'clock on Easter morning the trombone players pass through the principal streets and awaken all by their joyful strains. The people then assemble in the church when the Easter morning Litany is recited. When the passage is reached "Glory be to him who is the resurrection and the life," the audience is dismissed to repair to the churchyard when the Litany is finished. The procession from the church is so arranged that as it enters the cemetery it is met by the brilliant rays of the rising sun, emblematic of the Resurrection. The whole service is grand and inspiring and impressive. Appropriate services are likewise held on Christmas eve and on many other occasions. Indeed the town took its name from the fact that the first Christmas service of this pious community was held partly in a stable, there being but one log house erected at the time, and that a small one.

There is much connected with the history of Bethlehem that is of interest to almost any one. Bethlehem is within the famous "Walking Purchase" of William Penn, a scheme by which the unsuspecting Indians lost thousands of acres of their finest lands. Benjamin Franklin in his defense of the North-Western frontier against the Indians made frequent visits to Bethlehem, being greatly taken by the honesty and industry of its citizens. Here

during the Revolutionary war many sick and wounded soldiers and English prisoners were quartered. Washington visited this place, welcomed as all dignitaries then were by the music of the trombones. Here Count Pulaski received at the hands of the "Single Sisters" his silken banner, an incident immortalized by Longfellow. Here Lafayette lay wounded after the battle of Brandywine. Here lived the families of Schurz and Sigel during the Rebellion.

Many and beautiful are the customs of this people, rich and varied is its history. Any one will be greatly profited by making it a visit. The people are hospitable, esteeming others better than themselves, Christians. They have not yet lost that character which won for their ancestors, the Hussites, from Martin Luther, this imperishable title: "The Reformers before the Reformation." There are no rivalries among them. They bear without abuse their ancient name "*Unitas Fratrum*." They are essentially the same people with those Moravians of old who planted missions in Greenland, in Sweden, in Russia, in the West Indies, in Persia, in Australia, in the country of the Hottentots. They are a missionary people still. Their ambition is less riches and honor and power than to lead a virtuous, well ordered life in any field of labor that Providence may assign them.

On the tomb of one of their original founders in this country, Count Zinzendorf, a pious Baron of Germany, there is written this beautiful inscription: "He was appointed to bring forth fruit, and fruit that remains." What was written of this German noble may still be said without extenuation of the people as a whole.

J. L.

ON A VALENTINE.

On this the day when Cupid's messengers
From heart to heart are bearing sweetest words,
As soon shall fly the mellow-throated birds
From leaf to leaf, young Spring's gay harbingers,
On this the day when youthful faces beam
With conscious pleasure at the kindling thought
Of love returned, love by affection taught
Requiting hope, fulfilling Youth's bright dream,
While others send to thee their offerings,
Declaring homage, seeking but a glance
From thy dark eyes that so provoking dance,
Telling the gladness that thy presence brings,
Believe no tribute honester than mine,
Nor offering more true, my Valentine.

NOTABILIA.

WE are fond of moralizing on the decay of college customs, the wiping out of old land-marks, but there is one of these customs which has almost entirely disappeared and about which there is little need to moralize. In the bygone days of happy memory the collegian frequented the dingy old building on the south end of the campus, not to display his knowledge of chemical formulæ, not to acquire some new facts of Physics, but simply and solely—to eat. We can fancy our forefathers, bless their old hearts, filing into the now despised cabinet building of a snowy winter morning. There is the “shawl crowd,” fore-runners of the “fly boys” of later days. There are the “slums,” cadaverous looking beings and yet suspected of surreptitious inroads upon the “cakes and ale.” Here are the “digs” and “bummers,” the literary men and the unappreciated men jostling one another in the narrow door way. So they pass in, the future statesmen and divines, snow balling one another, getting off the inevitable “grinds” on one another and prob-

ably the snow balls were as hard, and the "grinds" as trenchant as their grandsons indulge in now-a-days. "Their souls are with the saints" long since, but the building in which they must have rivalled in gastronomic feats Brillat Savarin himself, still stands, and if the walls could but speak they would tell doubtless of many a jolly scene which made their old sides shake with laughter in the days that are "over and gone." And we can never pass the weather-beaten structure without fancying it filled with a jolly crowd of students cracking jokes and laying schemes for the discomfiture of the unlucky Faculty.

St. Elihu should have more modesty than to appear so often in the pages of his own magazine. The poor old soul is growing as popular as log fires and Havanas were a while ago, but he has been cutting up such rare pranks of late that it is no use to attempt to cover his sins. He has been eaves-dropping,—yes, that scowling, stiff-necked, stereotyped severity of his has unbent and he has been eaves-dropping. Somehow or other he got wind of the Promenade. Some one sent him an invitation with a nosegay maybe, or perhaps the air itself was throbbing with expectant happiness. Somehow he heard of it and straightway was all unstrung. Hurriedly he puts off his staid Johnsonian dress, rummages his wardrobe for the gay finery he used to wear at the commencements. Surely he is not mistaken, no antediluvian Ike can have made away with them. No, there they are just as they have lain for many a long year. There are the polished shoes with their gilt buckles, the white silk stockings, the pink satin small-clothes with frills of lace, the waistcoat too and cocked hat and jeweled snuff box, everything is there, and one after another with infinite care he puts them on and hobbles out to see the fun. He was there looking over your shoulder when y^th much tearing of pretty paper, with much trembling of hand and beating of heart you framed the graceful sentences of your "invitation to the ball." To him if to none else you betrayed the eagerness with which you watched the mails for the next few days, and then when the answer came, dainty,

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feminine, delicious to the very envelope, he took note of your affected carelessness as you tore it open,—your chum was there then and you think you are acquiring the *bel air*, not for worlds shall any one detect you in a particle of genuine emotion. But this old foggy saw it all. The hasty tremor of the finger tips, the suppressed quiver of the little note as you read the sweetly silly sentences. Why, you could almost read a little lisp in the very writing. Oh, it was *so* kind of you, she was *so* surprised and delighted. What made you think of asking her? Come? Of course she will come, had she not been *dying* to come ever since—"ever since she left off short frocks and doll babies, which wasn't very long ago," grunts old Elihu,—and will you please, if it won't be *too* much trouble, get her a dance with Mr.——, whom she met at the mountains last summer and thought he was awfully jolly. Ah! you are jealous of Mr.—— already; hang it, can't she let *you* take care of her card. And then there is another, a cousin of hers, only a Sophomore to be sure, but she is sure the little fellow would feel hurt if she didn't have *one* dance with him. But you won't give away *all* the dances, you'll keep just a *few* for yourself please, because she does so love to dance with you. She supposes *you* have forgotten all about that waltz you had together at——, now you are a great Junior, but she hasn't. That smooths the frown from your brow, and lifts that shadow of jealousy from your heart. Oh you simpleton, how easily she can gull you. It is more than likely that all she comes for is the hope of that *one* dance with Mr. ——, or the opportunity to utter one stinging little sentence to the Sophomore cousin. And then you have the effrontery, the bare-faced effrontery to turn languidly around to your chum and say with a sigh, "Well, I'm afraid I'm stuck for the Promenade; asked a little girl I used to know pretty well, didn't suppose she'd come. Such a deuced bore you know to have a girl at the Promenade." What a pair of liars you are, to be sure. But you don't deceive the sly old reprobate behind you. He only chuckles grimly and

resolves to keep his eye on you. He is there when you meet her at the train, when you show her about the colleges, he hears her say ever-so-many pretty things about your room, that it is, after all, the *coziest* she has seen. He knows she is telling a fib. He is there in chapel where she sits so demurely and listens to the bible and reads the hymn so intently, because she can just see Mr. ——— over the top of it. And lastly he is there on the great evening itself. He sits there in an obscure corner and watches all those rational men and women bobbing about like so many figures in a puppet show, far into the night, till fainting, tired and bedraggled nature can stand it no longer. His poor old ears, used only to the clicking of the types and the proof-reader's dull monotone as he reads the weighty pages of the *Lit.* are well nigh deafened by the flood of utter nonsense that he hears that night. Of you and your fair charge he has long since lost sight in the general throng. But now and then he hears her soft voice weaving its lacework about your heart. Yes, and he sees too the flush of real feeling on her cheek when Mr. ——— claims his turn, and her look of disappointment when it is over. Hears the quaver in her voice when she pronounces those would-be cutting words to her cousin, and moreover he hears your many fizzles in the recitation room about this time, hears the tutor reject your lame excuses—and the old foggy chuckles over it all. And when the time comes to go away maybe all she is thinking of is how she has pulled the wool over your eyes and how angry she is with Mr. ——— for not calling on her; and you, you are actually telling yourself—but you know all the time it is utterly false—it is really wrong of you to trifle so with the little creature; and old Elihu and I, who poke fun at you, we go back to our musty drawer disgusted with frivolity and youth and happiness. But I more than half believe it is only because we envy you your pleasure, and are angry at the empty throne in our own hearts.

IF George Washington is the father of his country, and there seems no further ground for doubt in the

matter, Yale is surely mother of the colleges. Williams is now to be added to the list, for although Prof. Carter is not a graduate of Yale, yet she feels in him the pride of ownership; while, therefore, she rejoices in the honor to him, she cannot but regret her own loss. A man of so eminent scholarly attainments, of such high personal character and of such genial and kindly disposition, his place will not soon be filled. If somewhat over strict as a disciplinarian, he has always been prompted, as none who have had the privilege of intercourse with him can for a moment doubt, by the best and kindest wishes for the welfare of the students and of the college. We extend our warmest congratulations to them who are to enjoy his influence and instruction and heartily wish him God speed in his new mission.

ON Tuesday, March 1st, the college, its heirs and assigns for ever, shall become possessed of twenty-nine acres of landed estate situated in the county and town of New Haven, etc., etc.—the far-famed athletic grounds so long needed, so shortly agitated, so quickly purchased. “To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting!” and indeed here is ground for mutual and hearty congratulation. The college is to be congratulated that so soon after the proposal and discussion of the matter, it has obtained a tract of land which, all things considered, is so excellent in situation and extent and so well adapted to the future needs of university athletics. Of course the distance is a drawback, but is no greater than that we are accustomed to, and we believe the land to be unquestionably the best available. The committee is to be greatly congratulated on its speedy accomplishment of the work intrusted to it. It seems hardly credible that Yale’s athletic grounds, barely broached a year ago, are so soon an accomplished fact. The grounds themselves are worthy congratulation that they are destined to such a noble activity—may they be ever grounds of congratulation for victory after victory in all present and future forms of athletic contests.

PORTFOLIO.

—All men remark the advent of a new *mania*, and all men, with but few exceptions, submit themselves, without questioning, to its potent sway, no matter whether that mania be paltry and insignificant in character, or a great matter of vital importance to the nation. Few can tell whence it cometh, and fewer still whither it goeth. About all that most men do know of it is that, like the wind in the parable, it bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof. On a morning the papers are full of it, and all men are talking about it. It is the stock subject of conversation; and as in college the high stand man and the low stand man, the smart man, the bummer and the dunce meet on common ground when athletics is the topic of discussion, so in the general world the professional man, the scientist, the business man, the mechanic, the laborer—nay, more, every man, woman and child, whatever their age, color, (I was about to add previous condition of servitude), will find an interchange of ideas possible when the mania of the hour is the theme of conversation. I was thinking of this question the other day, and it occurred to me that if one would but jot down in a note-book the several rages as they appeared from time to time, he would, in the course of a life time, collect a list not only curious and interesting, but very great in point of number. While thinking of this I hastily ran over my past life, and tried to gather up a few of the many manias that have possessed the American mind during the last ten or fifteen years. I can recollect but a very small proportion of the whole number. Their name is legion. Some of these I give were not, properly speaking, manias, though they were in many respects similar, exerting a similar effect on the popular mind and heart. I do not give them in order, but as they occur to me. The first that I remember is the attempted impeachment of Andrew Johnson. From Hell Gate to Golden Gate, from the Pine Tree State to the Lone Star State, republicans and democrats, loyalists and rebels, supporters of *le grand vetoist* and his opponents talked of nothing else and read nothing else for weeks. Then there came the "Credit Mobilier," bringing confusion and ruin on many a politician of both parties—the republicans

of the nation sad and indignant at the corruption and perfidy of their natural leaders; the democrats of the nation rolling their eyes in pretended holy horror, but in reality inwardly jubilant at the rich harvest of political capital, and with difficulty restraining a *Te Deum* to their patron divinities. Not "Stanley," but Oakes Ames, "was the cry." Then came "spelling matches," when the zeal of the nation to learn the mind of Webster, and to religiously impress on the rising generation the unspeakable importance of every *h* in *phthisic*, was only equaled by the hardihood and reckless disregard of tradition and established order characterizing the evangelists of the latest development of the orthographic mania, the "spelling reform" of last year, a mania so seductive, so irresistible that the very guardians of the King's English called a verse that jingled a *rim*; so persuasive and appealing that the very doctors of the realm called epsom salts plain *fizik*. It seemed as if the whole nation had "chosen sides," and were "spelling down." In the very church parlors of the Hub the Boston lady—she of the sublimated intellect—measured swords with the Harvard Gus—he of the "culchah." And far away in the backwoods, in the little story-and-a-half school-house at the corners, George Washington Alexander Hamilton John Quincy Adams, her beau, came to spell against Arabella Jemima, his belle, his dulcinea, his saccharissa, his-s-s-s, only to allow himself to be beaten in the end, his chivalry and his policy telling him plainly what issue of the contest would be most acceptable to his fair opponent. Then came the autograph and button fever, the former of the two a malignant and intermittent type; then the Dolly Varden; then the Chicago fire, the Boston fire and the Pittsburgh riots. The three last were a perfect god-send to church sociables, or rather church *stiffables*. Then came the great "Centennial," when even the most bucolic of Western farmers set his face resolutely toward the City of Brotherly Love, and thereafter talked of nothing else but the main building, machinery hall, the Corliss engine and Dom Pedro. Then there was the Grand Woman's Female Christian Prayer-Meeting Temperance Crusade Association, when hundreds of the best and fairest of our country's women, egged on by Gough and Murphy as "whippers-in," made an hysterical, ephemeral attack on the strongholds of King Whiskey. Then there was

the famous Woodhull-Claffin combination for woman suffrage, and Mrs. Cady Stanton gone frantic over the tyrannies of the "lords of creation" and the sufferings of the down-trodden sex. Then appeared Moody and Sankey—I name them with reverence—with their giant tabernacles and gospel songs. Then came the Tilton-Beecher trial, with the morbid interest that was inevitably aroused in regard to it, when many an envious and small-souled preacher almost prayed for the conviction of the great pulpit orator, knowing well that the stars cannot shine till the sun goes down, and when everywhere the libertine and the prude were on the *qui vive* for every development of the sad affair. Then came the great row with Kearney and his clan on the Pacific slope, with Hibernians, fresh from "Tipperary, bedad," everywhere howling, "The Chinese must go!" Then there were the disclosures of Tammany ring, and the wrath of the nation at their bold-faced robberies. The first four consecutive words pronounced by many a lisping little one were Tweed, Sweeny, Mayor Hall, Connelly. Then we had the electoral commission, and its far more interesting sequel, the cipher dispatches; the audible chuckling of the *Tribune* and the horse laugh of the whole country at the discomfiture of the so-called President *de jure*, the sage of the alley, and his fraud issue, in the words of *The Truth*, "Gone up the flume." Then came the walking matches, with the whole country gone mad over the great strength of the flexors and extensors of Rowell's legs. Even Miss Dickinson sent her compliments and congratulations. Then came the 16 puzzle, with the neglect of business throughout the country and the rapid filling up of insane asylums everywhere. Then came Pinafore, with the whole country declaring it true beyond a peradventure that Captain Corcoran commanded "a right good crew." Then Doctor Tanner stepped on the stage with a "see what I can do in the way of not eating." At the end of the fast everybody admitted that Doctor Tanner had taken the cake, and only regretting that he could not eat his cake till he had gone through with a few preliminary courses of water and watermelons and watermelons and water. Last of all came the Morey forgery, the great Bernhardt, and Whittaker. It is quite a list, but every one could add to it. What would the papers have done had they not had the people's curiosity or folly to cater to?

—A jovial-looking ecclesiastic, helping a parcel of ragged boys to make a snow man in the yard of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, was surely enough to engross my attention. His black gown and tasseled cap were sufficiently incongruous with the surroundings to suggest the good old medieval days when monks not only entered into the joys of others, but themselves sipped the spiciest cup of pleasure. Being fond of random speculations on passing themes—a fact which, coupled with the length of my strides, may account for the solitary character of my constitutional walks—I was about to pursue this topic, wondering if there were not something anomalous in the mental attitude of these foundlings towards their priestly comrade. But a somewhat rough individual appeared in front, upon whose pace I found myself rapidly gaining. My meditations rudely interrupted, I may be excused for wishing him no good, as he turned, with some commonplace about the state of the road, and proceeded to adapt his gait to mine in the coolest way. But he had a friendly voice, after all; his face had that doubtful hue which one may attribute, with delightful impartiality, either to exposure or the convivial bowl. My immediate resolution was to get him talking, and thereby obtain some new character touches for the novel I mean to publish some day. But my companion cut short the half-formed resolve, and began, in a tone that seemed appallingly cajoling, "Say, can't you give me a quarter on this?" showing a huge jack-knife. "I've walked a good ways, and want something to eat. By George, I don't like to beg, but——" Here I, versed in the invincible persistency of book agents and old clothes men, interrupted, with a doubt as to the issue which made the words only the more sternly definitive, "I don't want the knife," and then softening a little, as he made a motion of restoring it to his pocket, "I have one, and—that's rather large." I had been brought up, you see, in the orthodox notions about "mistaken charity," and I was certain that he would have used the money for drink. But I was far from supposing the matter ended. How often I had been talked into compliance by just such fellows as he. My genuine surprise, as the man slackened his walk and fell behind without demur, quickly gave way to a conviction that I was hard-hearted and selfish. This was no obtrusive rogue, and he had indeed been too proud to beg outright. Why had I not spoken

a kind word and given him a helping hand? I remembered—pray do not laugh—how Aeneas felt as he was sailing away from Carthage, a victim of conventional duty. But, after all, the man himself was to blame for being so far behind the times. He needed some of the blarney that belongs to his profession. How could he expect to get along with his unassuming demeanor and acquiescent humility in this nineteenth century, when tramps are understood to be as glib as lawyers? But then—and the thought brought a feeling of responsibility—perhaps he had petitioned many that day, and the appeal to me was but the faltering cry of a discouraged spirit. Or may be he was fresh at the business—a man to whom good fortune had come early, but not to stay, like that proverbial weather that follows a storm clearing off in the night. (Has it occurred to you that bad weather, in life as in nature, seems never to be hampered at the start with any such restriction?) However, my friend was now far behind, else I think I should have reversed my hasty decision, adding some good advice about the necessity of “doing as the Romans do,” if one must be a Roman. But my watch warned me to hurry to recitation. I am not sure that my constitutional that afternoon relaxed my mind according to its wont.

—Wordsworth and Byron, poets of one age and of one nationality, differed as widely in respect to field of thought and style of poetry as two writers well can differ and yet be great poets. Wordsworth believed that as the poet by virtue of his art exercises a very potent and far-reaching influence he should write a kind of poetry likely to be salutary in its effect on the lives of men; that the poet, in a measure supplanting the professional teacher, should treat of morals, and that poetry should coöperate with all good influences in making life more exalted by teaching men how to live. Byron was confined in his thoughts to himself. If he exposed the shams of society he did so because of the relation that they sustained to himself rather than because he desired to make society better by ridding it of that which is false. In a literary age, largely devoted to the development of a purer faith and a higher morality, a comparison between Wordsworth and Byron becomes a comparison between virtue and faith on the one hand, and vice and skepticism on the other. Wordsworth heard in the promptings of nature the whisper-

ings of a divine voice. In man's spiritual life he recognized an earthly type of the same divinity. His poetry, as an exponent of this faith, finds many eulogists upon whom the productions of a more gifted but skeptical poet have no hold. Byron has no such claim on the hearts of his readers. The lapse of time will draw but a thin veil over the extreme irregularities of his life, and his poetry will ever be marred by shocking impurities and skeptical doctrines. In Byron the passions having gained by excessive indulgence absolute mastery over the moral nature, characterized the man and gave the main coloring to his poetry. In this state of moral weakness he did not give expression to feelings common to men at large, but rather delineated those feelings which were peculiar to his own strange nature. In Childe Harold the imagination is stimulated by a lively description of landscapes, and we are thrilled with sublime emotions as we view with the poet the grand and glorious monuments of creation; but when in viewing nature we are led into an idolatrous worship of nature our faith in the poet weakens and our emotions subside. In the presence of nature the poet must not be skeptical, for in the higher aspirations are found some of the grandest emotions of the soul. Nowhere are these emotions more excited in the believer's heart than in the presence of nature. The poet must be the interpreter of these emotions. But Byron, even in moments of greatest inspiration, pays no homage to nature's God, but rather allows himself to be drawn into materialistic speculations. For a poetry that deals with the true sentiments of the heart, for a genius that elevates the realities of life, for a feeling that intensifies common objects, we turn from Byron to Wordsworth.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

On Tuesday, January 25, the seniors completed the election of their

Graduation Committees

As follows: *Class Day Committee*—R. A. Bigelow, F. M. Fargo, H. P. Garland, S. P. Patterson, H. H. Sprague. *Supper Com-*

mittee—E. W. Dixon, C. J. French, F. C. Griswold, W. L. Harkness, C. S. McChesney, A. H. Ripley. *Ivy Committee*—D. A. Carpenter, A. G. Stedman, F. H. Tichenor. *Class Cup Committee*—I. Bromley, J. B. Collins, N. T. Guernsey. W. J. Brewster, was chosen class secretary by acclamation. In the evening of the same day the third annual

Orchestra Concert

Was given at the Grand Opera House, before a large audience, the Glee Club assisting. Instrumental solos were rendered by Mr. B. W. Bacon, '81 and Mr. H. P. Baltz, '82. The concert showed a marked advance upon that of last year, and confirmed anew the position of the orchestra as a recognized college institution. On Wednesday, February 2,

Class Historians

Were chosen by the juniors: M. H. Beach, B. Foster, A. P. French, T. Holland. Two weeks later the freshmen elected as permanent

Class Deacons

Alexander Lambert, of New York City; J. B. Reynolds, North Haven; H. B. Twombly, Boston, Mass. The course of

Linonia Lectures

Was begun February 3, by the Rev. Dr. Syle, whose subject was "Japan as it is." The second lecture was given February 15, by Mr. Wallace Bruce, '67, upon "Womanhood in Shakespeare." The winter week of gaiety was brilliantly opened by the

Glee Club Concert

Given at Carrl's Opera House Monday, February 7. The audience was the largest which has ever greeted the club at its winter concert, and the singing was worthy of the occasion. The soloists were Messrs. Merrill and Hay, '81, and H. L. Williams, '82. A quartette by Messrs. Merrill, Lewis, Hay and Isham won special favor. The playing of the college orchestra added much to the enjoyment of the evening. The

Junior Promenade

Of the following evening was universally pronounced to surpass any ever before given. The new Opera House is far superior to Music Hall, and the efficient committee made full use of the advantage they enjoyed. The decorations were handsome, the arrangements perfect, the attendance large, and the occasion one of unmingled enjoyment to all. Two meetings of the

University Boat Club

Have been held during the month at the first of which Harvard's long delayed challenge was accepted, and the revised constitution adopted, except the clause changing the time for election of officers to the second Wednesday after the spring recess. This provoking much opposition was finally laid upon the table, whence it was taken and passed after full discussion at the second meeting February 14, by a vote of 108 to 28.

Sophomore Composition Prizes

Have been awarded as follows: *First Prizes*—S. Bacon, C. W. Burpee, W. Carmalt, F. W. Kellogg, E. T. McLaughlin. *Second Prizes*—G. W. Johnston, J. McK. Lewis, H. H. Palmer, S. D. Thacher, W. Trumbull. *Third Prizes*—H. E. Bowers, G. P. Carroll, A. B. Cornwall, C. A. Lewis, E. H. Moore.

Items.

On the day of prayer for college, Jan. 27, the seniors were addressed by Rev. Dr. Parker, of Hartford; juniors by Prof. E. S. Dana; sophomores by Prof. Knapp, and freshmen by Prof. Northrop.—At the second of the President's receptions, January 31, the ushers were Messrs. Barney, G. Fisher, and Myers.—The third "Graduates' Night" at the University Club brought together many alumni resident in New Haven. A dinner was given by the club at which Mr. I. H. Bronley, '53, served as toast master, and responses were made by Mr. G. D. Watrous, '53, Prof. Wheeler and others.—Prof. Carter has been elected President of Williams college.—Officers of freshman debating society: Pres., Lambert; Vice Pres., Blodgett; Sec., Doolittle; Treas., E. H. Lawrence.—W. I. Badger, '82, has been elected President of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

BOOK NOTICES.

Adam Smith. By J. A. Farrer. English Philosophers. Edited by Iwan Müller, A.M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

• Adam Smith is best known to us through his "Wealth of Nations," which served a great purpose in the building up of our present system of political economy. But before he had gained reputation through that book he was well known in another department of learning—the science of morals—and it is this portion of his work that is treated in the first volume of the series of "English Philosophers." The two problems that presented themselves to him were first as to the origin of our notion of right and wrong; and second, as to what constitutes virtue. The editor gives a condensed statement of Adam Smith's line of argument on both topics. The conclusions of Smith are these: first, "These general rules of morality are ultimately founded on experience of what, in particular instances, our moral faculties approve of or condemn. They are not moral intuitions, or major premises of conduct supplied to us by nature. We do not start with a general rule, and approve or disapprove of particular actions according as they conform or not to this general rule, but we form a general rule from experience of the approval or disapproval bestowed on particular actions." Our moral rules are inductions from the particular effects which good and bad actions produce upon us. The key to moral approbation, in his theory, is sympathy. His conclusion in respect to the character of virtue is "that it consists in a certain relation to one another of our selfish and unselfish affections, not exclusively in a predominance of either of them." The man of the most perfect virtue "is the man who unites the gentler virtues of humanity and sensibility with the severer virtues of self-control and self-denial." The editor gives a valuable discussion of the relation of Smith's theory to other theories of morals and its permanent place in the history of morals. The concluding chapter contains the chief criticisms that have been made on this theory, with a reply to the weak points in them and a statement of the true objections to be brought against Smith's doctrine. The book gives in a reasonable space the whole of this system of philosophy with a statement of its value; when time-saving books are so much in demand as at present, it cannot fail to find a place among the best publications of that useful class.

On the Threshold. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Let it frighten no would-be reader away, when we say that this is a book filled with good advice. That it is of the greatest importance to a young man "on the threshold," to be able to take advantage of the experience of the men who have lived before him, is what every young man recognizes; but it is sometimes a failing of very good men that their over-fondness to lay down precepts for the young makes the very word "good advice" a burden in the ears of youth. And the laws that are suggested for our guidance are often so severe and hard to fulfill that it is no wonder that a man sometimes gives them all up in disgust and starts out "on his own hook." The book before us is by no means of the Puritanic stamp. It aims to teach the most practicabl

method of reaching the highest good. While the man of loose habits will not find in it any pity for his failings, the man of unbending severity will search in vain for any wholesale denunciation of society. While it teaches in the most forcible way the principle of no compromise with evil, it demands a reason for every act of repression. To give extracts would convey no idea of the symmetry in its treatment of the conduct of life. It is entirely free from that dread of young people—old fogysm. It is fresh, thoughtful, reasonable; it reminds one of the vigorous manhood of "Tom Brown." It lets one into the secret of his possibilities without pointing him to a goal beyond his reach. But to call it practical is not to call it commonplace. It is exactly what many a man would like to get hold of who purposely avoids everything of the kind for fear of having to take an excessively bitter moral pill.

Mary Marston. A Novel. By George Macdonald. New York : D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

To many readers the chief personage in this book will be anything but pleasing. So sweet and noble a character in such a humble station offers the possibility of one of those rare delineations which we call grand; but the super demonstrative form of her religion, however true and well meant it may be, will, to say the least, find small sympathy in people of quiet disposition. Her simple faith commands our reverence, but when, at every yard of cloth which her shop-keeping duty imposes upon her to measure, she stops to preach us a sermon, it becomes monotonous—we are inclined to accept without question whatever solution she may find to her own problems of religion and to "skip" whole pages for the sake of arriving at anything resembling action. Of that there is too little to maintain much interest; we become so indifferent that we have only the very feeblest desire to discover "who marries whom," or to find out whether the heartless Hesper and her soulless husband ever changed. As a novel the book is a great fall from "David Elginbrod" or "St. George and St. Michael." As a series of sermons it harps with too much sameness on the same string. Here as everywhere, we cannot fail to recognize and respect the high purpose of the author, but in justice we cannot but express disappointment in its execution.

Pictures from Ireland. By Terence McGrath. Leisure Hour Series. New York : Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

This is not a discussion of the Irish question; it is simply a statement of it by means of sketches of representatives of all the different classes of the people. It is the most intelligible method of making foreigners understand where the trouble in Ireland lies. It is a sad picture from every point of view. The grasping disposition of some of the landlords, the baneful influence of the priests, the easiness with which the ignorant and degraded people are duped and the violence of their disposition are some of the elements of the evil which are first seen. The condition of the poor tenants as here described is almost beyond belief; and the strangest thing of all is the state in which even the comparatively well-to-do continue to exist without knowing how disgusting it is. But the interest in the book centers in the closing chapters, which give "the true story of the famine." If Mr. McGrath knows whereof he speaks, the Irish Famine of '78 and '79 was one of the most

colossal frauds ever perpetrated. At that time the American newspapers gloried in contrasting our liberality with the parsimony of the English people, particularly the Queen. It seems that the people across St. George's Channel knew better than we what the true state of Ireland was. That there was a partial failure of the crops Mr. McGrath allows, but he says it was greatly exaggerated; there was not one death from starvation. The poor tax was more than sufficient to allay all distress. The story as we heard it was due directly to agitators in the interest of the Land League. To corroborate this Mr. McGrath states that the *New York Herald* and the *Chicago Tribune* sent over representatives who thoroughly investigated the subject and reported the story as here told. His statement of the case is certainly startling; coming just when it does, it cannot fail to aid greatly the movement which is gaining ground this side the water among the better journals—a movement opposed to the Land League. The book is creating considerable discussion already as being the strongest statement thus far against the agitators. It ought to be read by everybody interested in this question, so vast and so perplexing.

Chinese Immigration. By George F. Seward, late United States Minister to China. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.50. For sale by Judd.

When the author started out on the investigations which have resulted in such a strong plea for the Chinese, he had the idea, as he tells us, "that the United States ought not to interfere unnecessarily with immigration, because in doing so we would depart from principles well established in our national life, and because arbitrary interferences, with natural processes prove as a rule, unavailing and injurious." This position was greatly strengthened by what he found as he went along. "I found that the Chinese have been of great service to the people of the Pacific coast; that they are still needed there, but in a less important measure; that the objections which have been advanced against them are in the main unwarranted; and that the minor evils incident to their presence may be readily abated under existing treaties and within the lines of ordinary legislation. I found, also, that the fears of a large immigration which have been entertained, are unnecessary and groundless." The political and commercial issues of the question are not touched upon here. The conclusions which he reaches as to its social and economical aspects are set forth under four heads: as to the number of the Chinese in the United States, the results of their labor in California, the objections raised against them and the fears of an overflowing immigration of Chinese. He combats pretty effectually the current views on all these subjects, showing first, by quoting the census of 1880, how deluded even the most honest men were as to the numbers of the Chinese, and maintaining his other statements by quotations from the reports of committees of all sorts, even of those that were apparently anti-Chinese, as well as from statements by such competent authorities as Dr. S. Wells Williams. He lets the enemies of the Chinese speak no less than their friends, and refutes them out of their own words. It is a disgrace to people of education that they should take the prejudiced position that many of them occupy. That it is mere prejudice in most cases that decides their opinion must be evident to every impartial reader from the facts here presented.

The Power of Movement in Plants. By Charles Darwin, LL.D., F.R.S. assisted by Frank Darwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$2.00. For sale by Judd.

We cannot attempt anything more than a mere notice of this book. The greater part consists of a mass of scientific facts of great importance which have been gathered, we may be sure, by methods of the most pains-taking diligence. In order to aid the general reader who will be interested more in the conclusion than in the laborious record of investigation, the conclusions of each chapter are printed in larger type than the rest. The preface states the ingenious plan which was devised for observing the movement of plants and the way in which the numerous sketches of their motion were drawn. The book shows in the results of the careful work for which the author has long been known, "that apparently every growing part of every plant is continually circumnutating, though often on a small scale. Even the stems of seedlings before they have broken through the ground, as well as their buried radicles, circumnutate, as far as the pressure of the surrounding earth permits. In this universally present movement we have the basis or ground work for the acquirement, according to the requirements of the plant, of the most diversified movements. These classes of movement consist of those due to epinasty and hyponasty, those proper to climbing plants, commonly called revolving nutation, the sleep movements of leaves and cotyledons, and the two immense classes of movement excited by light and gravitation." There is an interesting hint in a few words near the end: "It is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance between the foregoing movements of plants and many of the actions performed unconsciously by the lower animals. The habit of moving at certain periods is inherited both by plants and animals; and several other points of similitude have been specified. But the most striking resemblance is the localisation of their sensitiveness, and the transmission of an influence from the excited part to another which consequently moves. Yet plants do not of course possess nerves or a central nervous system; and we may infer that with animals such structures serve only for the more perfect transmission of impressions, and for the more complete intercommunication of the several parts."

Benjamin Peirce. A Memorial Collection. By Moses King. Cambridge, Mass.

The editor has collected in a neat little volume the various newspaper articles and expressions by men of note that were occasioned by the death of the great mathematician of our sister college. The chief among them are the address of James Freeman Clarke, the sermon of Dr. Peabody, the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the editorials of *Nature*, *the Nation*, and the New York and Boston dailies.

TO BE NOTICED NEXT MONTH.

Life and Letters of John Howard Raymond. Edited by his eldest daughter. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price, \$2.50. For sale by Peck.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Change is ever busy and we are painfully reminded by the recent LIT. election that our sceptres are soon to be taken from us, and that the college world, forgetting the dead kings, will toss up their caps and huzzah for the living monarchs. May these last have as enjoyable and profitable a year as the "great dethroned," are our only wishes for the future as regards them. It is a common saying that on an editorial staff there is much work and little pleasure, but our experience can hardly testify to its truth. To rush down to the Post Office and extract from box 880 a pile of papers and letters, to steal up town by back streets to avoid being seen, with your overcoat pockets bulging out, to be waylaid by some friend of yours who chances to be an item fiend, and to have a consciousness of the individual ego and of the freedom of the will as you haughtily refuse to give up to this same friend your papers, to extract from their portentous wrappings the *Photophene* or the *New Britain Journal* and to peruse the exciting columns of these news repositories with your feet on the cozy radiator—are not all these things sources of pleasure? And then to read the unique criticisms of the LIT. which appear at sundry times, to learn one moment that you are prosy, and the next read that your writing is like a bubbling spring of ever fresh water, to be compared now to Dick Steele and again to an ink-slinger,—do not these things cause you to pine for an editorship, friend in the class of '84? It would be too long a task to recount the other joys which come to an editor—the collecting of subscriptions, the taking out of "ads," the writing of leaders, and besides if we continued we might be favored by the paragrapher of the *Record* with one of his characteristically long and involved items filled with Bible quotations and calling our department the Memorabilia and ourselves a major domo—so we forbear.

We sometimes wonder as we look over our exchanges, if there really does exist among them a spirit of true manliness, a rising above petty backbitings and rivalries. We do not by any means belong to the school of pessimists, on the contrary we are of a rather sanguine disposition, still we often despair of ever finding anything we can rest on as a foundation upon which a "more splendid" mansion can be built. It may be that the spirit of the age has something to do with it, that outside harmful influences are felt within the charmed circle of our college walls, but the sooner such a spirit is exorcised, the better we shall be, the more strongly we shall write. We can gain nothing but scorn by printing trash, and we want approbation rather than scorn. College men discern instinctively, and are repelled by a sickly sentimentality which vents itself in moral reflections on abstract goodness, and which deserves to perish with the reading. We want the guidance of sound common sense and manly thought, not "sentiment and salad," philosophy or scurrilous personality.

VOL. XLVI.

No. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale College.



"*Ipse meus grata manus, normen laudisque YALENSIS
CARMINIBUS SONDES, inanimatum PYRRA.*"

MARCH, 1881.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
On Sale at Galtney's.
TUTTLE, MORRISON & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.
HOCCEJEE.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Sixth Volume with the number for October, 1890. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$1.50 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the **EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE**, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

MARCH, 1881.

No. 6.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '81.

PHILIP G. BARTLETT,

JOHN C. COLEMAN,

JOSEPH D. BURRELL,

SHERMAN EVARTS,

ADRIAN S. VAN DE GRAAFF.

A VISION OF THE DANCE OF DEATH.

"Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them."—*Vision of Mirza.*

ONE evening in June, just before a summer vacation, after the still heated air of the day had given place to a cool breeze, I strolled moodily along all by myself towards East Rock, half angry, half sad to think of the close of another college year. I had reached half way up the steep incline, and lay me down as comfortably as the bare rocks would permit, to look out on the scene below. The song-birds have gone to rest; the cries of the owl and the whippoor-will, and the singing of the frogs in the marsh below, sounding like the jingling of sleigh-bells, are the only sounds to break the silence. All other living nature had gone to rest,

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll."

It was an evening which I imagine those with a tendency to romance and poetry would have delighted in,

but as I am neither romantic or poetic, I was a sadly unappreciative witness of the scene. But I felt meditative, and the time and place which might easily by themselves have prompted serious thought, encouraged me in my mood. Towards me, thus disconsolate over the failures of another year, I suddenly perceived a figure approaching. How he looked I cannot remember; his personal appearance, his dress, and every particular connected with him, have entirely escaped my mind. He may have been dressed as a shepherd, as in the vision of Mirza, for all I know, and I have often thought afterwards, that in other particulars my little experience was very similar to Addison's story.

I was surprised to see this lone individual in this unfrequented place, hardly supposing that there was any one else who would have had my strange freak, and was much relieved to see him stop some distance from where I was sitting. He then reached out his arm apparently after great hesitation, and pointed with his finger at the vista before us, and then with a voice that betrayed uncertainty as if speaking from duty, and about to make a revelation with great reluctance, he said, "Turn your eyes again towards the town and look." His words carried with them authority, and I could not resist his command. I did as he bade me, and a strange sight came to my eyes.

The moon had now risen to its full height, and cast a strong light over the city, making the features of the landscape stand out with great distinctness. Either the genius of East Rock, for such I took the stranger to be, the moment I turned my head at his command, had given a miraculous power to my eyes, which are naturally very bad, or else he had imbued the atmosphere with an extraordinary capacity. For I found in looking, that I could see not only the general features of the scene, but every detail, every particular, even looking into the windows of the houses, and discriminating acquaintances. In fact, at that great distance every thing at the same time assumed the distinctness, which by nature could not belong to them, except on separate investigation, at a much nearer distance.

My surprise at this phenomenal sight cannot be expressed, and I turned and asked my companion, who had by this time reached my side, what was the cause of it, and for what purpose had the miracle been performed.

He replied, "Do as I bade you. Look: there you may study in an instant college life. Tell me what you see."

Again I obeyed, and looked. The first object that attracted my attention was a private house brilliantly lighted, the grounds about hung here and there with Chinese lanterns. In one of the side rooms a few musicians were playing a waltz, and those who did not prefer to dance, were seated about in groups on the piazza, or lazily strolling along the walks outside. All the pleasures of a fashionable party were being gone through with, and every one seemed to be having a jolly time. I became interested and looked closely at the throng to see if I might not recognize an acquaintance or two. From this close inspection I spied many of my college mates joining in the gay pleasures of the evening, and a very good time they seemed to be having, darting about from one group to another, or perfectly contented to stay in one pleasant shaded spot forever.

Next my eye wandered to the theatre, and there I saw as before many college mates, almost filling the front orchestra chairs, and I could see them applaud every now and then with their sticks, as the prima donna went up so high that she had difficulty in getting down again, or the funny man of the play delivered himself of something exceptionally good; they were also enjoying themselves. And between the acts some would go out and smoke cigarettes, while others who would have done much better to have stayed at home, took out their geometries and began to study.

Then my eyes wandered from this place of amusement to a billiard room, and there, too, I found a crowd of those generally known among the town people as *students*. Every now and then, between the games, they would take a sip of cooling beverage, and then continue to play as earnestly as if it were their profession; then passing along

the street I glanced at a restaurant or two, and a drinking saloon here and there. College men here, college men there, college men everywhere. Thus occupied in viewing the city, my companion said, "Look toward the college."

I then turned and looked toward the old brick row, but it was a very uninteresting sight. Here and there was a lighted window, to be sure, and in the few rooms thus lighted were quite a number of college occupants. In one room I saw a man bending over a book evidently trying to get out his lesson for the following day. In one hand, however, he held a cigarette, and his attention seemed to be bent more on that than his pretended occupation. In another room I found another solitary man lying on a luxurious sofa, with what appeared to be a novel in his hand, intently reading. I looked at the title. It was "Lloyd Lee." I turned to another room. Here a group of young men sat about the fire-place, aimlessly smoking cigarettes and chattering away in utterances as light and frivolous as the smoke they blew from their mouths.

Then they started up and began a game of poker, and after one lucky man had filled his pocket, they sauntered off to a saloon. I followed them with my eye, and on reaching their destination, I found that streams of others were going either towards this saloon or some other, or to some restaurant. I recognized among the crowd those gay society butterflies, whom earlier in the evening I had seen at the party, and also the theatre goers joined the procession.

"Well, what do you see?" asked the genius. "Who are all these young men?" asked I in return, having become in my meditation entirely oblivious of my existence as a student and quite forgetful of the fact that it was only chance that kept me from being among them. "What is the occupation of these youths who wander about in this aimless way? They seem to have nothing to do but amuse themselves?" "These are students," replied my companion, and I think I could detect in his remark a

slight tinge of sarcasm ; but I simply replied, " Ah ! " and he continued. " Yes, these are what men call students. They are at college here, and you see before you an example of what to many of them holds the most important place in college life. This fruitless running about with their companions, this society gaiety, this billiard playing, this aimless sitting about and puffing cigarettes, this continuous theater going, this poker playing and the thousand and other utterly time-wasting employments—these, many are expecting to look back upon as the pleasures of college life. But does it not appear to you when you think about it that it is more a death than life? Not necessarily death to the college men. Not that these young fellows are all ruining themselves mind and body, by their way of living. Not that. But is there in these pleasures any vital force? Is there any grand end toward which they reach? Is there anything either in themselves or in their end worth striving for? Certainly not, my friend, certainly not."

" But why," I replied, " are you so severe against these pleasures of youth? Many of them are soon about to meet face to face the real burden and trouble and work of existence; why should they not get what pleasure they can from this four years' life? Little chance many will have afterwards."

" I do not," he continued, " censure the pleasures of this life. It is the excess in every case that men should censure and which wise men do. Drinking is not immoral, it is excessive drinking. All men make a great mistake when they call wine a curse. Let men curse themselves rather than that which they can but do not control. Show me the man that would curse a good dinner; but I can show you many a glutton who suffers from the pangs of indigestion and dyspepsia. No, it is the excessive and inordinate pursuit of pleasure against which I am glad to be severe, and the very fact that many of these young men are soon about to face the real work of life, demands all the more urgently that they should spend their four years in what has a true living significance both in itself and in that for which it is the preparation."

"I suppose you are right, but have not any of these students parents to control them? I should think that they must spend a good deal of their fathers' money—and they have nothing to show for it."

"Oh, yes, they have fathers or guardians, and many a father has said to his young hopeful as he leaves for the new and unknown home, 'Now stand well, take prizes, and make as good speeches in Linonia as I did.' But the young hopeful comes to find Linonia gone. He finds the college interests running in a new channel. Athletics, boating, base ball, foot ball, now call into use all the energy and enthusiasm of college life. That pernicious outgrowth of collegiate aspiration, the college press, now fritters away the powers of their good writers by spreading over a great space a collection of mediocre articles which are no sooner read than they are forgotten. The life of the English Universities, well adapted as it is to the state of society in England, cannot be translated to America where an entirely different order exists, where the life is so thoroughly a working life, without the most pernicious results. Almost all these young men must work when they leave here. The colleges are not composed of young heirs and aristocrats, who can afford to come to college and amuse themselves. American life has not yet come to that point, and until it has, your university system won't work. The turning of all the energies, of all the aims of these young men into these new channels of interest, is nothing less than applying to all the scholarship, all the literary ability, all the discipline—ah, that discipline which in the good times turned out the grand followers of the old school—all the powers of thought and expression, a slow torture sure, sooner or later, unless there is change, to result in death."

I turned from my companion to look again out over the landscape. The sky was covered with clouds, the moon was hidden from view, and in the black masses above I seemed to see written the words *carpe diem*. I looked around for my adviser, but he was gone. The air felt like rain and I descended hastily and reached my room before the storm broke.

BRUSH AND PEN.

THE bonds that knit all arts together hold firmly between painting and writing. In common with every art, these aim to produce their effects by appeals to the mental faculties; both employ symbols for this purpose; and both depend for success upon the power with which their symbols present to other minds the conceptions of the artist. While the analogy between them reveals many distinctions, it is made possible by fundamental unity of purpose and method.

Perhaps the most obvious distinction is that of time. The painting is limited to a single instant. It must portray the supreme moment, the scene which is at once the fulfillment of the past and the promise of the future. Because it has no introduction and no conclusion, it must suggest both. Each detail must reveal a vista of previous history, and at the same time carry a prophecy of the future. The picture must therefore take much for granted. It may give distinct hints of its meaning to those who will understand, but it can not stoop to explain. This is by no means wholly a disadvantage. It gives painting a wonderful vividness and power, saving it from any dissipation of its effect. The process is merely implied, while the whole power is concentrated upon the result. But the literary artist is not thus limited with respect to time. His work is an orderly progress, in which ideas are displayed in their origin, their growth, their fulness, and their results. He may establish them by argument, trace them in history, embody them in character, describe them in action. The persons whom he describes or creates he may develop through a life-time of change; he may place them in varying circumstances, and bring into view different sides of their characters. The stream of narrative and argument may widen until social and national life, with all their varied manifestations in business and politics and religion and every department of

activity, are flowing in the current of events. But in painting one scene must stand for all the rest; from all the fleeting moments of a history the canvas must catch and hold that one which is supreme in its meaning.

There is, however, one way in which painting may approximate to the movement of life as represented in the drama or the novel, and that is by arranging its productions in a series, sketching the essential points in the development of a plot. Where a series of paintings can be displayed to advantage, as in a cathedral or a gallery, this device may do much to enable the artist to portray a regular progress of events. Thus each act of the drama may be represented by a painting, which shall so delineate the principal features as to suggest the whole of the act. In this way painting may unfold a plot with some logical sequence. But in general it must limit itself to one scene, and that must convey the whole meaning of the artist.

The painter is limited to one way of approach, which must in every case be sensuous. However refined and abstract his meaning, it must be conveyed through the medium of form and color and light and shade. Not so with the writer. He may address memory or imagination or intuition or reason or faith. He may employ the rhythm of music, as he does in poetry, or the simplicity of sculpture, as in reasoning, or the grandeur of architecture, as in philosophy, or the vividness of painting, as in history. But here, as generally, the compensation for narrowness is found in depth. If the painting is limited to one method of approach, its two characteristics of vividness and detail render that a most effective one. The writer still remembers with a shudder a picture which he could never bear to look upon: the staring eyes of a man sitting upright in bed, dead, according to the story, through the agency of evil spirits. A parallel to this is the close of that chapter of Victor Hugo, in which, after a description of the huge devilish lying beneath the rocks of the island, the unconscious victim leaps into the water to swim away, when the most terrific impression of his fate is produced by the brief sentence which ends the

chapter, "Something seized him by the leg." But powerful as is the effect produced by the author, it cannot reach the startling power of figures seen in the lights and colors of the painter's canvas.

In respect to the vividness with which the symbols bring the scene before the mind, this great superiority of painting constitutes both its chief excellence and its great difficulty. Though both arts employ symbols to awake the imagination, painting requires of it far less effort than description, because its symbols are much more concrete. It fills in the background and supplies a large number of details, which description must leave to the reader's imagination, in which case they may be supplied either not at all, or wrongly. The painter cannot thus leave his scenery to the imagination. He must supply it in every detail, and thus arises his difficulty, for he must take care to bring every point into its true relations with the central figures of the scene. But while the writer must rely upon words to produce his effects, the painter clothes his characters with the flesh and color of life, his scenery glows with the warm tints of nature, and his characters stand out in full relief under the diversity of light and shade. But this art the writer also learns to employ. Wielding his pen as the painter does his brush, he uses descriptive power to make his characters distinct. He groups events in relation to critical occurrences, and labors to bring these into view with vividness of detail. Abstract ideas he is careful to embody in illustrations, that imagination may hasten to help the thinking power. He writes under the play of descriptive light and shade, and his mastery of their alternations gives him the advantage over his rival with the brush.

No better example of this use of color in description can be given than that seen in Green's histories. The historian's skillful use of light and color gives them the vividness of painting. The narrative is now bright with a nation's hopes, now darkened by the shadow of its dejection, again brilliant with its glories and triumphs, or shrouded in the pall of defeat and disgrace. The king

is more than an abstract ruler under a royal title ; he sits upon the throne in flesh and blood, a handsome and gigantic Henry the Eighth, or a stately and reserved Charles the First. The same use of color is seen in Homer, and the art with which it is employed is so perfect that it becomes artless in its simplicity. Every epithet is a stroke of the painter's brush, and vivifies the narrative by its description of the warriors of the brazen helmet and the nodding plumes. Homer's illustrations make his pages rich as the old illuminated vellum leaves, with their pictorial designs. The poet revels in illustration for its own sake, and often holds the narrative suspended while adding stroke after stroke to a picture which is already complete enough to explain his idea ; as if he were loth to leave the bright creation of his fancy. In writing addressed to the imagination, like most poetry, the analogy to painting is much closer than in that which is addressed to the logical faculties, as in Demosthenes on the Crown, where the likeness to sculpture is far greater than that to painting ; and this is true of Greek art generally. But in poetry the vividness of painting combines with the power of language and the rhythm of music to give a high place among the arts of expression. From poetry the analogy to painting derives some of its best illustrations. Milton is full of these. His verse always moves before a background filled with scenery, and the adequacy and richness of his description is one of the greatest beauties of his poetry. Tennyson uses language in painting his scenes with exquisite skill ; of which the *Palace of Art* is one of the best examples. The piece might well supplement a master's sketch, or perhaps it were better to say that with the poem the picture is needless, so vividly do the lines bring the "lordly pleasure-house" on "ramparts bright" before the mind.

Neither with brush nor pen does art lay claim to that exact reproduction of nature which is often thought to be its chief merit. It reproduces nature as it appeared to the mind of the artist. It would be impossible for an artist in any department, whether painting or writing or any

other art, to reproduce exactly ; in other words, to eliminate the subjective element entirely. Passing through the medium of the artist's conception and execution, the scene must reach canvas or manuscript as it appeared to him. If he eliminates personal narrowness and peculiarity, and introduces only those subjective elements which would enter into the conception of the scene in the highest and wisest human mind, he attains the large and right view which characterizes the masters, and it is in this sense that they are said to reproduce with fidelity to nature. They do not have peculiarity, although they do show personality. This fact explains the paradox that a representation of nature by means of an art may be more worthy of study than nature itself. While true to the original, the representation contains the spiritual, the human element. It conveys along with the scene itself the impression which it made upon a highly organized and sensitive mind. It is, therefore, instinct with subtle and spiritual meanings, full of those nameless influences which flow from every genuine work of art, and which are not necessarily suggested to every mind by the original, but only to such as are properly receptive. The business of the artist is to represent things as they appear to him, in their subtle suggestions and manifold meanings. He takes nature's material, and sends it into the world's market stamped with the royal seal of human thought.

The idealization of nature must be insisted on as the grand requisite of both arts. It does not follow from this that an external meaning should always be imposed, which does not properly belong to nature itself. More truly, the office of art is interpretation. Its very essence is that it rises above commonplace and ordinary views of things, and brings out their finer and more spiritual relations. It conceives in the light of supreme truths, which do not exclude the ordinary, but include them. Therefore art never leaves nature exactly as it finds it. It may give it a baser interpretation, dwell on its more wrong and perverted aspects, and send it forth infused with its own spirit of evil. Or it may rise to levels where art becomes

inspiration, and make its influence felt in the grand progress from evil up to good; its figures informed with the presence of the all-pervading mind, its pages warm with the glow of the universal benevolence. These are the possibilities in art which bind its various branches together in a union transcending that of method. In the ideal existence of which earth reveals only the possibility and the joy, art may be in itself a high and worthy end; but while that is yet unattained, its worth must be found in the upward purpose which inspires its creations, and which brings it into harmony with the creative and universal design of good.

M. E.

A RECOLLECTION OF FLORENCE.

"Mother of sorrows! Our Lady of Pity,
Oh in the hearts of thy servants shine bright."
Slow rose the chant, o'er the slumbering city
Hung the light clouds of an Italy's night.

On past white portals that shone through the darkness,
On past the tombs of those dead long ago;
Far to the altar, o'er whose sacred brightness
Fell the dim rush-light's uncertain glow.

Passed the procession; and still rose the chant,
Echoing ever as though sad to cease;
"We pray to thee Mother, this boon to us grant,
Oh to the hearts of thy servants give peace."

Slow they passed back—by bright tapers lightened,
And as they passed, I too, turned to go;
Mind and thought lifted, heart and soul brightened
By that sad prayer to our Lady of woe.

For in my heart, as I knelt there and prayed
On Santa Croce's bare stones/on that night
A ray of Her brightness indeed had there strayed,
Into my heart "Her spirit shone bright."

Into the dungeon of self and wrong feeling,
Sadly in which my best thoughts were confined;
Came there a Love and a Peace as soft stealing
As odors of roses on Summer's faint wind.

G. B.

PAPERS OF THE TEATOTUM CLUB.

NO. VII.

“AFTER all,” said Chapman, stretching out his feet towards the fire and letting his gaze rest meditatively upon the wonderful glories of the embers, “after all I’m inclined to think that perhaps Voltaire and Chesterfield are the best masters; they teach you to be a man of the world and it seems as if that were every day growing more and more to be the *summum bonum*. The age of heroism is fast ebbing and leaving only the barren sand, where if one can stir up a little whirlwind about himself and behold the sweet envy in the eyes of his fellow ants—if he can split one of the grains finer than any has before him, and thereby devise a theory of the sand-hill, if he can but get more of the precious grains than the rest, if he can make himself an agreeable and popular ant, a brilliant and *distingué* ant, an ant of the world, he has found the philosopher’s stone.” “There!” cried Biddle warmly, “I knew Chapman would say something disgruntled; he is getting frightfully cynical lately. I think it is very wrong to talk so. We ought to be contented.” “Yes, contented,” replied Chapman; “isn’t that just what I’m arguing for. Be content with things as they are and resolve to make the best of them by getting the best out of them—having the best time generally that you can—and yet I used to hate a contented person above all things.” He ended with a sigh. “I should think you would lament the change of opinion that has led you into your present state of mind,” said Perkins. “Oh! I know what you’re going to say,” went on Chapman; “you’re going to get on that raw-boned hobby of yours, ‘a Purpose,’ and trample me in the dust with all the other people who enjoy themselves inoffensively and do neither harm nor good. But I tell you I’ve spent days and nights racking my poor brain in pursuit of a purpose and have utterly failed. The world seems to be doing pretty well

as it is. Slavery is abolished and I believe they're going to let in the Chinese. I don't want to be a missionary, and if I stay here I believe in doing as the rest do. My everlasting purpose shall be the *savoir vivre*, and that is why I shall take Voltaire and Chesterfield to be my models. If I catch but a reflection of the brilliancy of the one and live in conformity with all the subtle maxims of the other, there is no honor or station the world will not bestow upon me. And I believe that's the only way I can get even with it." "Alas! poor Chapman, the world has used thee very ill," sneered Perkins. "Not at all, but it will, and every one else too if they don't do as I say—Cultivate the *savoir vivre* without living *for* anything, and the *savoir faire* without caring *what* they do. The world has changed since the days of the heroes. In poetry the great aim is to be graceful, to be elegant, and if possible to simulate a little strength. In literature it must all be clever—I abominate the word—and brilliant. The novelist, instead of letting you admire his hero in his native beauty, for what he says and for what he does, must forever be dissecting him before you and letting you view objectively the nice play of the passions in his brain—the battles of ganglia and gray matter I suppose—about as entertaining as a study of the gastric juice. Statesmanship seems to have degenerated into sharp practice and bombastic oratory, even religion finds its fairest fruit in genuflections and rituals. Heroism is clean gone and manifestly because it has no reward these days. Therefore, as I said before, to be a successful man of the world seems best, as Socrates would say if he only lived in the 19th century, when I am sure he would find champagne preferable to hemlock."

"I am glad to welcome a convert to the Utilitarian school," cried Marcou, "but it by no means follows that because you make happiness your 'being's end and aim,' you must take such false prophets as Voltaire and Chesterfield as your guides. There are higher and lower forms of happiness. There are 'all the joys of sense' which, says Pope, 'lie in three words—health, peace

and competence,' and there is 'the soul's calm sunshine.' Quality as well as quantity is an accident of happiness. 'Bona rerum secundarum obtabilia, adversarum mirabilia.'" "Well, then," cried Chapman, "let those who prefer 'the soul's calm sunshine,' bask in its insipid light to their heart's content, and let us who delight in the pleasures of a more realistic daylight, indulge in those. I suppose we are all selfish, anyway, so what's the odds, as long as we don't keep any of that calm—moonshine out of other people's souls."

Perkins, whose face had been darkling for some time, could stand it no longer. "You're getting far beyond your depth all of you as your flounderings betoken. It does provoke me to hear you take up and dispose of in that flippant way questions which the greatest thinkers of the world have striven in vain to answer conclusively. That question, for instance, of selfishness—whether a purely unselfish act is possible, is as deep as the problems of the foundation of morality or the freedom of the will. It is uselesss to talk about it." "True," said Marcou, ever on the alert for a quotation like Milton's fallen angels, "we might sit apart and reason high

'Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
And find no end, in wandering mazes lost.'"

"But for my part," went on Perkins, "I know there is a faculty of my being—call it what you will, emotion, sentiment, sentimentality—which I feel and know to embrace in its experience the strongest and best that is in me, that rushes to arms against such assertions as yours, Chapman, to avenge the cruel wound they give it. I cannot tell how much I abhor this modern tendency of reducing the whole universe of mind and matter to an endless chain of causes and effects, and eliminating that most potent factor of all—individual character—individual greatness—elevating science to a 'bad eminence' and strangling sentiment to death, when it is sentiment and not science that has wrought every one of the strong links of progress toward better things. Although I may

be an object for the pity and ridicule of the heartless scientist, I still believe there is a holier foundation of goodness than mere selfish expediency, a more abundant well-spring of benevolence than a cold altruistic philosophy, and I must confess in my turn to a great deal of pity for one who looks on the world to-day and finds no heroism in it, and what is worse no room for heroism; who can look on all its iniquities and rack his soul in vain for a higher purpose than to be 'portion and parcel' of that fair vanity—a mere man of that world."

"There! that's splendid," cried Biddle; "that's just what I said." "Yes," said Chapman consolingly to Biddle, "it was unkind and unnecessary for Perkins to repeat all you had said in that way; but now that Sir Oracle has spoken, perhaps this poor whipped spaniel may be vouchsafed a whine, namely, that of course I don't altogether believe all that I said, but if I did, even Sir Oracle has not proved himself so profound as to finally settle the whole matter." "Of course not," admitted Perkins, "the question is too profound for us anyway, and we had best drop it. But it is a poor habit to get into, of saying things you don't believe, and before you finally determine to be a disciple of Chesterfield, I would like to remind you how little happiness he got from his detestable system, and also to read you what Carlyle says touching a man's work in the world: 'I call a man remarkable who becomes a true workman in this vineyard of the Highest. Be his work that of palace building and kingdom founding, or only of delving and ditching; to me it is no matter, or next to none. Only the worker thereof and the spirit that dwell in him is significant.'"

"Well," said Marcou, who was a great stickler for the proprieties, and was already as punctiliously polite as Sir Charles Grandison himself; "to change the subject, I think there is very much that is admirable in the teachings of Chesterfield, much that it would do us all good to take well to heart, to 'read, mark, learn and inwardly digest.'" "That I will grant you most readily," Perkins replied; "we are altogether too neglectful here in college of many

of those arts of which Chesterfield was so consummate a master. There are very few who attain here that perfection of manner which enables one to maintain the close intimacies of college life consistently with an absence of that boisterous rudeness which is so common and so offensive. Far be it from me to dispute the necessity of making much of the *art* of behavior, but always remember that it is only an art, while Chesterfield made it an end.”

“Oh, pshaw,” cried Chapman, who, despite what he said, was undoubtedly one of the few whom Perkins spoke of; “I don’t believe in Marcou’s kid-glove conventionalities here. Of all places let college be that where all distressing codes of etiquette are forever suspended—or at least until the good time coming, when the prettiest creatures in the world shall share with us the delights, the wisdom and the woes of college life, and force us with their sweet tyranny to be more careful of our behavior.” “May a merciful Providence, saving your presence, Mr. Epicurean, deliver my eyes from ever looking on such sacrilege,” cried Perkins, dramatically. “Why so?” asked Chapman. “I am sure we should all be as polished as Marcou’s patent leathers in that event. Heavens! it makes me shudder to think of it.” “On the other hand,” said Biddle, “I sometimes think that it would be real nice if there were girls in college; I am sure it would be very elevating and refining to be so much thrown with them, and at the same time it would be awfully jolly to sit next a girl in recitation, to whisper to her in the chemical lectures when the lights were turned down, to hold her hand when the electric shock was passed, and—” “Stop, Biddle, you are getting eloquent,” said Chapman, “you will convert me if you go on. Why, just think of having a dear little Polly here to make tea for us, to sit there by the tray with her dainty little feet at the hearth, and the fire-light playing on her soft brown hair and rosy cheeks, and in her archly-laughing eyes—Heavens! how cosy it would be, and—and we should all have to sit up straight and not put our heels on the table, and not smoke nor say d— anything except silly nonsense, at which she could beat us all, even Biddle.

Really when you put it in that light, I more than half believe in co-education," sneered Chapman. "Yes," Biddle went on, "I suppose it might necessitate your taking your feet down and behaving like a gentleman—that would be a drawback, and Perkins would no longer have any chance of the valedictory—that would be another. But as for saying girls talk nonsense, I never saw one that could talk half as much of it as Chapman, and I believe that a great deal of ladies' society is a very good thing for a young man. If girls were here in college, I don't see how their influence could fail to be refining." "And how about ours?" queried Perkins. "I am sure they would all become horribly bold, strong minded creatures, and it would play the dickens with all scholarship. Why, Biddle would have made love by turns to all the college before he had been three months a freshman, and even old dusty dried up Marcou would unshrive and sit over there by Polly and try to storm the fortress of her heart with an ammunition of dull quotations. As to Chapman, he would laugh at them and to them indiscriminately, and get off all manner of verbal bon-bons to them that he didn't mean. It would be just as it is now, only in an aggravated degree; so you can take my prophecy for a scolding. I, of course, should be an amused spectator of it all." "Oh, yes, you would," cried Chapman, "only, however, till some bold creature with a pretty face came along and waved her handkerchief at you, and languished about you and made eyes at you and chattered to you and squeezed your hand—in short, till she took and married you, for marry you she could without the slightest difficulty if she treated you that way—you're always around on your knees before some little brainless idiot who is making love to you. For my part

'The fruit that must fall without shaking
Is rather too mellow for me.'

"Well, that's better than to shake it off and leave it to wither," said Biddle. "That's right, Biddle," said Perkins, warmly, "it is better to be flirted with than to flirt.

You, for instance, in an innocent sort of a way, take your heart and break it over scores of girls, while Chapman delights to break theirs if he can, and never stops to pick up the pieces." "Oh, well, I want to go on looking in my matrimonial horoscope," said Chapman, regardless of Perkins' rebuke. "Biddle would, finally, after making as many graceful circles as a swallow, settle down and marry the valedictorian and look up to her all his life, and rejoice in feeling her to be his superior every way—you know that's his theory. Perkins, as I say, would marry some sweet stupid little doll like Dora Copperfield, who would make a good enough wife, I suppose, because he on the other hand believes in having that sort of helpmeet. Marcou, on general principles, would marry some real good-hearted girl, homely and unattractive, but as hopelessly good and flatly angelic as Agnes." "Indeed," said Marcou, "we should none of us do anything of the sort. Don't you know some Frenchman says, '*Il faut choisir, aimer les femmes ou les connaître : il n'y a pas de milieu.*' We should know them and ergo could not love them."

They all mused awhile on Marcou's quotation, translating it no doubt, and then Perkins said, "I suppose it is a good deal true about our all trifling more or less—it is such fun to try and make yourself irresistible—but I admire a man so much more who is perfectly sincere, whose life is true—a flirt's is a lie. Most of us are more or less 'earnest triflers,' and we get in the habit of deceit, which has a bad enough influence on us, to say nothing of them. As for you, Chapman, for any man to deliberately play with passion as you try to, is simply abominable, and I ought to hope that some day you would feel the force of the old adage about edge tools, but I suppose it will turn out that in the end you capture a perfect lady Godiva." "Yes, he is so infernally lucky," said Marcou, "that he will be sure to attain the golden mean and marry—one

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect—nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being all dipt
With angel instincts, breathing paradise
Interpreter between the gods and men."

A somewhat sleepy pause followed this quotation, for it was growing late, when Perkins said with a yawn, "Well, if variety is the spice of life, I'm sure we must breathe an aromatic atmosphere to-night—just think of it, from utilitarianism to co-education, from manners to matrimony, from man's true end in life to woman's, namely flirtation. It is high time we put a stop to such desultory conversation by going to bed." And as the rest folded their tents like the Arabs and departed—for it was Perkins' room—the recorder has to relate that as Perkins stood alone, gazing into the ashes, he was heard to say slowly to himself, with a dreamy inflection, "'Rum critters is wimmen.'—Dickens."

B. E.



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

"And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all."—E. A. POE.

King Pest had swept throughout the land
And blown his scorching breath ;
Where'er he laid his fatal hand
It left a hideous, scarlet brand,
The seal of the Red Death.

Like fire the foul contagion spread
And worked with fearful speed,
The sick lay rotting with the dead
Untouched, uncared for and unfed,
Till death their spirits freed.

Prince Prospero, young, rich and gay,
A thousand friends invited
And to his castled halls away,
Where only pleasure held its sway,
And youth and joy delighted.

Within were beauty, wine and song,
And every art to banish care ;
Music and wine the feasts prolong,
For all were gay and all were young,
And trouble dwelt not there.

Without was darkness and despair,
And round the castle gate
Prowled the Red Death, in angry fear
Lest human skill had balked him here,
Lest Death should have to wait.

The prince a gorgeous ball had planned
His friends to entertain.
Well furnished with a lavish hand
All luxuries at wealth's command
Were found in his domain.

Seven rooms were fitted up with care,
Each differently designed ;
No two alike in color were,
And tapestries and velvets rare
In curious shapes combined.

All were of brilliant hues, save one,
The strangest of them all :
With sombre black its walls were hung,
It seemed as though grim Death had flung
His shadow on the wall.

The windows of this sable room
Were stained a deep, blood-red,
Which cast a still more ghastly gloom
And made it seem a mighty tomb
All ready for its dead.

At length, when all had been prepared,
The guests were summoned in,
A sound of revelry was heard,
And soon the gay, masked crowd appeared
To brighten up the scene.

Like minutes flew the swift-winged hours
And joy was at its height—
Soft strains of music without pause
Came floating from an unseen source—
All was un-mixed delight.

When suddenly the solemn peal
Of midnight rang upon the air.
It seemed to bring a sudden chill,
The warning of approaching ill—
A vague, uncertain fear.

And now a strange, masked form appeared,
Tall, gaunt, and robed in black,
His vesture was all blood-besmeared—
His ghastly countenance was seared
With marks none could mistake.

From the black room he seemed to come,
But how, no one could tell.
Slowly he moved through each gay room
And for a moment all stood dumb—
Then rose a fearful yell !

Now was all horror and dismay
While strong men gasped for breath—
One by one they fell away,
And side by side the dying lay—
It was the Masque of Death !

When the last cry had died away,
The last light ceased to flare ;
And Death and Darkness and Decay
Dwelt in those halls of revelry
And all was silence there.

F. B.

NOTABILIA.

THE abolition of Sunday morning chapel was not, after all, an unmixed blessing. It has robbed the college editor of his most trusted refuge in the hour of need—the one theme of which he was assured that college readers could never weary. No “boom” has been found adequate to replace it. The athletic grounds have not sufficed for even a year; the Sunday library scheme fell flat; the crossing to Beers’ can not be alluded to without an apology, and Mr. Hotchkiss has ruthlessly nipped in the bud many a fond editorial hope by promptly granting every reasonable request made of him. In this crisis the *LIT.*, in the fulness of its sympathy for its struggling contemporaries, comes forward with the proposal of what it hopes may be found a worthy substitute for the old stand-by, the proposal of a reform as firmly based on sound reason, deserving therefore an equal popularity with the undergraduate subscribers, and above all likely to be as enduring. It is nothing less than a change in the existing routine, which shall give us two recitations a day throughout the week, and our afternoons to ourselves, due provision being made for lectures, composition exercises, &c. To very many doubtless the idea is new, and will appear utterly untenable. A proposal to make every day in the week a half holiday is indeed entirely at variance with our established order of thought. But consider how long Sunday chapel—now confessedly unreasonable—maintained itself; how long the old system of conditioning at entrance—keeping those who were poorest prepared, out of the class for half a term and then admitting them to run the chances of dropping at Christmas—went unquestioned. That the plan is new should surely not debar it from a fair consideration. The argument in its favor is boldly stated as follows: Under the present system fifteen hours a week are required during the first two years, fourteen through junior and twelve through senior. By the

change proposed twelve would be uniformly imposed. At the most then the difference would be one-fifth. But this would not imply less work—it would rather make more work and better work possible. The loss by friction under the present system is very great. Our time is broken up into minute subdivisions; a lesson is always hanging over us; many an odd half hour is wasted when it is finished before the hour of recitation, the recitation hour itself is often not used to the full. Only by sacrifice and forethought, such as few exert, can two consecutive hours be obtained for reading, writing, or any independent work. Under that proposed on the other hand such work would be encouraged. The regular lessons could be lengthened to cover the same ground as now—we would have more time for study, and that time better arranged. Lectures, exercises in composition and elocution, would have a place of their own, would not break in upon the regular work, and would not be so neglected as now. A time should be provided in which the increasing class who take physical exercise could do so without interference with study, as they can not now. The break now felt in the relaxation of Wednesday, and especially of Saturday, would be done away with. And in fine the educational machine would run more smoothly, steadily, and with a greater economy of power, physical and mental.

NOT the least enjoyable among our college fashions is the one of holding a brief season of festivity to chronicle the beginning of another year of literary activity with the respective boards of our college journals. Perhaps it is the fact that so much is expected of the so-called literary giants that the early hours of the supper are usually spent in cogitations over prospective toasts or conjuring up forgotten stories from the treasure-house of memory, but when the first stiffness passes away and the men begin to get a trifle more acquainted with one another, then the fun begins, to end—well, the clock is only too imperative in its announcement of the time as the hours fly on. Per-

haps our friend of the sanctimonious countenance may shudder as an unusually hearty peal of laughter reaches his ears and may mutter something about "young blood" and perdition, but then he is somewhat narrow in his views and it may even chance that he has never been invited to participate in the delights against which he inveighs. All hail then to the existence of this custom! May the "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" be protracted as long as the spirit of jolly good fellowship reigns triumphant over our college walls!

As the end draws near, and from the summit of experience one looks down upon Yale journalism collectively, passing over its excellencies and defects from a literary point of view, what most impresses one is its inordinate mass. A daily, two bi-weeklies and a monthly to supply periodical rations of news and criticism to perhaps a thousand readers! What wonder that they are forced to "use vain repetitions as the heathen do." It seems impossible to escape the conclusion that as they are at present managed, and with the existing division of labor, the Yale periodicals are out of all proportion to the natural requirements of their community. It would be impossible to maintain them at all in their present shape, if it were not for that system of exhortatory extortion which literally forces men to take and pay for what they do not want. Nor can it be said in general—what might in justice be said of the LIT.—that the stimulus they afford to literary effort and the cultivation they give to literary taste, is a sufficient warrant for their maintenance. There is another side from which the matter may be looked at, namely, the editorial side, and from that point of view the evils of this exorbitant journalism are still more glaringly apparent. The amount of time, taken as a whole, that is spent upon the various periodicals, is something enormous, and it cannot in general be said that it brings to the editor any adequate return of experience, of facility or of pecuniary profit. In our opinion this system is des-

tined to undergo very material changes at no very distant day. A plan for such a change has been suggested to us, and as it comes from an editor of one of the bi-weeklies and is based on a very thorough appreciation of the evils we have pointed out, it very significantly corroborates what we have said. The plan does not in all its details meet our approval, but that some such change must come before long, we believe, and we give the plan as the best proposal we have seen. It is substantially as follows: Let the *News*, as its name and sphere make it eminently appropriate that it should, assume the exclusive province of the college newspaper, and make the distribution of news with some slight running editorial comment, its sole object. Then let the two bi-weeklies merge into one, which, appearing every two weeks, should make an interesting and instructive summary of the events of that interval, and should act as a counsellor upon important college questions and as a check upon any hasty or incorrect opinions the daily press might advance. From a literary point of view it would occupy much the same position as the bi-weeklies at present do, as encouraging a light, easy style of writing on topics of general interest. The field of the *LIT.*—a field to which, as it has maintained possession of it for nearly half a century, the *LIT.* has strong presumptive claims—would not be particularly interfered with, and the plan would certainly abate many of the very manifest evils of the present system.

AND now, while the cold March winds are melting into the soft breezes of "Aprille with his showres swote," the time has come when with many regrets for our awkwardness in wielding it, but with many pleasant memories of the exercise, and confident that our successors will prove skillful in its use, we must lay down that weapon which is mightier than the sword. Many are the tedious hours we have spent "sleepless ourselves to give our readers sleep," and our regret at surrendering the editorial charge is far from being unmixed with joy at the release, and is rendered still less by the confidence we feel in turning over the *LIT.* to its new editors.

PORTFOLIO.

—How few there are that enjoy reading plain, dry, matter-of-fact history. How we like on the other hand to get behind the scenes, to learn of the little petty details of the lives of the actors, events and incidents that can find no appropriate place in the pages of histories. Naturally then Memoirs will continue to be read and enjoyed long after histories are laid aside and neglected. Memoirs not only present to our view history in its most pleasing garb, but more especially they bring us into relations of acquaintance with the personalities of those who by their deeds and works have moulded and shaped the thought, the civilization of their times. In the life of any man, I don't care how low in the social scale, how ordinary, illiterate or common he may be, all, even those most highly endowed, can find something to instruct, to please, to sympathize with. But when the process is reversed, when the lives of the greatest statesmen, philosophers and rulers of mankind are told in all their detail so that the most degraded can read and become as well acquainted with these men as their contemporaries were, how elevating and ennobling the effect, how inspiring, how fascinating. Can any young man who reads the lives of men who have advanced to the highest positions in the gift of this world, help but be renewed and strengthened in his own ambitious striving? Read, if nothing more, the *early* lives of such men. If you are going to be a lawyer, read the first twenty-five years of the lives of those who have gained a world's renown in forensic and judicial spheres. In whatever profession or business your ambition may lie, if it be dormant now, how it will be quickened, freshened and invigorated by such a process as this. You will see your own shortcomings, failures and mistakes as never before. You will resolve that the next twenty-five years of your life shall witness a constant, steady advance. The lives of most of us are half gone. In view of this fact are we improving our time and advantages as we ought? Some of you are to be leading actors in the history of this country during the next generation. Read then by all means thoughtfully and considerately the lives of your predecessors:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

—The oldest inhabitant has dropped before me some vague hints (perhaps the great charm about these ancient fixtures is their vagueness, leaving one plenty of license in detail) of an old-time murder on East Rock. I know not if I am alone in my fancy, but it always seemed in place to lay the scene of a tragedy on that bleak height. How wildly the March winds must shriek through those stumpy pines!—do not betray me, reader, if they have been cut down since I was last up there. At that time, I well remember how doleful was the look of the whole place. Back of the battered stone house,—itself a forlorn reminder of better days—in a poor apology for a yard, was a wood-pile of aimless construction, too grossly irregular even to be artistic. On the ground lay a cart-wheel, broken from its axle, while the tumble-down body creaked uneasily to the pitiless wind. Near by stood, or rather squatted, a shed with a caved-in roof, miraculously upheld, whose office seemed to be to deceive with the offer of its false shelter a gaunt old cow—the only living thing I saw—which blinked and munched despondently, as if she had nothing in the world worth living for. Everywhere the neglect and desolation that befit a haunted spot. Perhaps one of Kidd's pirates here wrought some deed of violence, and so the stain has lingered, though the memory has passed. I shudder as I think of the cracks and half-caves in the rocks, where one might hide some ugly load; and then that tempting cliff, with the smiling river gliding in silence below! Is there not a still, mysterious pool, too, back there? Tell me not it is but a shallow basin, filled by the spring rains; it must have some gloomy tales to whisper to the owl, as it ripples and glances in the moonlight. Bah! the cow is not the only live animal, after all; for here comes Captain Kidd,—at least, the old man of the mountain—to ask if I have paid my ten cents. The Goddess of Liberty on the bright silver piece assures me that I am in the nineteenth century. Away with idle fancies!

—I was wondering the other day if asceticism was really a thing of the past, if, the outward symbols of having crucified the world being done away with, there still existed right in our

midst anything of the spirit that prompted Moslems to journey to Mecca, Puritans to abstain from food, or Hindoos to suspend themselves from hooks with a grim stoicism that conquered even pain. I find as I look around me some who come pretty nearly up to my idea of a nineteenth century anchorite. They are men of an intensely morbid consciousness of the fact of sin who forget that life to an average young man looks very pleasant, and who clothe even simple religious duties with a sort of Murdstone grimness that has but little attraction. These men find pleasure even in a funeral, and chuckle in dreary joy over a case of distressing illness. And all the while the pleasant spring days are on us, the fresh air blows against our cheeks as we start out for a stroll, and everything tends to make us feel that it is a good thing to be alive, (if only we use our opportunities rightly.) Perhaps these men may be nearer right than we suppose them, but the philosophy of life they present is but a sorry substitute for buoyancy and enthusiasm, still they may even have their likes and dislikes, may live out their own existence if only they will leave me intact my poor creed and ritual, for I think that the St. Simeon Stylites of to-day had much better remain upon his pillar, as his haggard face and tortured back meet with but little sympathy from men who are perhaps as earnest as he, but are working out their problem of existence in much truer, stronger ways.

—You have heard no doubt that "Shakespeare never repeats." It is a very common saying and one that I don't believe will hold water. If you look only at Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," you can find under "Shakespeare" at any rate one repetition—not the exact words perhaps, but nearly enough a repetition to be called one. In "Titus Andronicus," Act ii, Sc. i, we find

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;"

which would irresistably remind you of the passage in Henry VI., Part i, Act v, Sc. 3, if you should by chance happen to know it :

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

I have no doubt but that if I had a Concordance conven-

iently at hand I could find other more striking examples where the verbal likeness is better. But if you saw one of these couplets in one author and the other in another, you would either think of plagiarism or else be struck very forcibly with the similarity between the two. But even if Shakespeare never did repeat, I can't see how it should be brought up as a merit. A good expression can serve its purpose more than once without losing its force. Old Homer repeats over and over again. Why shouldn't he? If he can't find anything better for what he wants to say than what he has already used, why should he adopt anything inferior? Repetition is used in the work of every artist. In architecture the repetition of lines is the most common sight. In an opera the same refrain comes in over and over again. After all there is another saying older than the first—that there is nothing new under the sun; and the world can't go on without repetition.

MEMORABILIA VALENSIA.

The month has been filled with foretokenings of the coming end. The

Lit. Supper,

Tuesday evening, March 22d, afforded to the out-going board a realizing sense of the joys that are slipping from them; to the in-coming gentlemen a glimpse of the pleasures which, it is to be hoped, are to be plenty in the future. Before the supper the mysterious rites of Chi Delta Theta were carried through successfully and the board of 1882 entered into the understanding of that upon whose threshold they had so long been waiting. Mr. Van de Graaff of the senior board being prevented from attending, his place was filled by Mr. Leighton of the senior class. The table all bedecked with flowers, was fit for the gods to look upon, and in the supper Redcliffe fairly out-did himself. Cock crow warned the revellers that all feasts must have an end, and with a matin salute 'neath the elms to Chi Delta Theta, which, as events turned

out, failed singularly, to meet the entire approval of the gods above us, the great literary event of the year was closed. The toasts were as follows :

THE YALE LIT.	P. G. BARTLETT
"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale Her infinite variety."— <i>Antony and Cleopatra</i> .	
CHI DELTA THETA.	W. I. BRUCE
"Letters of strange tenor."— <i>Measure for Measure</i> .	
THE COLLEGE PRESS.	S. EVARTS
"I must read this paper, I fear."— <i>Henry VIII</i> .	
THE PORTFOLIO.	B. BREWSTER
"Let it be as humors and conceits shall govern."— <i>Merchant of Venice</i> .	
THE POETRY OF THE LIT.	J. D. BURRELL
"In reason nothing, something then in rhyme."— <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> .	
THE BOOK NOTICES.	F. E. WORCESTER
"Write upon it, read it afterwards."— <i>Macbeth</i> .	
THE NOTABILIA.	J. LEIGHTON
"Pleasant, pithy and effectual."— <i>Taming of the Shrew</i> .	
THE FINANCES.	C. A. WIGHT
"Two shillings, two pence a-piece."— <i>Merry Wives of Windsor</i> .	
THE LITERATURE OF THE LIT.	J. C. COLEMAN
"Begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of <i>pia mater</i> and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion."— <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> .	
THE BOARD OF '82.	J. E. WHITNEY
"Lords, to-morrow is a busy day."— <i>Richard III</i> .	

The following gentlemen were announced as

Courant Editors

For the ensuing year, February 26. F. F. Abbott, '82; M. H. Beach, '82; J. R. Bishop, '82; D. H. Buel, '83; C. S. Foote, '83; F. K. Curtis, '84; W. D. McQuesten, '82 S.S.S.; H. K. Devereux, '83 S.S.S. Mr. J. P. Kellogg, '82, is financial editor. The new board of

Record Editors,

Announced February 19, are H. W. Barnes, '82; Cyrus Bentley, Jr., '82; A. P. French, '82; G. W. Johnston, '83; F. J. Phelps, '83; A. P. Wilder, '84; S. L. Williams, '82 S.S.S.; G. A. Barrows, '83 S.S.S., with Mr. A. C. Hand, '82, as financial editor. The

News Editors

Are E. L. Dillingham, '82; F. R. Gallaher, '82; D. W. McMillan, '82; C. E. Richards, '82; H. D. Taft, '83; J. B. Woodward, '83; J. W. Oakford, '84; F. M. Strong, '82 S.S.S.; A. W. Robert, '83 S.S.S. Mr. C. M. Griggs, '82, is financial editor. The aspirants for literary honors in the two upper classes have been further agitated during the month by the award of the highest college prizes for their respective years. The following list of

Junior Exhibition Speakers

Was made public, March 15: Cyrus Bentley, Jr., Chicago, Ill., John Ruskin, J. R. Bishop, New Brunswick, N. J., Roman Catholicism in America; W. I. Bruce, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Cervantes; Benjamin Brewster, New Haven, The Lasting Influence of Alexander Hamilton; H. C. Fries, Philadelphia, Pa., Waterloo and Sedan; Walter Murphy, Philadelphia, Pa., The Value of Symbols; J. H. Pratt, Jr., Montclair, N. J., The Modern Renaissance; H. S. Snyder, Philadelphia, Pa., Henry Martyn, The Influence of Self-sacrifice; C. B. Storrs, Brooklyn, N. Y., Edmund Burke and the French Revolution; F. E. Worcester, Albany, N. Y., Cromwell and his Irish Policy. The

Townsend Speakers

Were announced, March 24: E. E. Aiken, Rutland, Vt., Goethe and Bushnell; B. W. Bacon, Norwich, Voltaire; R. A. Bigelow, West Brattleboro, Vt., The Management of the Foreign Relations of the United States during the Civil War; Isaac Bromley, New Haven, Voltaire; J. D. Burrell, Freeport, Ill., The Statesmanship of Robert Walpole; L. A. Eliel, Chicago, Ill., Voltaire. In athletics there is this month little to chronicle. The work of preparation for the contests of the season now so close at hand has been carried on with unabated energy, and the crew and nine have left the gymnasium for the boat and the field, but we have no event to record other than the third annual

Winter Athletic Games,

Contested February 23 and 26. The winners were: Tug of War (limited to 600 lbs.), class of '83, H. O. Stone, Capt., F.

A. Beede, A. L. Bowman, A. E. Symington; Individual Tug of War, O. H. Briggs, '81; Horizontal Bar, J. R. Bishop, '82; High Kick, F. M. Lowe, '82, 8 ft. 4 in.; High Jump, F. G.; Beach, '83, 4 ft. 5½ in.; Indian Clubs, R. H. Pierce, '82; Fencing, B. B. Lamb, '81; Boxing, light weight, C. Halsey, '83; middle weight, L. B. Hillard, '83; heavy weight, F. W. Rogers, '83; Wrestling, feather weight, A. B. Wilcox, '82 S.S.S.; light weight, D. B. Weaver, '82. At a meeting of the association, Tuesday, March 1, it was decided to decline the invitation of Harvard to a joint field meeting in the spring. T. DeW. Cuyler, '82, was chosen President for the ensuing year, J. B. Woodward, '83, Vice President, and C. R. Corwith, '83, Secretary and Treasurer.

Items.

Prof. Sumner delivered the third Linonia lecture, February 28, upon "American Finances."—The Junior Promenade committee has given two hundred dollars to the committee for the purchase of the athletic grounds.—Prof. T. S. Woolsey, '72, and Mr. W. C. Camp, '80, have been added to the advisory committee.—A largely attended praise service was held March 6.—Two of the series of organ recitals given by Dr. Stoeckel have filled the chapel with large and appreciative audiences.

BOOK NOTICES.

Life and Letters of John Howard Raymond. Edited by his eldest Daughter. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price, \$2.50. For sale by Peck.

The life of Dr. Raymond is a chapter in the educational history of the country. Though he possessed the acquirements of a fine scholar, it was not so much for his learning as for his inexhaustible energy as an instructor that he was deservedly distinguished. Connected as a teacher first with Hamilton College, he went from there to become one of the chief workers in the founding of Rochester University, the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and Vassar College. It is his connection with the latter institution, which owed so much to his good sense and willingness to accept the burden of hard work, that forms the great feature of these remains. The growth of the first

endowed college for women in the world, is traced step by step from its conception in the mind of its beneficent founder, through the doubts that troubled the early life of the institution and the open opposition that it met, to its success, so far surpassing all expectation. As a study of personal character, also, this life is interesting. The same honest, genial man is apparent in every letter, whether written in the relation of husband, father, or mere acquaintance. We cannot help quoting, not for any purpose of illustration, but for the benefit of those whom it may shortly concern, a part of a letter written from New Haven in the year —, but we forbear to name the class:

"The ceremony of conferring degrees, for which I had sat through the whole, the temple to this formidable portico, was so singularly *unceremonious*, and, in the comparison, so ludicrously small, that, if I could have obeyed the impulse, I should have thrown myself back and laughed, 'sans intermission, an hour by the dial.' About one hundred and twenty young men, in successive squads ('awkward squads') of ten each, some with hats and some without, came down the middle aisle, stumbled up the steps on to the stage, and over the toes and shins of its occupants to the front of the pulpit; listened to the venerable president as he read to each the self-same Latin form after the ever-repeated initial formula '*Pro auctoritate mihi commissa*;' then stumbled over another set of shins and toes, and down another flight of steps into the side aisle, by which they disappeared and were forever lost in the common herd, mingling their special verdures with the universal mottled mass."

The Leaden Casket. A Novel. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

For the purpose of a panoramic plot, a plot full of shifting scenes and numerous characters, a great city like London, with its infinite variety of life and environment, is the ground most convenient in every way. However strange the action, however unusual the situation, it is put among the probabilities when it is placed in the mighty city of the Thames. If the people within these covers do very peculiar things, that is not to be wondered at, for all manner of deeds are done in London; if the incidents seem to us to be forced, we are wrong—anything can happen in London. Among all the men here to whom we timidly bow, the most unusual are the Maudles and Postlethwaites, "the very latest thing" in fiction. The consummate gods of the Pre-Raphaelite world, drooping like the lilies they hold, and the consummate goddesses reclining on sage-green sofas and languidly tearing roses to bits, are creatures hitherto unknown beyond the leaves of *Punch*. Strangers also hitherto, are the artists among them; the strugglers with brick-reds and pea-greens and spasms in gold and blue. It is to be regretted that this incident of the novel has not been developed into something more important. The story itself among other good points has this, that it grows in interest as it goes along; but the love story which ends with the book really becomes a subordinate part; the climax is not the conclusion, but a scene considerably earlier. There are, to be sure, faults to trouble the hypercritical—who are always troubled; but the searcher after amusements may while away a "leisure hour" or two in very many worse ways than by reading this book.

Sir William Hamilton. By W. H. S. Monck, M.A., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Series of English Philosophers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

It is said of Sir William Hamilton that he conceived that the greatest success that can reward the work of the philosopher is to have attracted others to the pursuit of philosophical studies. In accordance with this idea the incompleteness of his system is one of its greatest advantages; it is a mass of unsettled problems that invite solution. Upon his lectures and his explanations of Reid a whole literature has been constructed, beginning with Mill and ending with countless essays scattered through the Reviews. The present treatise presents the arguments both for and against the position which Hamilton held. It considers first the chief feature of his system—"Natural Realism." The problem is: "Do we know the external world otherwise than as the cause of our (mental) sensations? This is the form in which Hamilton has grappled with it, and this is the question which he has answered in the affirmative." "Hamilton's doctrine, which he designates Natural Realism, asserts that we have a direct and immediate consciousness of the external world as really existing, and are not left to infer its existence from the sensations which it is supposed to produce, or from the ideas which are supposed to resemble (or represent) it, or even from a blind faith in its existence, which says 'I believe,' but can give no reason for believing. I believe that it exists, says Hamilton, because I know it—I feel it—I perceive it as existing." Taking up his theory of Necessary Truths, of Causation and of the Infinite, we come next to Hamilton's Psychology, and lastly to his Logic, which completes the circle of his system. The appendix contains a catalogue of Hamilton Literature, and the difficulty which may arise from such a brief statement of such a profound discussion is relieved by an extensive glossary.

The New Nobility. A story of Europe and America. By John W. Forney. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

The last Paris Exposition is the theme on which this book is based. That incident serves as an excuse for introducing men of all nations and tribes from Earl Dorrington, an overdone English lord, to Ishra Dhess Gungo, who is a subject of the Queen from another clime. The central figures are some Americans traveling in Europe, who throw money around carelessly, and let loose the American Eagle on all occasions, but whose great virtue, as far as we can make out, is that they cannot be distinguished by their clothes and general outward appearance from fullblooded Englishmen. Contrary to what might be expected they become at once the most intimate friends of the family of the English Earl, and this is the signal for a vast amount of impossible gush on both sides. The young American and the young Englishman resolve to investigate the subject of Communism, which they do by disguising themselves in old clothes and drinking beer among the slums of Paris and London, and also in Germany and Russia. Fortunately for the story they get into trouble in the latter place, and a really exciting episode results. There are two or three love stories running along that come out all right at the end. The idea of the book is not bad, but the excessive praise of everything American is ruinous to its execution. It is but just to the Rev. Wm. M. Baker, to say that his part of the work is by far the better.

Sight. An exposition of the principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision. By Joseph LeConte, LL.D., Professor in the University of California. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

"As a means of scientific culture," says the writer, "the study of vision seems to me almost exceptional. It makes the habit of observation and experiment possible to all. Above all, it compels one to analyze the complex phenomena of Sense in his own person, and is thus a truly admirable preparation for the more difficult task of analysis of those still higher and more complex phenomena which are embraced in the Science of Psychology." The new number of the International Scientific Series is accordingly intended chiefly to popularize the study of sight. To this end it is made free from unexplained scientific terms, and is profusely illustrated by experiments that can be tried without any costly instruments. It is furnished with a large number of drawings to explain the more obscure points. After an introduction on the Relation of General Sensibility to Special Sense, the two points of Monocular and Binocular Vision are successively treated, and a third part is added on the doubtful points of Binocular Vision. To illustrate the method we quote from the second part: "There are three essentially different modes of regarding the eye. First, we treated of the *eye as an optical instrument* contrived to form a perfect image, every focal point of which shall correspond with a radiant point in the object. Second, we treated of the *structure of the retina*, especially its bacillary layer, and showed how from this structure resulted the wonderful property of corresponding points, *retinal* and *spatial*, and the exchange between these by impression and perceptive projection, and how the law of direction and all the phenomena of monocular vision flow out of this property. Third, we treated of the still more wonderful correspondence of the *two retina* point for point, and therefore of their spatial representatives point for point; and how the two images fall on corresponding points and their spatial representatives are thereby made to coincide; and how all the phenomena of binocular vision flow from this property."

The Gospel History. A complete Chronological Narrative woven from the Text of the Four Evangelists. With Notes, original and selected, and Indexes. By James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke") and Lyman Abbott, D.D. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price, \$1.75. For sale by Judd.

This is an exceedingly useful handbook as a description will show. It is intended to be a life of Christ with the events arranged in chronological order, the text being made up of the narratives of the several Gospels placed together in this way. That no order can be absolutely certain is of course undeniable, and any chosen scheme is always liable to correction by later investigations; but this fact does not diminish the advantage of studying the history of the Gospels in some such order. This is, of course, the chief feature of the work. Added to this, however, is an extensive series of foot-notes chosen not alone from commentators, but from the writings of all manner of men reaching from St. Augustine to Thomas Carlyle. These notes do not in all cases agree—so that no particular school can be said to be represented. The marginal titles, the page headings, the sectional divisions and the four indexes furnish everything that can be desired. The style of print-

ing is eminently suited to convenience and cheapness. The book is complete in every respect—an aid whose value to Bible students is almost beyond measure.

Ploughed Under. The story of an Indian Chief, told by himself. With an introduction by Inshta Theamba. New York : Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

The story of "poor Lo" is wretched enough as related in the committee reports of Congress, but it is infinitely more touching when told in a connected narrative that brings out the contrasted brightness and shade. The poverty and degradation, the increased mortality, the great dissatisfaction among the tribes are abundant evidence that the true solution to the Indian question has not been found in the "paternal" system. That plan has had a long and full trial, and has resulted most disastrously. Aside from the evils which arise from the mercenary character of the majority of the agents, an obstacle which has been practically proved insurmountable, there are certain inherent faults which the system cannot escape, faults which will reassert themselves so long as the principle governing our intercourse with the Indians is that we can "manage" them on our ideas independently of their own opinion. The only solution to the problem seems to be that suggested by the Ponca princess, "Bright Eyes," who writes the introduction—to open the doors of citizenship to the Indian. As a novel, the book has all the romance of the hardy life of the plains. There is a highly exciting buffalo hunt, a fight in the dark with wolves, and a thrilling encounter with some hostile Sioux. The simple story of the young warrior's love is beautifully poetic and is told with rare delicacy.

Flirtation Camp : or the Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. A Sporting Romance. By Theodore S. Van Dyke. New York : Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

A charming account of the experiences of a hunting party of ladies and gentlemen in California. The descriptions of the climate and the scenery, the background of lofty hills filled in with luxuriant vegetation, are done with the spirit of a lover of "life in the open air," but the hunting episodes, the shooting of quail, water-fowl of all kinds, and best of all, deer, display the pen of a genuine sportsman. It is apparently based on some actual experience—for it is not a string of "shooting yarns;" the poor shots and provoking mistakes that are made betoken the sad truth of stern reality. Aside from its being an interesting record of a season in the woods, it has value as a sportsman's manual for certain parts of the State. To relieve the sameness of the hunting narratives, a story is woven in which is carried out with spirit, and has worth enough to more than excuse its presence. To the devotee of the gun it cannot but be most delightful reading, while tantalizing him at the same time with a useless longing to participate in the sport.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

As we pause for a moment to look around us before leaving our "table" to the tender mercies of our successor, our thoughts turn most naturally to our own college papers, and the work they have done this year. The bi-weeklies, the *Courant* especially, have sustained their reputations, have given us interesting and, as a rule, well written editorials. When the *News*, with a rather unenviable reputation behind it, was taken in charge by the '81 board, the college looked for better things to come, and it is safe to say that such anticipations have been realized. We see the *News* at the head of the college dailies displaying an ability and enterprise which bid fair at no distant day to rob the bi-weeklies of much of their prestige. But we have noticed lately that the *News* has been playing a somewhat unenviable role. It waited until the senior class had lost control of the bi-weeklies, and then proceeded in two not very well composed editorials, to deal out justice first to the *Record* then to the *Courant*. On broad grounds, even supposing the *News* had a good case against its adversaries, the honorable and manly thing would have been to have attacked them while they were in a position to reply, and the course of the daily in this matter has savored too much of certain actions of friends of ours who are "not lost but gone before" to be relished by the college world. Let us have honorable, square dealing on both sides; if there must be war, let it be face to face. It is a good thing for a paper to have ideas, it is a better thing for it to know when to express those ideas, and no paper can gain anything but contempt for underhanded dealings of any sort.—We clip this poem from the *Record* as worthy of insertion here.

A PANEL PICTURE.

A panel black, a faded fern
And one bright green, a twisted vine,
Whereon two checkerberries burn,
A five-leaved spray of princess-pine.

And that is all you see, perhaps,
But I look through it, and behold,
As one who peers through leafy gaps,
Their dear old forest home unfold.

An old road, long deserted now,
And cushioned deep with soft, fine leaves,
Where intertwining bough with bough,
A shading arch the forest weaves.

And flickering through with every breeze
The restless rays of sunlight glance
On grey old rocks, and fallen trees
Half hid in moss and wildwood plants.

I catch the scent of balmy fir,
Of withered leaves that long have lain,
And the sweet, dainty breath of myrrh,
That haunts a wood fresh steeped with rain.

But O, the painter's cunning art !
Where hemlocks o'er the pathway lean,
The clustering branches bend apart,
And steps a maiden on the scene.

She gathers flowers—a faded fern,
And one bright green, a twisted vine,
Whereon two checkerberries burn,
A five-leaved spray of princess-pine.

Also this from the *Crimson* :

ANAKTH.

The brook must seek the river,
And the river seek the sea ;
The mountain peak must wildly shriek,
As the wind howls mournfully.

The birds must turn their flight
When the leaves have strewn the ground,
The buds must creep from winter sleep,
When they hear the May-wind's sound.

The love-prone heart must throb
When a beauty's face is seen :
For small and great are led by fate—
So I to thee, my queen !

This, too, from the same paper.

A WORLD IN A WORLD.

This red carnation, my sweet,
Wear for the sake of a blush ;
But the white for the pure pale brow is meet.
. . . . And the oriole is singing—hush !

And the world as a rose is gay,
As a hawthorn-bud is fair,
And the sky is sunny and clear to-day,—
Turquoise of silent air.

For you are the world, you know,
And your lips the flower, you see,—
And your clear sweet eyes are the sky, and so
The sky is blue for me !

Again the *Crimson* muse takes flight and gives us this:

Adown the umbrageous path,
Fit lover's way, I haste. Ahead it turns
And winds through dark and leafy catacombs
To where she sleeps, my love, upon the moss.
The pattering fountain by her side makes play;
The orioles bending from the ethereal sky
Of whitened blue to her green nook resort,
Fresh are the young spring buds which just have burst
From blackened bark; fresh is my heart within,—
Although full long ere incense-breathing morn
Began the east to blanch, I chased the deer
Across the hill and down the shadowy vale
Where bend the thick-grown alders, and the brook,
By violets and the red-lipped pulpits hemmed,
Gurgles amid the stones. Yet, love, I come
Not tired, though inclined to quiet. Cool,
O fountain, scatter large melodious drops,
And you, O trees, with branches interlaced,
Shut out the obtrusive sun, whose torrid rays
Our wealth of placid joy would fain invade.
I bring no favorite book for company,—
I need none where the violets glancing up
With heaven-blue eyes, and the dark soft-strewn moss,
And breezes fanning soft, caress her form
Who is to me than all the world beside
More lovely, and more restful than the night.

And now as we consign the last of our exchanges to the waste-paper basket, it is with a feeling of relief. The exchange department on a monthly is an exceedingly difficult one to fill satisfactorily. The bright things which can be quoted are generally seized upon by the bi-weeklies or daily, so that Othello's occupation is almost gone, and he finds the dry husks that are left but a sorry mental pabulum. But "the air is full of farewells to the dying, and mournings for the dead," and we will not be behindhand as we say to all our friends, "*vos morituri salutamus.*"

VOL. XLVI.

No. VII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale College.



*Quam laetae gratae matres, domum laudisque VALENTES
Cantabant SORORES, amantisque PATRES.*

APRIL, 1881.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS
On Sale at Gulliver's.
TIPPET, MORRISON & TAYLOR, PRINTER.
HOCCLAYKE

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Sixth Volume with the number for October, 1890. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

APRIL, 1881.

No. 7.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '82.

BENJAMIN BREWSTER,

J. ERNEST WHITNEY,

W. IRVING BRUCE,

CHARLES A. WIGHT,

FRANKLIN E. WORCESTER.

KEATS AND THE GREEK RELIGION.

IT may seem that there is little more to write in regard to Keats, whose death came at a time of life when the real lives of most men are just beginning, and whose little span of existence commenced and ended in a period glorious with such names as Goethe, Béranger and Richter in other lands, and Shelley, Byron and Wordsworth in his own country. Indeed it might seem to the lovers of brevity that his faithful biographer had told all there was to tell of him "whose name was writ in water" in that familiar and eloquent sentence: "His whole story may be summed up in the composition of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one passion, and a premature death." But if he did appear in that splendid constellation of minds and souls as a meteor, yet even by the brightest stars his passage was brilliant, however brief. If it is true that our time should be counted by heart-throbs, and that deeds and thoughts are the measures of our lives, then we must forever envy the maturity of his old age. And so, though two generations have passed away since his death, the world has

never grown cold toward the poet who won its sympathy as few others can. "We love him, and we pity him, and love and pity are prone to magnify." Did Carlyle write this of Burns or of Keats?

But to-day we have two especial reasons for a renewed interest in his life, one of which is the recent publication of his love-letters. "All the world loves a lover," says Emerson, and as the lover of Fanny Brawne the world has loved Keats again. Besides the natural fascination of its associations this little book of letters has shown us more of the real qualities of the man than could possibly be known from all his other works. Published at this time it brings him out of a dead age and sets him before us more vividly than hardly anything else could do. And it has strengthened important arguments for those who see in Keats something more than "the idle singer of an empty day," and this brings us to our leading point of interest in him.

In our study of Keats we shall consider him in what we think is not an entirely new light,—as the successful revivalist of the great and beautiful religion of the ancient Greeks. Though we know of no formal expression of the fact that he was such a revivalist, yet it is tacitly recognized by all the Victorian poets who acknowledge him their master. The statement that such a religion exists may seem astounding, and may challenge defence. Certainly it is taught by some of the great rulers of modern thought—Browning, Ruskin, Swinburne, William Morris and others, as can be proved from their writings. And the pantheism of Carlyle, and more especially Emerson, is but the refined essence of it. A religion so taught cannot be without disciples. Of course it is not followed by letter with sacrifices and vows, unless figurative, but though forms are dead their spirit exists almost as it did two thousand years ago. Keats' position as the father of the latest modern school of poetry is firmly established. And this means that he is the revivalist, we might almost say re-creator, of the religion of the Greeks.

In order to prove our statements we must go back to

the religion of Keats himself. Out of his own mouth will we judge him. There is one passage in his earlier letters to which his friends cling with helpless hope. It is the only one to which they can cling. Its value is tested by the fact that Keats himself never could repeat it, but virtually contradicted it many times. This isolated passage is in a letter to his brother, and reads simply thus: "I have a firm belief in immortality." He was then young, and changed and softened by the death of his brother, was trying to make the intelligence as gentle as possible. But in his last days, with Death in his sight, before his very eyes, approaching with quick and terrible pace, in a letter to his affianced, in impassioned, agonized utterance he breaks out: "I long to believe in immortality. I can never be able to bid you an entire farewell. I wish to believe in immortality. . . . I appeal to you by the blood of that Christ you believe in." He cannot speak of "*the* Christ *we* believe in," and tries in vain to comfort himself with his pagan philosophy. In considering such important words we must study the attendant circumstances and judge accordingly. Which then of these opposing statements are we to believe, the one given under the first mentioned conditions, in boyhood, before his ideas were fully developed, or the one of the period of his greatest maturity, at a time when his thoughts were most serious and direct?

That he did at last triumph over infidelity we have reasons to believe, but it was not until his literary activity had ceased, and his works with all their teachings had been sent down to posterity. Therefore it is not with the religion in which he died that we have to deal, but with the religion which he lived and taught. There is almost no Christian philosophy or Christianity in his writings, he could not accept it; but his Hellenic heresies are continually cropping forth, and to them he clung. He closes an impassioned love-letter with, "I will imagine you Venus to-night, and pray, pray, pray to your star like a Heathen." And again, "I have been astonished that Men could die Martyrs for religion. I have shud-

dered at it. I shudder no more. I could be martyred for my Religion. Love is my religion. I could die for that." Is it through carelessness that the capitalization even is made to magnify his creed? Even a lover does not write such sentences without thought. Nor does such a lover as Keats speak anything except what he means with his whole heart and mind. Again in quite a different mood, in a calm, thoughtful letter to his intimate friend Bailey, he writes: "You know my ideas about Religion. I do not think myself more in the right than other people, and that nothing in this world is provable." We might quote pages of his fascinating Pagan philosophy, but these bare statements must suffice for the present.

If we study his life we find abundant causes for his religious tendencies. Deprived of his parents' influence in early childhood, there was everything but orthodoxy in his education. Given the classical dictionary in place of the Bible, it was read with such avidity and appreciation that he knew it almost by heart, incident by incident. We look with charity upon this, for how many a youth of a far duller nature has been fascinated by the Age of Fable, and how many are more familiar with the wanderings of Ulysses than with those of Moses. To Keats his favorite book was as a Bible. He imbibed more than the rare stories from its pages, he caught the life of the religion itself. His was not, we regret to say, the purer and deeper spirit that we can see in the Elusinian Mysteries, but one more in accordance with the doctrine of the later Epicureans, more the religion of Corinth than of Athens.

Keats' whole nature was in sympathy with this. He was the shepherd boy from the hills of Arcady set down in the midst of the barbarous modern nation and trying to imbue it with the sweet spirit of the old, happy myth-makers. Did he seriously try to give life to this religion which he so passionately loved? We believe so. Every one is largely governed by his contemporaries and associates; Keats was superlatively so. Coleridge, Shelley,

Byron, Wordsworth, were his influences, each of whom was attracted by that Phœnix-brood of strange theories and warped ideas that sprang from the ashes of the French Revolution. In a certain sense each tried to promulgate a new religion, each had his favorite heresy. It became quite the fashion even as it is across the waters now. What more natural than that Keats should make a similar endeavor? and what more natural than that he should turn to that religion which by nature and education was before all others the most natural to him? But his plans were more ambitious and more magnificent than all the others, and have had a greater influence upon the England of to-day. To revive the most wonderful and best religion that man has ever made, the worship of the greatest nation that ever existed, the religion of the best literature, the best art, of passion, of beauty, of nature; not the religion of heaven, but the most perfect one of the earth, and of the earth earthy.

And the restless age seemed almost ready to receive it. Nearly all the world was turning with sympathy to the Greek struggle for independence, and everything about it was of interest. It was the theme of poet, essayist and orator. Shelley was seeking to revive the form and characteristics of the Hellenic literature, and Byron was ready to throw away fortune and life in a noble but useless attempt to restore freedom to the nation. We may credit Keats with unusual shrewdness and foresight in marking this breaking dawn of a Renaissance and making himself its morning star. He saw that though Byron's scheme was purer and nobler, yet it was more impossible to "uncreate the long accustomed bondage," than to recreate the beautiful religion. Yet we do not believe his purpose was more than half sincere. It was more a trick of fashion, and he scarcely could have foreseen the results which are shown to-day.

Wordsworth had already put a soul into everything which his pen glorified. Keats took but a few steps further forward. Wordsworth had shadowed forth the creed in a hundred passages, and declared it in categorical terms in these famous lines:

"Great God, I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn.—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn :
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

And many other writers of the age had half-echoed
Barry Cornwall's rebellious lines :

"O ye delicious fables, where the wave,
And wood, and stream with glorious living things
Were peopled ! Why, oh, why has science grave
Scattered afar your sweet imaginings !"

These were not the mere idle fancies of poets and dreamers, but the serious, natural expressions of thinking men in a transition age. They show what influences were at work upon the generation, and upon Keats thirsting for every encouragement like this. And he absorbed them all as a mighty river swells its stream by the inflowing of little springs and rills. We do not deny the influence of Wordsworth upon the modern school ; but this influence, so far as it advantaged him, Keats guided to suit himself, virtually making it his own. Of course he made no bold, open declarations of firm belief, but all through *Endymion*, *Hyperion*, *Lamia*, and his many shorter pieces, we find his teachings expressed in most winning terms. Such a body of works in the same tone, such a constant advancement of the same principles and ideas could not have been purposeless. It is impossible. His works in respect to their theology can be judged by their influence on the individual ; and let those who doubt our interpretation study them carefully and learn their subtle power. They form one of the most perfect and deceptive examples of insinuation in all literature. Keats is the acknowledged father of the Victorian school of poets ; we prefer to consider him as the founder of the Hellenic school, embracing others besides the poets. Of the three divisions of this school Swinburne, Morris and Ruskin are the exponents.

In Swinburne and his followers—the radical branch—there is too much of the passionate spirit of *The Last Oracle*, the deep sense of wrong done their religion, and bold, open defiance of “the Galilean,” that might have been grand and beautiful eighteen hundred years ago, but loses its charm and becomes abhorrent in this nineteenth century.

The author of *The Earthly Paradise* has given better, more popular, and more truly Hellenic characteristics. “You may obtain a more truthful idea of the nature of Greek religion and myth from the poems of Keats, and the nearly as beautiful and in general grasp of subject far more powerful works of Morris than from frigid scholarship, however extensive,” wrote Ruskin in his own *Greek Sermons*. But the deepest, truest view of the worship is in the writings of this great interpreter of art and nature, as in *The Queen of the Air*. He seems to have foreseen the dangerous tendencies of the school, and in sympathy with it himself, while he has made perhaps still more of a religion to many, yet has robbed it of evil by purer and truer interpretations.

And this is the Greek religion of to-day, embraced by a few, yet numbering among the few some really great minds, whose worship, however romantic, seems sincere. We have seen that it does exist, and that its growth can be traced back step by step to that greatest of modern Greeks. To Keats, then, we must give the credit, or blame, for accomplishing one of the most remarkable religious reformations that man ever purposed or imagined.

AN EVEN-SONG.

As swiftly sped our boat along.
Past woods and islands green and fair,
The tall limp reeds and flowers among
That nodded to the soft spring air,

And on past hamlets hushed and drear
By oaks that stood for ages long,
The echoes trembled far and near,
The echoes of our even-song.

Fresh and fair
The evening air
Blows softly o'er the lea,
Lightly sail
With fav'ring gale
The ships away at sea.

The tired day
As child from play
Seeks rest at even-tide,
And worrying care
And day's despair
Themselves rest at our side.

Night's curtain falls,
And sleep soft calls
Each one from care to cease,
As when at last
Our sorrows past,
God calls to rest and peace.

Slow rowed we back and no sound heard
Save where the oar the water moved,
Or now and then some sweet-voiced bird
Sang his "good-night" to her he loved.

And soon upon us night came down,
And toilsome day with saddening eve
Quick passed away—forever gone
To lands where other days do live.

G. H. B.

JUNIOR PRIZE ORATION.*

Cervantes.

BY WAYLAND IRVING BRUCE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

THE world's heroes require no eulogy; for their fame is inseparably united to objects continually before our eyes. We need no stronger reminder of Philip than the degeneracy of modern Greece; and the sturdy civilization of Russia is an enduring monument to Peter. But he who serves his country in the more quiet field of letters, the reformer who moulds rather than chisels, leaves few traces of his labor and lacks these material pledges of recognition and immortality. Humanity is not consciously unjust; it is only weak, and even its most unbiased judgments are often influenced by ignorance or prejudice. We observe a great revolution in society, and if we go so far as to ask its origin, are told that it is only a natural development, and that he whom a few foolish fanatics style leader and reformer is merely a floating straw indicating but not affecting the progressive current of civilization. Or if we admit that he whose claims we consider is in purpose and realization a true reformer, ancient prejudices too frequently blind us to the splendor of his services. Sometimes, indeed, we misinterpret his aim and think that he has failed simply because he reaches not some imaginary goal which we only have set before him. To perhaps the most unfortunate victim of misconception which the entire range of literature discovers, I now ask your attention.

"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away:
A single laugh demolished the right arm
Of his own country."

These are the words of even so acute an observer as Lord Byron, and as they are but specimens of many such

* The prize was divided between Bruce and Storrs.

unjust expressions scattered here and there throughout our literature, I do not consider it impertinent or idle to devote a little time to a consideration of the great satirist, his genius and his work.

Turn to the sixteenth century and you observe a vast social awakening, a beginning of active enterprise and brilliant wit, of all indeed which you group under one comprehensive title—modern civilization. Erasmus had infused a new vigor into ancient lore; Bacon had invented a new philosophy; Copernicus had mastered the mystery of the heavens; and Luther had torn from the fair face of religion the blinding veil of superstition. Europe was brightening under a magnificent dawn; but in one corner there yet lingered shadows of the past. Spain was still dreaming idly over the tinsel glories of a childhood which other nations had long since thrust aside. A false national honor still continued to exert a potent and pernicious influence upon her political and social life. The authority of antiquity still outweighed with her every consideration of present utility and right; and indeed she stood almost the only representative of conservatism in the civil world. She opposed the Reformation by initiating the Inquisition; and dungeons were gorged with victims; the rack and the thumb-screw were continually busy; mutilated Christians walked the streets of every city; and even the national government itself celebrated church holidays by the burning of heretics.

The same conservatism was also practiced in politics as in religion. New conditions of society were springing into existence involving new obligations upon ruler and subject; new principles of law and diplomacy were being adopted throughout the civilized world. But progress was not for Spain. "We have," said the second Don John, "one constant maxim in the council of state: ever to consult the spirit of Charles V. We ask what he would have done, and that we endeavor to practice in our turn."

Much more noticeable, however, was the conservatism of her social character. The Spaniards were by nature enthusiastic admirers of hereditary nobility; and scarcely

one of them but boasted a long pedigree which he stubbornly refused to dishonor by descending to manual labor. The Moor had left Spain a luxuriant garden, and a quarter of a century of Iberian pride and sloth had made it a desert. He had left substantial and well ordered mills stored to the ceiling with all the rich products of an active industry, and a few years had found them silent, empty and moldering ruins. He had left a noble commerce, and it had degenerated into petty hucksterage and barter. Labor of every sort was inconsistent with Spanish honor, and Spain was a nation of drones. Pride stood hand in hand with poverty. The Spanish Grandee felt himself compelled to live although penniless in a style of royal magnificence; to support a long and useless retinue of servants; to pour a princely revenue into the coffers of an avaricious church; to affect whatever was romantic and impracticable in antiquity; and, above all, to despise education and industry as ignoble virtues. Such habits as these could not but breed oppression, injustice and intolerance, the forerunners of inevitable decay.

Where now shall we look for the origin of this curse, this taint in the lifeblood of Spain? Our question is soon answered. The brightest pages of her history we find in the introduction. She is the mother land of poetry and romance, the fountain head of that chivalry which overturned and transformed European society. And according as she is the source her chivalry is the purest and brightest in the world. You may find upon the faded pages of Don Quixote's famous library eminent prototypes of the Siegfrieds and Arthurs and Bayards of other lands, who are none the less noble that they have feebler poets to sing their praises. Spain adored her childhood. She possessed only a meager mythology, and Zeus, Apollo and Ares were to her but shadows and names whose rightful places in her affection and religion were occupied by that noble race of heroes, Amadis, Orlando and their kin. Do I err, then, in attributing chiefly to her excessive fondness for these old tales, the origin of her indolence and

conservatism? Did not they prove the fatal Lotus fruit of that fair land?

This is, in brief, the curse which had fallen upon Spain. By whom should it be lifted? Should some wise sovereign arise and by shrewd and practical legislation wake her from her long-continued folly? Let good Queen Isabella and her degenerate successors answer this question. Should some philosopher reveal to her the earnest reality of life and point her to new fields of activity and development? Let the rusted fetters of Columbus and the deserted settlements of the new world answer this. Should some devoted teacher tell of the wonders of science and the magic possibilities of industry and enterprise? Let the horrors of the Inquisition, that blood-stained enemy of civilization, answer this. No; the cure must come from within; and to him who might well have been the greatest of romance writers let Spain acknowledge herself indebted for her salvation.

Cervantes combined in an eminent degree the qualities of both censor and reformer. He was the first to perceive the utter worthlessness of the lives which his countrymen were leading, and at the same time to publish and condemn their false notions of honor, morality and religion. Most critics stop with this; but he went still farther and interpreted the old allegory, becoming the true knight of modern civilization and leveling his lance at social evils far more dangerous than any monster of ancient fable. He found a literature enfeebled by falsity of taste and inflation of style; a people ignorant, indolent and fanciful, insensible to the steady progress of the world, and lost in contemplation of a bright vision of the past. He realized that the chivalry which floated before their charmed gaze was but a glorious bubble—beautiful, indeed, for in it swam bright pictures of steel-clad knight, fair lady, enchanted castles and daring deeds of arms, all illumined with the shifting rainbow tints of poetry and fancy. But it was only a bubble and vanished in the “twinkling of an eye” before the keen point of Cervantes’ pen. The sixteenth century saw the publication of upwards of seventy

books of chivalry; the seventeenth saw but one, and that published before the appearance of Don Quixote in the year 1605. Can we ask for more convincing evidence of immediate and unexampled power and influence? It would be indeed idle for me to attempt to interpret the character of the old knight, for he is familiar to you all; you love him and you revere him. Let me confine myself to the satire in which he figures and in a few sentences endeavor to sum up the major qualities of success which it seems to embody.

It is artistic and consistent because Cervantes was by nature and education the prince of romance writers. Imbued to the soul with the spirit of true chivalry, had he not realized that his mission lay in criticism and reformation rather than in construction, we might to-day see his name fairly written at the head of another field of letters, and side by side with him who told the story of Arthur. What a noble ideal of knighthood and womanhood would he have sustained! and in what gorgeous richness of imagery and design would his playful and exuberant fancy have delighted to revel!

Another quality of success I find in the unfailing fund of common sense which is continually cropping forth even amid the wildest extravagancies which the book contains. It is indeed a master-stroke of genius, this artistic juxtaposition of two antagonistic elements of human character, the practical and the ideal,—elements which, united in their proper proportions, are necessary to a perfect life, yet, cultivated one at the expense of the other, leading invariably to failure and disgrace. Much of the peculiar humor of Don Quixote lies in this ingenious contrast.

And still another point in which this seems to differ from almost all other satires of our knowledge is in its unfailing fairness, kindness and sincerity. Cervantes never sneers; and, unlike most satirists, he leaves not a single trace of bitterness in all his writings. His charity is universal. Whatever belongs to mankind or to his native land lays strong hold upon his sympathy and love. And

his comprehensive benevolence wins us the more that we recognize in it no mere outgrowth of pleasant surroundings. On the contrary, it developed in spite of circumstances. He found little in the world's treatment of him to invite his love; yet his whole life was one continual sacrifice at the altar of patriotism and philanthropy. Oh, the ingratitude of nations! Let Spain blush as she utters the name of her noblest and truest son. I see him at the battle of Lepanto, stained with gore and flushed with victory. I see him with still bleeding wounds hastening from the hospital to the scene of battle; I see him at Tunis and La Goleta the bravest man in all that army, proudly exulting over the new victories which his arm had done so much to win. Surely Spain cannot refuse to acknowledge such services as his. But no; a selfish nation says "not yet." I see his proud spirit smarting under a sense of undeserved defeat; I see him carried away into the horrors of Moorish captivity; I see him, during all those long years of exile and slavery, bravely bearing his own burdens and sharing those of others; I see him vainly and hopelessly straining every nerve in his struggle for freedom—the midnight escape, the swift recapture and the increased bitterness of captivity. What was Spain's gratitude that for five long years she did not lift a finger to end this great injustice? I see him at last restored a helpless cripple to home and liberty. Surely, you say, now, at least, his motherland extended to him a welcoming and helping hand. No. Want and sorrow and neglect were still to be his portion in life. I see him writing the first pages of *Don Quixote* in an Andalusian prison; and I see him in an humble garret at Valladolid penning, with tears of genuine affection, the epitaph of his brave hero.

"Sweet, indeed, are the uses of adversity." Milton sung not of the glories of eternity until his eyes were closed to earthly light; Dante wrote his *Divine Comedy* while wandering in exile; Bunyan viewed that glorious vision through the dark, damp walls of Bedford jail. But among all those noble martyrs to whom the world

has done a scant and tardy justice, there is not one over whose sad lot we linger with such loving veneration as over the quiet heroic self-sacrifice of Cervantes. He lived in wretchedness and obscurity; he died and "no man knows his sepulchre."

THE GODS IN EXILE.

I wandered once within a grand old wood,
 With long, dim, columned halls and chambers high,
Thick crossed with moss-hung branches; near the sky,
 Veiled choirs where strange birds sang in mournful mood.
In many spots the forest floor was strewed
 With heaps of poppy blossoms, on the dry
Deep leaves, and rose and lotus flowers; there lie
 The dear and deathless deities, and brood
O'er their sad memories, till often-times
 They break their hearts with mourning for Pan's death.
And oft with heartless mockery they seek
 That happiness they left in other climes;
Then midst their mirth the smile will die, the breath
 Turn sighs, and slow, clear tears steal down their cheeks.

I saw a nymph half-buried in her pile
 Of fragrant petals, watching the slow fall
Of autumn leaves, and striving to recall
 Her own tree in the far Aegean isle.
On her grief-faded cheek the half-lost smile
 Was painful. By her knelt a sister tall,
And kissed her, her soft hands so white and small
 Stroking her yellow, silken hair the while.
And one, half-lying in a crystal spring,
 Her light hair floating on it, her fair form
Clear shining thro' the water, happy seemed.
 And two, long parted, with lips quivering,
Met hands and eyes so sadly, till the warm
 Tears gushed in floods. And others slept and dreamed.

YALE MEN OF LETTERS.

NO. I.—N. P. WILLIS.*

THE Americans, owing to a feeling of dependence common to young nations, early adopted the literature of another country. At the beginning of the present century, however, the heterogeneous elements of the new society were blending. The habits and customs of the people were conforming to the character of the country. A patriotic national spirit made its appearance. The necessity of an original literature to the people's glory and happiness was felt. As a quarter of a century before the nation had struggled for political freedom, so now it entered upon a struggle for freedom of thought. A period of extraordinary literary activity has followed. To this period belong nearly all the eminent representatives of American literature.

The most popular prose writers have been Irving, Cooper and Hawthorne, while poetry has been best represented by Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier. These, however, are not the only writers of the period who have contributed to America's literary wealth. Others there are, who, in the judgment of many, have good claims to the highest literary rank; while there are still others, who have not been widely known, but who have done much toward bringing our literature into estimation, and who have had a few enthusiastic admirers.

Of the latter class there is no better representative than the poet and literary critic, Nathaniel Parker Willis. Inheriting a taste for letters from his father, who was an eminent journalist, Willis early devoted himself to literature as a pursuit. This devotion was the shaping influence of his life. Even while a student at college he was widely known as a poet of great promise. Many of his poems written at that time are worthy of rank with

* Graduated at Yale College with the class of 1827.

the productions of his maturer years. "The Burial of Arnold," for instance, a noble tribute paid by the poet to the memory of a deceased class-mate, is, of all Willis' poems, the one most often quoted, and is marked by a delicacy of feeling and a loftiness of sentiment seldom met with in the productions of a young poet. It may be said of this poem, as of all his earlier poetry, that it is entirely free from the immaturity of thought and expression generally characteristic of college poetry. His poem delivered at the departure of his class from college is much superior to the ordinary production of its kind. The following extract well illustrates the earnest thought that pervades the whole poem:

"There will come
Alike the day of trial unto all,
And the rude world will buffet us alike.
Temptation hath a music for all ears;
And mad ambition trumpeteth to all;
And the ungovernable thought within
Will be in every bosom eloquent;—
But when the silence and the calm come on,
And the high seal of character is set,
We shall not all be similar. The flow
Of life-time is a graduated scale;
And deeper than the vanities of power,
Or the vain pomp of glory, there is set
A standard measuring our worth for Heaven."

Three years after leaving college, Willis, in order to gratify a long-cherished desire and also to better qualify himself for his work, visited Europe. The Old World was not so well known to Americans then as now, and Willis, who was young and enthusiastic in spirits, clear and comprehensive in his views of men and things, was able to send home some charming sketches of European life and scenery. These sketches, published in the *New York Mirror*, were read with inexpressible delight in America. "Pencilings by the Way," the title of the sketches, was not an ambitious work. Willis only desired that his friends at home might learn about the things of note in the Old World which had interested

him as an American. There are no observations on national character, literature, or art. He was not the man to undertake a discussion of such topics. He had neither time nor inclination for a task so laborious. But as a man of general culture he sent home entertaining and instructive sketches of countries, manners and men. His style was elegant and his sketches were made intensely vivid by a poetical imagination. His description of the "Grand Trianon" at Versailles is more like a picture than a word sketch. The lovely, but unfortunate, Marie Antoinette, busily engaged with her Swiss village, and the villagers vainly endeavoring to be at home in their novel quarters, stand out as if drawn on canvas.

Willis hastened to visit Italy. That land has a strong attraction for cultivated minds. Amidst the signs of decay, which are everywhere to be met with there, one catches glimpses of an ancient civilization still appearing grand and glorious, although seen through the veil of many centuries. Italy made a deep and lasting impression upon Willis' mind. Everything in that land is conducive to reverie, and the young dreamer was in full sympathy with his surroundings. There he found an ample gratification of his tastes. There, too, highly impressible by natural beauty, he felt his soul expand anew under the influence of nature's charms; for no country affords so romantic scenery, so glorious sunsets, so gracefully curving shores, as Italy.

Having traveled in France, Italy, Greece and Turkey, Willis turned to England. His reputation as a smart young American and poet gained him admission to the best social circles in London, and his pen portraits of the illustrious persons whose hospitality he enjoyed, while in the Old World's capital, were graphically drawn. No American writer, except Cooper, has ever been more warmly welcomed abroad than Willis. Nor have any contributed more to our country's reputation by their personal popularity. Hawthorne, who visited England later in life, was, in consequence of a long residence in Salem, distinctly provincial in his

habits of life and thought. His sketches of English life were unappreciative, and his attention was chiefly occupied with external surroundings.

It was during his residence in London that Willis published his volume of poems entitled, "*Melanie and Other Poems.*" This volume consisted partly of new poems, and partly of selections from his earlier productions. Of his longer pieces, "*Melanie*" is the best. It is an interesting tale told during a walk around the "*Cascatelles of Tivoli.*" The hero of the story, a lonely traveler, gazes upon scenes which recall to his mind the events of happier days. He had previously visited Italy, being accompanied by a lovely sister. The poem is a recital of the incidents of that visit. While wandering up and down Italy, the brother and sister meet a young painter, between whom and the sister there springs up a warm attachment. The brother, at first, broods over the sad prospect of being supplanted in his sister's affection by a stranger, but is finally led by consideration of her happiness,

"To press the heart to earth and hush
Its bitter jealousy to rest."

To Melanie the attachment brings a world of happiness, and the brother, as he witnesses the new life upon which the lovers have so recently entered, feels the secret joy that one always experiences in the performance of a generous act. The painter, although not of obscure blood, turns out to be the unhappy offspring of an illicit attachment. But so manly is his bearing and so pathetic his tale of woe, the hearts of the brother and sister yearn the more toward him. The tale has a sad ending. The lovers, concluding to consummate their love by marriage, repair to St. Mona. A nun, who has been praying near by the altar, catches a glimpse of the brother's face, and in excited tones of voice explains that she, the mother of the young painter, was wronged by the father of the brother and sister. The shock is too great for the sister to withstand, and she falls lifeless to the floor. The lover

is broken-hearted at the unexpected turn of affairs, and the Italian sun soon sheds its melancholy rays on two newly made graves. The poem is a beautiful representation of the purely emotional nature, and has just enough of the romantic about it to be well suited to the locality. The reader is carried along by a vein of feeling, which runs through the whole poem. There is plenty of delicate allusion and fine imagery, but no lofty soarings of the muse, no grand flights of the imagination.

After several years' residence abroad, Willis returned to this country and settled at Glenmary, a secluded retreat in the Susquehanna valley, where he hoped to be able to spend the remainder of his life in quiet. He brought with him to his new home, as its chief attraction, his English wife, who is said to have been a lady of great beauty of features and of uncommon sweetness of character. A retired life seems to have been best suited to Willis' disposition, and in his "Letters from Under a Bridge" we have a clear reflection of the poet's mind in its natural state. He had become weary of life in the great cities of Europe. For him the teeming earth had far more attractions than gray pavements. The letters contain much that is descriptive of the scenery about Glenmary. Willis was at home in the country. Its meadows, trees, brooks and flowers had a peculiar charm for him. Here, free from the conventionalities of city life, the inner man became apparent. He felt an elevation of soul as he witnessed the spontaneous generosity of nature. We feel that our author is thoroughly acquainted with the people of his neighborhood, so perfect are his character sketches. In his letters Willis betrays his peculiar passion for brooks. It is well known that while in college he spent many an afternoon by Roaring Brook, which he praises in a very pretty poem.

In the midst of all this tranquillity of life at Glenmary there came a crash in Willis' business relations. His home was broken up, and the poet was merged in the city of New York in the effort to regain a financial footing. The next time that Willis appears to us as a coun-

try-gentleman is at "Idlewild," on the Hudson. But he is now, in many respects, a changed man. He himself is somewhat broken down in health, while his English wife is no more, except as she lives in memory and in the features of a daughter. "Idlewild," which is often pointed out to the tourist as the last residence of Willis, owed its creation entirely to the energy and taste of the poet. The cottage is situated on a promontory somewhat back from the Hudson, and commands a fine view of the world below. There was at "Idlewild" no superfluous ornamentation. Books there were, but they were not numerous, nor were they too rich for use. In his work the poet rose early, and, after watching the dawn, worked assiduously until dinner. After dinner he was ready either to entertain his friends by a vivacious flow of conversation, or to accompany them in a visit to some one of the many famous spots in the vicinity of the poet's home. Across the river from "Idlewild" was "Undercliff," the home of Willis' friend, Morris. There is no better evidence of Willis' goodness of character than his life-long association with the poet and journalist, George P. Morris.

In person Willis was tall and graceful. His portrait shows a high, intellectual forehead, partially concealed by locks of abundant hair. The large, dreamy eyes clearly bespeak the poet, while a beard trimmed after the Elizabethan fashion gives proportion to the lower part of the face.

Although Willis occupied successfully the field of a journalist, it was chiefly by his poetry that he endeared himself to his own generation, and it is almost wholly by this that he will be known to posterity. His letters and sketches, which were so attractive to the readers of his own time, are no longer read. His novel, "Paul Fane," never popular, is now forgotten. While its style is pleasing, the plot possesses no interest, and the characters are all after one type. Willis was not a thorough student. He proposed to himself no great theme. He gained his inspiration almost entirely from the world around him, and whatever interested him he wrote about.

His field of labor was thus too extended. Naturally the most brilliant poet of his times, he exhausted his powers by a too great variety of undertakings. While the poetry which he produced will always entitle him to a position among the great writers of this country, it does not fulfill the bright promise of his early life.

ODE TO SCIO.

Thou fairest isle beyond the rest
Upon Egean's heaving breast,
Nature had lavished beauty o'er thy face ;
There too the sacred muses wooed
Into poetic solitude
The first-born bard of Hellas' noble race.

Of old the poets sang thy praise ;
Thy name was famed at festal days,
When many a heart was freed from burdening care.
Thy hills and vales at vintage time
Bore forth the riches of thy clime ;
Thou wast a garden then like Eden fair.

But now, like Eden's pride, is gone
The glory which was thine alone ;
An evil fate hath reached thy envied shores.
And mangled lie beneath thy soil
Thy own beloved sons of toil,
Who'd healed for thee the cruel wounds of wars.

Oh land, where freedom's dawning light
Shone forth into primeval night,
As shone the star above Judea's hills !
We hear for aid thy suppliant cry,
We turn to thee with sympathy,
To lighten fain the burden of thy ills.

JUNIOR PRIZE ORATION.*

Edmund Burke and the French Revolution.

BY CHARLES BIGELOW STORRS, NEW YORK CITY.

WHERE can we look for a parallel to the French Revolution? Its hopes, promises, passions, excitements, crimes were intense—extreme. Eighty years behind us, yet the breath of that tempest still lingers in our air. We are penetrated with a sense of its peculiar horrors. The wholesale butcheries of other nations have been directed against foreigners, invaders, declared oppressors. It was reserved to France to show us a people burying the sword of almost indiscriminate massacre in the breasts of their own countrymen! Where else has the scaffold, with its sharp and glittering blade of death, become a nation's pastime? To wait on its fearful tragedies a whole people forsook the theatre; to dream of fresh horrors provided for the morrow, an entire nation laid its head each night on a contented pillow!

It seemed as though nothing could satisfy the demand. The sanctities of religion and the securities of law must perish together. Had not King and Priest alike offended? Palace and monastery, chapel and chateau, courts, tribunals, marriage, every old and sacred institution must go down in one destruction. Had they not all been engineries of oppression, and were they not now standing in the way of the "rights of man"?

Was it possible that a storm thus highly charged with the electricity of passion should be restrained within the limits of France? As might have been expected, her people, inebriated with excesses at home, were ready to proclaim themselves avengers of the wronged millions abroad. They began moving outward, in serried ranks, beyond the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees. They came,

* The prize was divided between Bruce and Storrs.

they said, as "liberators." It was to be a new and everlasting opening of prison doors. Europe was not enough for them. Egypt and the ancient Pyramids shook before their presence. A new race of Saracens, they promulgated their religion of "democracy" at the edge of blades keener than those of Damascus. But they crushed nations to rear its altars and provide the sacrifices for its worship!

An avalanche had been loosened. Alpine summits are not whiter than this when it started. But when, at last, loaded with the impurities gathered in its progress, the whole mass rolled—rushing, thundering—down upon the plain, sweeping strength and weakness before it, the earth was covered with debris: a mass of ruin that disheartened the hopes and the labor of man!

At this distance, reading the final acts of that fearful drama, we can hardly understand the almost universal enthusiasm that greeted its opening scenes. Where, we ask, was even the seeming wisdom of such indiscriminate destruction? What harvest was to be expected from such sowing of political soil with dragon's teeth, drenching it in fraternal blood, and then letting in the waves of sterility by breaking down the dykes of social order and moral restraint? What favor from Heaven, when hecatombs of murdered men were the offerings and avowed atheists ministered at the altar?

But, just here, we must as vividly remember with what brilliant promises, what animating cries that Revolution opened! The nations were waiting for help. That uprising of the French people touched chords strung all over Europe, and vibrating in millions of suffering men. Those cries of freedom were a bugle call. Even royal families and statesmen of the old régime in many instances could not resist the enthusiasm and bent beneath its power.

The Bastille was stormed. That proclaimed Revolution. All Europe heard the word and hailed the token. The people were roused. To them that sudden glare across the sky was not the flash of an explosion to shatter na-

tions and rend society, but the rising of a new and glorious Sun upon the long night of human pain. Again had God's voice been heard, "Let there be light," and now all hideous things were to vanish; tyrannies in Church or State—everything that had borne heavily—should be rolled into the grave of an everlasting burial; and the living world, new-created, illuminated by the warm splendors of imperishable liberty, should henceforth be the home of human happiness, a magnificent temple of human grandeur!

These were the promises that went out along the swift wires of sympathy, to thrill and enthrall the suffering nations. Why should they not have listened? Why not have yielded their faith? Why not have crowded toward these new altars, whence, at length, flames shot out that burned and destroyed? Phlegmatic Holland heard and kindled as she remembered the glories of the old Dutch Republic. The heart of all Italy was in a ferment. Cries of "Our Fatherland" rang through Germany. Even Spain, immured with her mountain walls and the Inquisition's dungeons, sought to raise her manacled hands. Ireland was blazing with passionate fire. And our own America, though weak then and far aloof, sent throbbing answers across the sea, and was hardly held by Washington's great hand from throwing herself with the rest into the vortex that France was opening.

What held England quiet and steady then? The cliffs of Dover are in sight from Calais. Nothing but Gladstone's "streak of silver sea" separates those neighboring shores. Had not England too heard, down to the humblest hovel of town and hamlet, that whole argument on "the rights of man" which had fired the French heart? Millions of her people shared the hopes and passions of that fierce outbreak. We know that the nation was in a ferment from Land's End to John-o'-Gaunt's. With few exceptions, the leading statesmen in Parliament added the strength of their great names to the Revolution. Blind to its perils, Pitt, Fox, Windham, Sheridan—that

constellation of brilliant orators—not only welcomed it for France, but by their splendid eloquence commended it to England. “The greatest event that ever happened in the world—how much the best!” cried Fox in a transport of enthusiasm. England was just grazing the edge of the cyclone!

What held her steady then? I would not claim too much for any one force, but among her statesmen One had not been deafened by that tumult of applause. He heard beneath those bursts of triumph the hoarse cries of rancorous assassins. Scarcely had the Bastille fallen—its ruins were yet smoking—when to his vision a frightful spectre ascended from the ashes, menacing with glaring eye and threatening gesture whatever was fair in the civilization of Europe! From that moment Edmund Burke accepted the task of saving England from the fate of France!

He came to this as the crowning work of an illustrious career. He was in the full maturity of his splendid powers. His preëminent genius—profoundly philosophic and comprehensive—had been nourished and disciplined by severe studies and a long public life. His convictions were intense. His eloquence—teeming, impassioned—was almost irresistible. Every gift had been taxed and trained in two great conflicts; first, in defending liberty in this hemisphere; and then in that tremendous impeachment of Warren Hastings for crushing it in the other. But these were now to be eclipsed by a third. In them he seemed to have been defeated. In this he gained the victory. Their office had been to prepare and nerve him for this strife, where his country itself was to be the prize! Like Homer's hero, he had practiced on weaker weapons amidst inferior battles, that he might come to wear an armor whose lustre flashed dismay and wield a spear of more than mortal make that nothing could resist. He had learned his own resources! He had the strength of his convictions! He feared nothing in a righteous cause!

While yet the Revolution was hardly begun, he was searching for its hidden springs and forecasting every

step of its progress. With him it was a necessity to go beneath events that rose upon the surface to find the trend of the mighty movement itself. Such a man was not to be deluded. He detected the atheistic spirit underlying and urging it on. He saw with prophetic horror that profligate irreligion was crowding into every high place in France. And when he heard that Constituent Assembly, filled with the intellectual leaders of the Revolution, shouting with Diderot that, "together with submission to kings, belief in God would shortly be at an end all over the world;" when, one by one, he saw what he regarded as the very foundations destroyed and the old landmarks removed that another system, mapped out by a new political geometry, might be brought in amidst anarchy, destruction of property and subversion of reverence for God or man, the mighty forces of his whole nature were roused into highest antagonism. "This new Constitution of France," he burst forth, "is the unprincipled, plundering, ferocious, bloody and tyrannical democracy of a people whose government is anarchy and whose religion is atheism." Within two months from the first outbreak, and while as yet all others were spell-bound with admiration, his eye had detected plotted treason lurking beneath that outward show of loyal observance. In those weak concessions of the king he saw the doom of "Gracious Duncan" already sealed. Even then, he foresaw successive factions doing the work of justice upon each other until France should cry out, like Shakespeare's overburdened criminal :

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my land? No; this my land will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine!"

Who was the man chosen of Providence to lay bare to England, in that supreme hour of suspense, the peril of those revolutionary schemes that would not have left one stone upon another in the edifice of her Constitutional liberty? Whose acute reason cut through the sophistry; whose biting sarcasm chastised the insolent ignorance;

whose grasp tore to shreds the delusive promises of those brutal declaimers on Liberty riding into power on the passions of a maddened people? There is but one answer. Alone of English statesmen, at that hour, Edmund Burke made no attempt to forecast results by the horoscope of ordinary politics. Almost alone among them, instead of being dazzled by the new lights dancing on the horizon, he stood, with eye fixed on eternal orbs, warning the nation against the danger of leaving the solid ways of established truth, and trusting itself to that treacherous morass on which it was being urged to enter!

He was assailed in lampoon, in caricature, in pamphlets without number, but he carried his work forward. By oration after oration; by his profound and widely-circulated "*Reflections on the French Revolution*"; by incessant and masterly efforts of prodigious power in every direction, he strove to avert the dreaded calamity.

"Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, and change his constant mind."

With an earnestness that carried conviction; against all the reasonings and the swirl of that paroxysm of revolution, he brought the nation and the government back to remember that the eternal dictates of humanity and religion are surer guides than any syllogisms of logic; that no future good can be bought by present crime; that assassination and slaughter, however provoked or legalized, have no seed of blessing for other generations! From the Mountain of Wisdom, covered for others with clouds and thick darkness, this Prophet and Seer, like another Moses, brought down to his people the laws on which their stability and freedom must forever rest. With power he silenced apostates from the old political faith, and ground to powder the brutal image he found them ready to worship. Almost single-handed, when Europe was circling faster and faster toward the vortex, and England herself was yielding to the dreadful suction, this man—who had no armies at his command, no titled rank, no splendid ministerial position, whose very friends deserted him at

the hour of sorest need in Parliament, and who was nothing but "an Irishman" to the proud Peers of England—by the sheer force of intellect and of convictions that made themselves heard, stayed the movement, recalled England to herself, and fixed her position for all the struggles that were to follow! At that moment did this man seem to lay aside the infirmities and disabilities of human nature and grasp the wisdom and the power of heaven!

The battle had now been fought. Pitt, Windham, the great body of Whig statesmen, the nation itself had been won over to his side. The prize was gained. His country was secure. From that hour her magnificent conduct added fresh glory to the old renown. France went on, plunging down from legitimate demands into a more unbridled license, mixing the cup of liberty with intoxicating blood and pressing it to the lip of every people. But England, animated by the eloquence of this her greatest son, interposed her solid strength, shattered the Revolution, and saved the nations! His voice broke over, far beyond her narrow limits. It was heard by Europe. The world heard it. Sympathy with that Revolution changed to abhorrence. Its Jacobin clubs, its reeking mobs, its very principles, were held in hatred as destroyers of whatever is dear and sacred to the English heart. And when, after his death, the final catastrophe was reached and bloody anarchy was crushed to silence under remorseless tyranny, why should not the voice of Edmund Burke be remembered by the nation that he had saved "as the voice of inspiration, and his burning anger as the holy fervor of a prophet of the Lord?"

"After his death!" The time came that he should bid farewell to public life. The highest honors of a grateful people were preparing for him. A patent of nobility, creating him Earl of Beaconsfield, was being made out, when that son, his only child, object of unutterable love and hope and pride, whose instant election to his vacant seat in Parliament had deeply touched his heart, was smitten by sudden death! The light went out! What

were those honors now? What, life itself? "The storm has passed over me," he wrote to a friend, "and I lie like one of these oaks which the late hurricane has shattered about me. I am torn up by the roots and lie prostrate on the earth. I am alone! I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors."

Three lingering years of grief like this, and Edmund Burke—no mere Earl of Beaconsfield, but a king of men "by the right of an earlier creation"—passed on *ad concilium majorum*. But not till he had finished the work he had undertaken to do! True, Europe was still rocking amidst the throes of an expiring Revolution. The thunder of roaring cannon, the shock of battles, the low drifting of war clouds, fire-edged and fearful, mingled with the dreams of the great dying statesman. But that Revolution had been rolled back from England! The great Hebrew law-giver did no more than bring his people to the border of their "glorious land." Yet his work was done! Mozart died, while his imperishable Requiem, fresh-blotted on the score, was still unheard. Yet his work was done! The last of Edmund Burke's powerful "Letters against a Regicide Peace" had not yet come from the press when he passed on. But his work was done! England's danger was passed. She was "dwelling on high; her place of defence was the munitions of rocks."

A POSSIBILITY.

IT was a year ago that, needing more than a week's "recess," I turned my face Southward. At that time I was proudly counting as a real profit from my college course that the thing imagination was killed out of my mind—no fancies would ever disturb me thereafter. And as I exchanged the land of campus for the land of cotton, I was ready, yes, eager, to find stern realities. I did not court the polite circles of the city nor yet the society of Servosses; but the rather, cast my lot among the "white trash" of the country with a second John Burleson as guide. And here it was my fortune to meet with a character which, from the mere foundation lent it by bare circumstantial evidence, has, at the least, often lead me into surmisings if not into mind-sketchings, and one which will, I believe, be of peculiar interest to every Yale man.

In passing over a mountain "whar many a Union pris'ner had hid," we came at night to a respectable-looking cabin occupied, my Burleson said, by the "Silent Man." After the open manner of the land, we made ourselves the guests of this singular personage. He was a tall, well-built, manly fellow, clad, to be sure, in hunter's dress, but by no means of the most ungainly kind. A heavy yet well-kept beard concealed his features, but the expression of his eyes, together with a graceful bearing, alien to trappers, betokened some former acquaintance with refinement. On our entrance, he had thrust a book into one of the several chests in the room, from the contents of which, revealed for the moment, I judged that some of the others might also be lined with books,—a small valise being capacious enough for the effects of the common trapper. Now, host though he was, he seldom spoke; but when he did choose to favor us—with some direction—it was with an English unsullied by any dialect. Yet himself so unobtrusive, yea, so closely

reserved, he had, none the less, a commanding air which, while interesting, forbade to thrust one's self within his secret thoughts—an air of respect for others demanding respect for him.

As we stretched ourselves on the ground before the hut after supper, the "Wal" of the guide was harbinger of story. But I noticed in the tone that night, in place of the usual jollity, a touch of sadness which I had thought impossible for so rough a nature. His theme was a trip through the North.

"In the arsenal at Springfield, boys, I found a relic that I laid claim to. 'Twas this way in plain facts. I don't often rake 'em up, but 'twas just seventeen years ago to-day that I met him. He came to us a big-shouldered, fine looking young fellow, with delicate hands and face, just from some northern college." I observed that our mysterious host, from the first closely watchful of John, was now all attention. "He'd box and wrestle with any of us, but he wasn't somehow used to us rough 'uns,—liked to be reading and alone considerable. I stood next him in the ranks though, and he and I seemed to hitch at once. I own he was a leetle peculiar. Once a week he'd get a letter what I called a 'special,' and then he'd go by himself for an hour or two. We'd have laughed at it in any other fellow, but we couldn't call it sentiment in him, he had so much *man*. There must have been some good reason for his actions, and he wasn't obliged to ask me my opinion. I tell you, boys, I knew him well and I liked him better 'n a brother. He had the true ring.

"To put it short, one day he received a package of old letters, with a 'special' that he could read at a glance—the last that ever came. Not long after this, an old contraband brought him a letter across the lines from a 'Cap'n Ernon.' When he'd read that, he crunched it up and walked the tent for hours, then, thinking me asleep, muttered: 'Bob Ernon, you owe all this to the side you chose, but had I—no, nothing could have induced me. Yes, old chum, you deserve it too, but—may God keep us apart!' He kept his tent till picket duty, with a look

as stern as old Stonewall's—'sullen,' the boys said, but I feared worse. On one side of his gun-stock was carved 'Fannie,' on the other 'Y—, '63.'"

The trapper, forgetful now of all but the words of the speaker, drew nearer, noticeably the direct opposite of the man he had been an hour before. But the guide, in turn oblivious of all around him, was at intervals with his lips simply reciting the life that in mind he was living again.

"The next week we came on the Yanks at Drury's Bluff, where that Connecticut regiment cut us up terrible. In the thickest of it, I heard him shout 'Bob!' and saw him take quick aim at a young Yank cap'n who was making for our colors; then, without firing, he lowered his piece, rushed forward, clubbing every man aiming that way, and reached the Yank just as he was falling by my ball. Ahem! your smoke chokes me. Bullets was flying thick in that direction, but before I could think, we were forced back and—and—in the fog and confusion, I lost sight of my boy in spite of the responsibility I felt, and when roll was called"—The guide's lips moved, but we heard nothing; the trapper was motionless; we were as under a spell, something which I tried to break but could not.

"However," the guide came back, "in the arsenal was that musket, the letters on the stock as plain as the day they was cut, 'Fannie' and 'Y—, '63,'—there was no mistaking. Oh, you may call it 'romance of the war,' in your fine talk, if you like, sir,—they're solemn *facts* to me; just remember he wasn't any of your psilly-nillies. The barrel of the piece was bent and had a big stain rusted on, but the charge was still in it. They said the 'relic' was brought in by one of that Connecticut regiment, but I put the case before 'em and after sending up my old papers they acknowledged my claim, so to-day that musket"—The touch of our host's hand on his shoulder brought John back from his trance. The manner of the interrupter was such as I had marked among the men at college when they meet after vacation; but

alas! for the proof of my conclusions; before the guide could turn, the gentlemanly trapper had said in the forbidding tone which made curiosity ridiculous, certainly useless, "I beg your pardon, sir," and was gone.

The guide stared perplexedly at the spot where his agitated listener had vanished in the darkness, and there I left him—the avowed enemy of anything sentimental—still staring when I entered the hut to sleep. But thereafter, no word was ever elicited from him about either his "simple facts" or the strange interruption, save one, as we were leaving the hut to its solitude in the morning—"Tr-r-apper?"

No, not exactly a jolly night for me, but it has left me with restless thoughts which no book-study or mathematical dryness can ever quiet; it has shown me the silliness of that fancied college profit.

B. C.

THE DANDELION.

"He loves me." This she said.

With maiden mouth demure,

And a smile springs into eyes

Whose darkness is as pure

As purple in a pearl,

But longer to endure.

"He loves me not," she said,

The tress about to pull

From the fair and yellow hair

Of the rustic oracle,

And shadows cross her face

In sorrow beautiful.

"He loves me," and again

There is light of lissom lips,

And soft smiles drink her tears,

As after night's eclipse

The sunlight, glad once more,

The dew of darkness sips.

H. P.

NOTABILIA.

AS USUAL, last of all to make its appearance is the LIT., though its board was the first to be elected. We have little to say by way of salutatory, indeed such remarks would be out of place since the same revered Elihu continues to conduct the magazine and tolerates no presumption in his menials. He will still maintain that retiring dignity which restrains him from the rash impetuosity that brings his more worldly rivals before the public always a month and a half ahead of time. Only one innovation will be made. In this number of the LIT. there appears the first of a series of articles entitled, "Yale Men of Letters." In matter of contributing to literature, if we except Harvard, which has long been the principal seat of literary culture in this country, Yale stands preëminently at the head of the colleges. Notwithstanding the position which the college holds in this respect, few of us have definite ideas in regard to the extent and character of the literary work which has been done by the graduates. In the proposed series an effort will be made to present to the readers of the LIT. an estimate of the productions of some of the men who, by their labors in a literary way, have gained for themselves and their college an honorable distinction. It is not intended, nor would it be possible in the course of nine numbers to treat the subject exhaustively. The writers of fiction and poetry will naturally claim our attention. It is hoped that the articles, in consequence of their subject, may prove of interest to our readers.

IF our collegiate methods are to be widened by true university principles, the change should be of the nature of a normal growth, rather than a grafting. There must be a maturing of the students as well as a broadening in the modes of instruction; otherwise this "broadening" will only be another name for incompleteness. We ought

to get over certain boyish tendencies towards "shirking," and approach our work with a manly attention to the subject itself. But it seems like a perversion of this principle to be too ready to argue an *unripeness* in the student mind, and to urge this against perhaps the ablest and most honest attempt yet made here to introduce university ideas. We allude to the Latin optional for the juniors, and the recent comments upon it in one of our biweeklies. It is needless to restate the details of our new Latin professor's system. Suffice it to say that he makes a direct appeal to the enthusiasm of the scholar,—not to the vanity of the would-be high-stand man; that he varies the routine work, whenever the routine work would deaden the appreciation of the subject-matter. The author studied is treated as an accountable human being, who had fresh thoughts and reasons for those thoughts,—not as an acute propounder of curious grammatical puzzles, which puzzles are to be sliced off, clean and dry, in sections of a hundred lines apiece. In short, the machine is here made as simple as possible—and used, too, only as a machine—on the theory that what is not lost in friction will appear in the product. As for the *Courant* article in question, while we think the writer underestimates the scholarship of the optional class, he also seems to miss the real root of the matter. Even if the whole class were in fact so puerile as to do everything with a view to marks, and to take mean advantage of any deviation from a martinet discipline, it is in point to ask what real benefit such a class could gain from Latin reading conducted with the most slavish application of the marking system, and with the strictest, most pedagogue-like watchfulness on the part of the instructor. While a class like this might be whipped up to a certain standard which would enable them to pass the annuals with a tolerable proficiency in questions of derivation and construction, yet we doubt if any of these victims of marks would be fired with the slightest literary ardor, would ever feel the smallest inclination to open a classical author in after years. The *Courant* editor is at one

with us in deploring such a temper, even in its unexaggerated form; but while he would yield to its demands till it has outgrown its pettiness, we hold that this childish smallness will most readily be made to disappear by setting forth a truer, manlier, more generous aim for honest endeavor. But, as the facts stand, there are some few men, at least, who receive this more scholarly system in the right spirit and turn it to their solid advantage. Are these to be tied down to the old methods, fatal as they are to enthusiasm and independent research, because some of us (an hypothesis merely) may not have outgrown the aims of a primary school? In truth, there is a strange sort of fatalism in this cry, "We are not ripe for it!" We feel this idea to be the true one; but, then, we must stick to the old limb because we are not ripe yet. In other words, something is driving us to regard secondary motives to which our sense in vain tells us not to yield. We are broad enough to know that an appreciative understanding of a subject is worth all the marks on the Faculty's books; but still Kismet leads us on to the noble labor of tugging away at our stand, so as to place it at last two one-hundredths above Bob Grinder's.

THE recent offers by the *Record* and by the *Courant* of prizes for literary work is something of which we heartily approve. It shows, what is true, that our undergraduate literature is improving and gaining more attention from the students. If, as some of our professors maintain, the original writing done for the college papers brings a greater and more direct individual benefit than the dull routine of class-room work with cyclopædias and biographies, then too much can not be done to encourage those who will support the college press. The LIT. hopes to see as eager competition for the *Record* and *Courant* prizes as for its own medal.

WHAT had come over Lil, my pretty Holyoke cousin, Lil, "the phantom of delight," the liveliest, most thoughtless, and most tantalizing creature in my little world?

Lil, will you take a walk? Lil, will you go driving? Will you play tennis, Lil? Will you, or won't you, do something, or anything?" Only forty-eight hours more of vacation, and still I was continually dumbfounded by a saintly "No, Charley, I mustn't. I can't any more now," and the quondam "airy, fairy Lillian" would move away "sober, steadfast, and demure" as *Penseroso*. I, half in love with her, was becoming frantically desperate, and insisted upon something more than a mere glance at her troubled face at supper. Of course I couldn't exist on what served only to take away my appetite. At last the mystery was solved when I found her in the study reading the Bible behind a perfect barricade of commentaries. There was no escape but in unconditional surrender, and her's completely conquered me. The sweet thing actually burst into tears, which I rather enjoyed, as it presented such a rare opportunity for—for—well, for me. "O, Charley, I'm conditioned in Judges and Joshua, and I feel so dreadfully awful! I wish I could just die!—if I was only good enough." But I shall never tell anything else that happened, only, of course, I lent her my valuable assistance, and as a result have become fully convinced of the efficacy and need of a Bible optional at Yale. We firmly believe that it would be still better to have it form part of the regular required curriculum, but this attitude may seem too bold to take at first. It has proved one of the most successful and profitable parts of the course at all colleges where it has been thoroughly tried. What are the arguments against it at Yale? The ignorance of familiar passages and incidents in the Scriptures that is daily uncovered in the class-room is shameful, and such ignorance is the most disgraceful of all kinds. We believe the optional would be well supported, indeed, its popularity is already assured by the universal interest that is always taken in Dr. Barbour's Sunday evening lectures. Spirits of Dwight and Edwards, can we have the optional?

PORTFOLIO.

—The hermit-spirit is not wholly dead. When we feel "blue" we like to take lonely walks, and under the open sky let the sun beam on our sombreness, and "list to Nature's teachings." I at least own to this liking. Kind Nature, as I fancy, takes to herself my disappointment, and generously blends my puny wail with the soothing leaf-rustling, or the laughing of brooks, or—better still—the grand roaring of the tide. And I think we are not mere sulky malcontents when we crave this indulgent tenderness of our good mother Nature. We sincerely believe we are widening our human sympathies, and getting above the mean, ungenerous, striving world. Look out on the broad view from this high hill we have climbed;—every sad thought of our latest failure has been left at the foot. There is a humble cot below there (we cannot see nor smell the squalor), and our hearts warm in a very laudable Wordsworthian fellow-feeling for the brother-man who there houses himself. And then, by a transition which seems not at the time unnatural, we resolve to let the old working-day world take care of itself, and to contemplate alone our lofty ideal. *Entre nous*, this same ideal, comet-like, is just now taking most extensive courses into space. Is it that the rough earth has brushed against its tail and made it sensitive? Ah, folly of contemplation, so nearly akin to "loathed Melancholy!" You are very good tonic at times, but I am afraid you are often prescribed when we need a more vigorous medicine. I recall a sweet story of a good mediæval monk, who loved to indulge in meditation,—a meditation, mark, on the noblest themes. And one night—so the tale goes—while lingering on his knees in his cell, and fairly transporting his soul to the spirit-land, a vision of Christ, all radiant, appeared to him. 'Twas a blessed sight to the poor monk; every corner of the gloomy chamber was brightened; and the holy man may well have thought that heaven itself was to be opened for him. But hark! the hard world asserts its claim to notice; the old monastery bell clangs out a discordant note, telling of some belated wayfarer begging admittance and refreshment. It is his turn to answer. Shall he go, and leave the blessed

presence of the glorious vision? Stern duty conquers at last, and he turns from the enjoyment of things divine to the bettering, in his modest way, of things human. His labor done, he comes back to the poor cell; but his astonished eyes see the majestic form still standing in the wondrous light. And the lips part—here is the pith of the legend—in the utterance in these words: "Had'st thou stayed, I had gone." The moral is before us. It is a problem of dovetailing, as it were, the Practical with the Ideal; and to do this, we must put our hand with a will to the nearest work. This anonymous bit seems to be laden with a deep truth:—

"I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke and found that life was duty:
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee."

—I have a friend who claims to be a philosopher; that is to say, he affects long hair and metaphysical terms of equally stupendous length. He has very many theories which if laid before the public would be looked upon as controverting all known ideas of scientific truths. Among other vagaries he has recently come to the conclusion that the secret of perpetual motion has been discovered by him, and he invents useless machines and similarly useless hypotheses with a gravity and earnestness which would be laughable were it not that a feeling of sadness must arise at the spectacle of a man so young as he, carried away by the same unsatisfied longing, pursued by the same haunting shadow of a secret about to be discovered, which have driven so many men of high attainments and moral worth into the mad-house and the grave. And yet this friend of mine has many a counter-part in the human life all about us; men who do not carry out their peculiarities to such absurd lengths, but who are nevertheless afflicted to a large degree with this insanity, with which some one has said we are all possessed. I have in my mind men who have felt themselves, by reason of their very natures, socially almost alone, and who have been driven, therefore, to seek refuge with their own thoughts, which have been too often inclined in one direction to the exclusion of all other thoughts, all other aspirations. So they have gone on, brooding over this

one thing, until, finding that the disordered harmonies of their natures cannot be readjusted, that the "world-riot" is sounding too loudly in their ears, they have gone out into the darkness with the last words of the great German thinker their dying cry, "more light!" They are misunderstood by the world at large; that is the trouble. They are wiser in their day and generation than we are perhaps; we cannot mount to heights upon which they walk securely, and yet we are moderately happy, while they—well, the "Paradise of Fools" seems infinitely preferable to *their* Elysium.

—I never thought to be a discoverer. Other people have always assured me that I am unobservant. Many a time have my friends felt slighted at my not having noticed their new engravings. But now I have made a discovery, I have evolved a theory, before which the nebular hypothesis and the theory of universal gravitation must give way, or else they will only prove their old foggism and lack of taste. I was looking out of window this morning in a musing mood (like all philosophers,—and day-dreamers) and saw some dry leaves going through strange manœuvres. The passers-by saw them too, but, oddly enough, only ground their teeth, and shut their eyes, and walked the faster. I smiled at their blindness, and from my serene height watched intently. Here was no mere darting down of a tongue of wind, no idle twisting of the leaves, and then as sudden and causeless a subsiding. There were circular revolutions and steady axis-rotations. The wind, tearing between Battell and Durfee, and cleaning out the Farnam corner, had massed up a round heap,—a leaf-reservoir—and was keeping it in equilibrium. For this same unaccountable wind (it is always wild there, as if angry at the half-way attempt to check its free careerings and revelings of old) would catch up a few old scraps, and send them in a clean-cut orbit about this central pile. And there was a regular planetary system, with perihelions following an exact law. I fancied I could detect the orthodox variation in the eccentricities of the different ellipses. These leafy columns usually came to grief before completing a revolution; I saw a veritable Jupiter, sweeping majestically around, sadly demolished by a flippant freshman's banger. Now this discovery, incomplete as yet, is plainly of important application. To be sure, before I succeed in running our solar system by it, before I

prove the action of celestial whirl-winds—grand universe-eddies—upon the primitive nebulous matter, there will be minor details coming up for explanation. But by a proper colligation of facts, all will soon be cleared up. As for the inclination, for example, of the planet-orbits to the ecliptic: I could myself see the force working in various planes; a way-farer would often draw out some fragment from his eyes,—some minor asteroid; and then would straightway have to fasten the lowest buttons of his coat, while his coat-tails would madly flap amid a cloud of leaves. Some petty objector may demand how our system can be placed in the path of such a peculiar wind, may ask where I will situate my heavenly Durfee and my Chapel, for the breezes of space to sweep between them and gather force. So narrow!—these precisians; always to be asking, with that mean air of triumph, for the missing link. Pshaw! I just looked up again, and found the wind changed. Nothing but stray leaves!

—If I say that I am not going to enlarge on high life and its pleasures in the reign of George III, I may be allowed to mention Trevelyan's book about Fox. Comparisons are odious, it is true; but one cannot help thinking of Macaulay's glowing and varied rhetoric, when reading the works of his nephew. For Mr. Trevelyan, in the most studied way, constantly forces upon us the most obvious characteristic of the great historian's style,—the antithesis. We liked this in Macaulay, for it always had a purpose, and, moreover, his instinct prompted him to drop it before it grew tiresome. We like it at times in Trevelyan. Here, for instance, it carries a good deal of force: "The Great Commoner might work his will upon France and Austria without a whisper of interference, while Newcastle was making partisans, while Mansfield was making law, and while Fox was making money." But our author seems to use antithesis just for the sake of antithesis,—from the mere delight of weighing clauses against each other. In one place the demand for catch-words in the middle of an historical comparison makes him imply that the "Rome of Mark Antony and Cicero" fed its desire for gossip with "a manuscript of Juvenal." But this is an extreme case. The glaring defect, to my thinking, is the monotony of the thing. Whole paragraphs are composed of neatly balanced sentences;—and that, too, without regard to perspective; for

the same labor is wasted on minor, explanatory passages, as on the clinching paragraphs. And so the sense is obscured, while the brain is confused. People and places are spoken of in circumlocutions, while we long for their plain English names,—all for the sake of that hungry dragon, Antithesis! Superlatives, “all,” and “every,” must not hesitate on any scruples of truthfulness, if only that insatiable Antithesis cries for them. The historian becomes a rebus-maker; he loads his sentences down, till the original meaning is lost under the burden of clever historical allusions and epigrammatic adjective-clauses. And he has no mercy upon his readers. After marshalling up a whole regiment of overpowering sentences, in perfect order, with well-timed step to the beat of drum, he brings up the rear with a ponderous old veteran like this: “As Duke of Queensberry, at nearer ninety than eighty years of age, he was still rolling in wealth, still wallowing in sin, and regarded by his countrymen as one whom it was hardly decent to name, because he did not choose, out of respect for the public opinion of 1808, to discontinue a mode of existence which in 1768 was almost a thing of course among the men to whose care and guidance Lord Holland intrusted the unformed character of his idolized boy.” Antithesis and the antithetical arrangement are very good at times. But everything in its place. We do not always think it affected to bring a French phrase into our conversation. And yet I laughed when I saw the sign “Hotel de Horse” over a building which a straightforward proprietor would have called a livery stable.

—I have not since my advent in college been what is commonly called a popular man. Nor am I able to exactly define a popular character. I have, however, observed that there are certain men in my class who are seldom without visitors in their rooms, whose names are frequently shouted from the campus, and who in their perambulations about town are usually accompanied by a select crowd. But I have never sought the society of these men. Their social notions are somewhat different from mine, and were I to mingle with them there might be an unpleasant non-conformity with their ideas on my part. It is hard for me to confine myself, in my social relation, to a particular class of men. I do not recognize any clique from which a part of my classmates are

excluded. I am generous, and am interested in any man who is interested in himself. I do not give some a warm and others a cold reception, but all are heartily greeted. In brief, I have endeavored to cultivate not those traits of character which are attractive to some and repulsive to others, but those which are agreeable to all.

—The college moralist is abroad again. I met him the other day coming out of one of the old buildings. He was muttering: "*Discerno, discernere, discrevi, discretum*; add to the supine stem the ending *men*, denoting"—I brought him up short, asking if he had it in mind to get out a grammar to rival Madvig. He glared savagely, and started on a tirade: "I have just been up in Tim's room, and found the poor fellow toiling away, as usual. He was grinding to-night over some hideous astronomical figures, computing the exact time of some eclipse or other. Called it an 'optional!' I remember last year he used to look up the construction of every word in the Greek. Ask him how these details concern him, and he looks blank; says it's all in the lesson. Ask him to what study his individual tastes incline him, and he stares. Individual tastes? He has no individuality. He is a receptacle for lessons; he doesn't care what the subject is; he doesn't care what the main points are. If it is a lesson, that's enough for him; and every part receives the same attention. You call him a dig, because you are used to making sweeping generalizations. I say that he lacks *discrimination*."—My censor was very scientific, you see—"Discrimination! That's the great thing. That makes the difference, in college, between the scholar and the dig. In the world, it makes the difference between the man who achieves, and the man who fritters away his time. Discrimination!—it's a splendid word. 'Judging apart,' you see, the things that are needed and the things that only litter up the mind. And each man must sift for himself; what is good grain to one may be chaff to another. About books, now. See what Lord Bacon says: 'Some books are to be tasted, only; others to be swallowed; and some few to be chewed and digested;' or something like that. And the philosopher would no doubt have been ready to admit a difference in intellectual palates and stomachs. Oh! how furious it makes me to see so many fellows losing sight, in their studies, of the grand, leading

ideas, while clouding their minds with a mass of unimportant details; and then to see them blindly wasting their energies on everything, whether they are fit for it or not, without showing any decided bent in a particular direction. It may be this cut-and-dried curriculum. Why don't you start a boom against that, instead of continually harping on its much-blamed twin, the marking-system?—why don't you go to the roots of things? But whether it is the curriculum or not, men ought to consult their common sense, and their individual fitness. Do Tim and the host like him expect to become universal scholars? They'll end in being cranky machines, which can be made to run only by a proper adjustment of wheels and levers beforehand. Discriminate! discriminate!" And I went into my entry, leaving the moralizer still muttering: "*Discerno, discernere.*"

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

In looking over our record for the past month we find that notwithstanding the reputation which April has hitherto borne of being one of the dull months of the college year, it has nevertheless in the present instance been marked by a very respectable degree of activity in many departments. Perhaps the one event of most general interest to our college community, and of most absorbing personal interest to the contestants themselves, was the

Junior Exhibition,

Given in Battell Chapel on Thursday, April 7th. The weather was perfect, the audience large, sympathetic, and appreciative, and the pieces and the delivery alike of uniform excellence. The Faculty after long consideration concluded to divide the prize between Messrs. Bruce and Storrs. The two successful orations appear as usual in the present issue. From literature to athletics is at this period of the year but a step. The season opened with the most brilliant prospects. In

Base Ball

We found ourselves represented by all but two of our successful veterans of last summer, while the positions of those we

missed were well filled by gentlemen of acknowledged ability. The first game of the season was played on Saturday, April 9th, at Hamilton Park, before a large attendance of spectators, and was gladly hailed by the entire college as a favorable omen of coming victories.

YALE.						NEW YORK.							
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, s.,	5	2	1	0	2	3	Kelly, a.,	4	1	0	15	2	4
Lamb, p.,	5	0	2	0	6	0	Leary, p.,	4	1	0	0	4	0
Gardner, c.,	5	1	1	0	4	1	Troy, b.,	4	1	2	5	5	2
Walden, b.,	5	2	1	2	1	0	Wardell, l.,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Camp, l.,	4	0	1	3	1	0	Farrell, r. and s.,	4	0	0	0	1	1
Hopkins, a.,	4	0	0	13	3	0	Dolan, s. and m.,	4	0	0	1	4	1
Ives, h.,	3	0	0	3	2	0	Sweeney, h.,	4	1	0	3	1	1
Watson, h.,	1	0	0	4	1	0	Dunn, m. and r.,	4	1	1	0	0	0
Platt, r.,	4	2	0	2	0	0	Callahan, c.,	3	0	0	2	3	2
Badger, m.,	4	0	0	0	0	0							
Totals,	40	7	6	27	19	4	Totals,	35	5	3	27	20	11

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	3	1	2	0	1	0	0—7
New York,	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—5

Three-base hit, Walden. Two-base hit, Lamb. Balls called on Leary, 91; on Lamb, 67. Strikes called on Leary, 22; on Lamb, 14. Struck at and missed, Yale, 19; New York, 13. Double plays, Yale, 1; New York, 1. Bases on balls, Leary 2; Lamb, 7. Wild pitches, Leary, 2; Lamb, 1. Passed balls, Ives, 3; Watson, 1. Time of game, 2.05. Umpire, George Hiller (League). Scorer, E. H. Gilbert.

The second match appointed for Wednesday, April 13th, was prevented by a rain, and on Friday, April 15th, began a series of disasters in which Yale suffered uninterrupted defeat at the hands of professional players. The score with the Metropolitan club stood as follows:

YALE.							METROPOLITAN.						
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, s.,	5	0	3	5	2	1	Brady, b.,	6	1	2	4	2	3
Lamb, p.,	4	0	1	0	4	2	Clinton, m.,	6	2	3	0	1	1
Gardner, c.,	5	2	0	3	5	2	Dorgan, h.,	6	1	2	7	3	2
Walden, b.,	5	2	3	1	2	0	Lay, s.,	6	2	2	0	3	3
Camp, l.,	5	1	0	2	0	0	Poorman, r.,	4	2	1	2	0	0
Hopkins, a.,	5	1	2	10	0	1	Easterbrook, a.,	5	2	1	9	0	0
Watson, h.,	5	0	1	4	1	2	Muldoon, c.,	5	3	4	3	1	1
Platt, r.,	4	1	0	1	0	0	Kennedy, l.,	5	0	1	2	1	0
Badger, m.,	2	0	0	1	1	0	Daily, p.,	5	1	1	0	4	0
Totals,	40	7	10	27	15	8	Totals,	48	14	18	27	15	10

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Metropolitan,	0	1	0	2	4	1	0	6	0—14
Yale,	0	0	0	3	0	1	0	1	2—7

First base by errors, Metropolitans 4; Yale, 7. Earned runs, Metropolitan, 7; Yale, 0. Wild pitches, Lamb, 1; Daily, 2; Passed balls, Watson, 3; Dorgan, 2. Left on bases, Metropolitan, 6; Yale, 8. Umpire, Mr. Powers, (League). Time of Game, 2 h. 35 m. Polo Grounds, N. Y. City, April 15, 1881.

The two games which had been arranged at Troy were prevented by unpleasant weather. On this account the nine returned to New Haven, remaining until Tuesday, the 19th, when they met the Worcesters on their own grounds. A poor field and heavy batting on both sides resulted in the following old-fashioned score :

YALE.						WORCESTER.							
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, s.,	6	1	2	1	4	2	Stovey, m.,	6	3	3	1	0	1
Lamb, p. and m.,	6	2	3	1	1	0	Dickerson, l.,	6	2	1	0	0	0
Allen, r.,	6	1	0	0	2	0	Dorgan, r.,	6	1	1	0	0	0
Gardner, c.,	6	3	3	1	0	4	Irwin, s.,	6	0	0	0	7	2
Walden, b.,	6	2	3	2	6	2	Carpenter, c.,	6	2	3	3	5	2
Camp, l. and p.,	6	1	3	1	2	0	Hotaling, b.,	6	3	4	3	0	1
Hopkins, a.,	6	1	1	14	0	0	Sullivan, a.,	4	3	1	13	0	2
Watson, h.,	5	1	2	3	1	2	Richmond, p.,	6	3	2	0	8	0
Badger, m. and e.,	4	2	2	4	0	1	Bushong, h.,	5	2	4	7	4	0
Totals,	51	14	19	27	16	11	Totals,	41	19	19	27	24	8

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Worcester,	0	5	0	8	0	0	1	5	0-19
Yale,	0	0	1	0	0	2	4	7	0-14

First base by errors, Yale, 4; Worcester, 7. Earned runs, Worcester, 7; Yale, 4. Left on bases, Worcester, 7; Yale, 10. Wild pitches, Richmond, 2; Camp, 3; Lamb, 3. Passed balls, Watson, 1; Bushong, 2. Umpire, Mr. Harry Ives. Time of game, 2 h. 56 m. Worcester, Mass., April 19, 1881.

The following day witnessed our second game with the same team, the position of Mr. Lamb, who was disabled by a lame arm, being satisfactorily filled by Mr. Camp.

YALE.						WORCESTER.							
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, s.,	4	0	1	5	5	0	Stovey, m.,	3	1	0	3	0	1
Lamb, l.,	4	0	3	1	0	1	Dickerson, c.,	4	0	1	1	0	0
Allen, r.,	4	1	1	0	0	0	Dorgan, r.,	4	1	1	1	0	0
Gardner, c.,	4	2	0	1	2	0	Irwin, s.,	4	2	2	5	1	2
Walden, l.,	4	0	0	1	3	0	Carpenter, c.,	2	2	1	1	6	1
Camp, p.,	3	0	1	0	6	0	Hotaling, l.,	4	0	1	1	1	0
Hopkins, a.,	3	0	1	14	0	0	Sullivan, a.,	4	0	0	7	0	1
Watson, h.,	3	0	0	1	1	1	Cory, p.,	4	0	1	0	5	0
Badger, m.,	3	0	0	1	0	0	Bushong, h.,	2	1	0	5	3	1
Totals,	32	3	7	24	17	2	Totals,	31	7	7	24	16	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Worcester,	0	0	0	3	0	0	4	0-7
Yale,	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0-3

First base by errors, Worcester, 1; Yale, 2. Earned runs, Worcester, 2; Yale, 0. Wild pitches, Camp, 3; Cory, 1. Passed balls, Bushong, 2; Watson, 1. Left on bases, Worcester, 5; Yale, 4. Umpire, Mr. D. J. Sullivan. Time of game, 1 h. 56 m. Worcester, April 20, 1881.

This ended the Easter recess. The next game played was on Saturday, April 23d, at Hamilton Park, with the Bostons,

in which Yale, excepting in the second inning, did some fine fielding, proving weak, however, at the bat. We append the score :

YALE.								BOSTON.															
	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.		A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, s.s..	4	0	1	2	0	2	1	Wright, s. s.,	5	1	2	3	0	0	1								
Lamb, p.,	4	0	1	1	1	3	2	Crowley, r. f.,	5	0	1	1	0	0	0								
Allen, r. f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	Hornung, l. f.,	5	2	1	1	2	0	0								
Gardner, 3 b.,	4	0	0	0	0	3	3	Snyder, c.,	5	0	1	2	7	1	1								
Walden, 2 b.,	3	0	0	0	6	3	0	Morrill, 1 b.,	5	0	3	3	13	0	1								
Camp, l. f.,	3	0	1	1	3	1	0	Burdock, 2. b.	4	0	0	0	3	6	0								
Hopkins, 1 b.,	2	0	1	1	9	0	2	Sutton, 3 b.,	4	1	1	1	1	2	0								
Watson, c.,	3	0	0	0	3	2	3	Whitney, p.,	3	1	1	1	1	9	0								
Badger, c. f.,	3	0	0	0	5	0	0	Deasley, c. f.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	0								
Totals,	29	0	4	5	27	14	11		40	6	10	12	27	18	3								

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bostons,	1	3	0	1	0	0	1	0	0-6
Yales,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

Two base hits, Wright, Snyder and Hutchison ; double plays, Walden and Hopkins, Burdock and Morrill ; balls called, on Whitney 73, on Lamb, 86 ; strikes called, on Whitney 8, on Lamb, 12 ; struck at and missed, Boston 13, Yale 27 ; first base on balls, Boston 1, Yale 2 ; first base on errors, Boston 6, Yale 1.

We find some consolation for our other defeats, in the victory of the consolidated nine over the Haymakers of this city. The game was played on Wednesday, April 20th, at Hamilton Park. The score was as follows :

CONSOLIDATED.								HAYMAKERS.							
	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Griggs, s.,	5	0	1	1	4	4	3	Timlin, s.,	5	0	1	1	1	5	2
Thompson, c.,	5	2	1	1	2	1	1	Donnelly, p.,	4	0	1	1	0	5	0
Helleberg, a.,	4	1	0	0	10	0	0	Chadwick, c.,	4	0	2	2	1	1	1
McBride, m.,	5	2	3	3	0	0	0	Carr, l.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stone, b.,	5	2	1	1	2	3	1	St. Clair, a.,	4	0	0	0	13	0	4
Carpenter, l.,	5	1	1	1	1	0	0	O'Connell, h.,	4	0	1	1	5	2	2
McKee, r.,	3	1	1	1	1	0	0	Crandall, r.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, h.,	4	2	1	1	7	2	0	Carpenter, b.,	4	1	1	1	5	7	2
Van de Graff, p.	4	1	1	1	0	4	0	Briggs, m.,	4	0	1	2	2	0	0
Totals,	40	12	10	10	27	14	4	Totals,	36	1	7	8	27	20	11

Passed balls, O'Connell, 7 ; Smith, 0. Earned runs, Yale, 1. Double plays, Yale, 1 ; Haymakers, 1. First base on balls, Yale, 2 ; Haymakers, 1. Struck out, Yale, 4 ; Haymakers, 3. Time, 2 h. Umpire, Hartenstein.

While the tour of our base ball representatives was somewhat disappointing, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the favorable impression which our

Glee Club

Left at the various places which they visited during the recess. The first concert was given at South Norwalk, on

Wednesday, April 13th, and in spite of a very unpleasant evening called out a fair and appreciative audience. On Saturday evening the club met with an enthusiastic reception at Englewood; on Monday they sang in Philadelphia, and on the evening of Tuesday, the 19th, gave in Washington by far the most successful concert of the trip. A brilliant audience proved an incentive to unwonted efforts and marked success. Nearly as satisfactory in every respect was the concert given on the following evening in Chickering Hall, New York. We have in this connection to chronicle a very agreeable incident. At the close of the first part of the programme the club was presented with a beautiful blue and white floral foot-ball, on which were arranged the letters C. G. C. and Y. G. C., a very pleasant testimonial from our sister college, Columbia, which we all heartily appreciate. We would call attention to the following

Items.

A largely attended praise service was held in Battell Chapel on Sunday evening, March 27th.—Mr. Tarbell has kindly consented to read and discuss the Clouds of Aristophanes before such as wish to listen.—A delegation of the Glee Club sang at the Williston Prize Speaking.—The freshmen on April 2d chose for their class supper committee the following gentlemen: Chairman, McMillan; Secretary Lambert; Treasurer, Pringle; Farwell, Hand, Jenks, T. Lawrence, E. Lawrence, Pollock, Worcester.—On March 22d the Yale University Club was legally incorporated by the State Legislature.—The last organ recital of the series was given by Dr. Stoeckel in the Chapel on the evening of April 6th. Ground was broken on April 6th, preparatory to laying the foundation for a new Theological Library. Prof. Phillips is to give the sophomores an optional in practical field surveying. President Porter will be one of the lecturers at the Concord school of philosophy during the coming summer.—At the annual prize speaking of *I. N.* the first prize was awarded to S. P. Spencer, and the second to Yan Phou Lee.—Two graduates have offered to donate \$50,000 toward the erection of a new Physical Laboratory.

BOOK NOTICES.

Buried Alive, or Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia. By Fedor Dostoyeffsky. Translated from the Russian by Marie Von Thilo. New York: Henry Holt & Co. pp. 361. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

Just at the present time while the world is aroused over the murder of the Czar and the aggressions of the Nihilists, any work on the hardships of Russian life is likely to attract attention. In reading such a book, one always feels compelled to make due allowance for a natural bias on the part of the writer, and indeed these books are interesting more for the curious facts they contain concerning Russian life, than for any probability of their arousing sympathy. The present work is merely an authentic collection of facts concerning Russian life, no appeal to the sympathy of the reader being made. From a couple of lines in the body of the work, it appears that the scenes described took place during the time of Napoleon III's Presidency, and consequently are a good description of Russian discipline under Nicholas.

The author Dostoyeffsky, or rather the editor—for he performs only the functions of the latter—states in his introduction that in a colony of exiles in a Siberian village he met the author of the memoirs, Alexander Goryantchikoff. Seeing that he was evidently of gentlemanly birth he felt attracted towards him, and strove unsuccessfully to form with him a close friendship. Alexander was a Russian nobleman who having murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy, had been sentenced to ten years of penal servitude. He had emerged utterly crushed and broken down. A weird, unearthly sort of being, he soon died, and on his death the editor still interested, obtained his effects and discovered among them a journal of his prison life. Portions of this journal form the substance of the book, and are deservedly interesting, for it must be remembered that they are pictures taken from a life so thoroughly buried in concealment that it is almost as much unknown to the Russians as to ourselves. The editor says: "But the memoirs of his convict life did not seem to me altogether void of interest. A new world, the very existence of which I had never even suspected hitherto, suddenly dawned upon me, and I read with interest many curious things about the people whom we are accustomed to call the scum and outcasts of the world. Perhaps I was mistaken in supposing that other people might feel not less interested in these memoirs than I was. I will leave it to my readers to judge."

He certainly was not mistaken. While many of us are tolerably familiar with the present state of Russian society and with the peculiar characteristics of the Russian people, we greedily devour the works of Turgénieff, an author who loves especially to depict types of Russian character as they existed in the time of Nicholas. Probably many remember that remarkable play, "*The Danicheffs*," which exhibited so well the life of the same period. While these works were interesting principally because of their plots and well drawn characters, it is not saying too much to assert that the particular state of Russian life which they revealed, added much to their attractiveness. It was

something novel and unheard of. And here is a book which describes a third department of Russian life which is even more so.

The journal opens with a description of the prison. Then follow several chapters on "first impressions," describing its customs, surroundings and etiquette. They seem by far the essence of the book—what follows consists of mere relation of particular incidents. A man of education and fine tastes and of much moral sensibility withal, he could find nothing more attractive than to study their characters and thoughts. It is somewhat difficult to imagine how such a set of men as he describes could exist. Dirty, squalid and ignorant, hope and remorse were equally unknown to them, and their sole object was apparently to live for the day only. Space alone forbids us to quote at length any of the exemplary episodes of which the latter part of the book is made up. They are interesting as exhibiting the heights of refinement as well as the inconceivable depths of degradation, between which these creatures were able to oscillate. If the book does not illuminate directly the political situation in Russia, it at least brings to light the social conditions which have resulted in that situation, and displaying as it does the stolid, unfathomable, and oft-times cruel disposition of the Russians, it may perhaps be to inquirers into Nihilism, a source of some interest.

A Nameless Nobleman. Round Robin Series No. 1. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 16mo. Price \$1.00.

It is with great willingness that we take up our pen to write a few words in praise of this book. Appearing as it does as the pioneer of a new "Series," those who take pleasure in this species of literature would naturally feel considerable curiosity concerning it. Indeed it was but justifiable to be somewhat exacting in one's expectations of a book which was to act as an entering wedge into a field already so well filled. This duty it has certainly performed well, and feeling confident that the publishers will take good care that this volume shall have successors worthy of the name, we do not hesitate to predict for the "Round Robin Series" a hearty and grateful welcome from all appreciative readers.

A neat and "handy" little book of about 400 pages bound tastefully in olive green muslin, one opens it to be at once mystified by the motto of the series: "Perhaps it may turn out a song: perhaps turn out a sermon." A glance at the contents, however, reassures us that there is little fear that the latter result will be presented to us. We see both intricacy of plot, dramatic incidents and charming and delicate delineation of character combined in a way that is now-a-days an exceptional treat. Around Molly Wilder, the character upon whom the author has bestowed the most care, are grouped personages, the variety of whose selection serves admirably to exhibit the writer's skill in depicting people of the most diversified characteristics.

The best idea of all, in fact that which gives the book much of its charm, is the constant antithesis of nationality. Ladies and gentlemen from Versailles and the court of Louis XIV, are associated and strongly contrasted with the simple and quiet New England colonists, and François and Molly he a true Norman, and she, worthiest of the name of Englishwoman, by their close association carry out the thought still farther.

It must be confessed that the writer has freely trampled on chronology and has over-stepped somewhat the bounds of probability, but perhaps in this case she followed the plan of her good abbé who, like a thorough Jesuit, believed that "the end justifies the means."

A Lazy Man's Work. By Frances Campbell Sparhawk. Leisure Hour Series No. 122. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. Price \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

It is safe to say that the numerous volumes which have appeared in this series have more than deserved the attractive description given them by their publisher. They form a most excellent "collection of works whose character is light and entertaining, though not trivial." In this number especially, the large class of readers whose peculiar taste the series has so thoroughly gratified, will, we think, find fresh pleasure.

The story is capitably told and has quite a deal of fascination about it. We are introduced at once to our hero and heroine, who, as yet, strangers to each other, find themselves waiting for a snow-bound train. An acquaintance is scraped through the medium of the hero's aunt, who fortunately is present, and at once the story begins. What handy things to be sure these perturbations of Nature are to use as beginnings of love episodes. If it had not been for a rain storm "One Summer" would probably never have been worth writing about. But to go on. Helen and Jack are going to the same town, and having got them once settled in the proper scene of the story our author proceeds to develop the plot. The acquaintance becomes a close friendship and then is suddenly destroyed by a foolish misunderstanding. Here begins the "Lazy Man's Work," the performance of which occupies the remainder of the book. The hero struggles manfully with his task, and when at last he conquers the hatred of the proud girl who feels that he has scorned her, he certainly deserves the prize he has won. The author is entertaining in various little conceits thrust in here and there. For instance: "It is of no use to try to banish trains entirely, for they supply a need in nature and will not be done away with. The people who cannot carry sufficient dignity in their heads ought to make up for the deficiency by the sweep of rich robes behind them; for a train suggests pages, pages rank and prerogative, and so an intoxicating dream of position rises to the brain and fills it, entirely overpowering any latent consciousness of a need for humility. Trains are an invention to keep up the balance of power, and the many wear them for the sake of the few." Her characters too, are in the main, skilfully drawn. Andrew Mason, good natured and indolent, wins the heart at once by his good sense and fairness, while a more hypocritical and foolish person than his wife Kitty can hardly be imagined. Jack Holden impresses the reader as rather weak and nerveless. In fact one cannot help thinking that if the author had not intended that he should win Helen, his task would have proved too much for him. The central figure of all is Helen Bell. Lady-like, proud, ambitious and persevering, she endures her lot admirably and her portraiture is only spoiled by a slight hue of pedantry. She is the life of the book and her own character is nowhere so well revealed as in the lines which set forth the "Lazy Man's Work":

"Nor grateful sunshine nor patient rain
Can bring dead love to life again."

General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves. International Scientific Series. Vol. XXXII. By Dr. I. Rosenthal, Professor of Physiology in the University of Erlangen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

This is a book which, though dealing with a thoroughly scientific subject, will, we think, prove interesting to even the most unscientific readers. The most profound investigations of scientists can often be put in a form in which, divested of much unnecessary technical phraseology, they are extremely pleasing and instructive reading matter. While this work is not, we believe, prepared with this end especially in view, yet the author has struck a happy medium which renders his volume more serious than a primer and yet not so terrifying as a professional thesis. He says: "This attempt at a connected account of the General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves, is, as far as I know, the first of its kind. The necessary data for this branch of science have been gained only within the last thirty years, and even now many of the facts are uncertain and have been insufficiently studied. * * * * * From the experience gained by teaching during more than fifteen years, I believe that I have acquired sufficient clearness of expression, even in treating of more difficult matters, to be intelligible when studied carefully even by those who are not specialists." Little more needs to be said. As the author truly remarks, the subject is comparatively new and under his excellent treatment is highly curious and attractive.

Building a Home. By A. F. Oakey. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. Illustrated. Price, 60 cents. For sale by Judd.

With this volume the Messrs. Appleton begin a series "devoted to all subjects pertaining to Home and the Household." It is a small 12mo, with a somewhat pretentious cloth cover, which, unfortunately is not in quite so good taste as the subject matter which it encloses. The author gives us merely plain, common sense. He shows how neat, pretty homes can be and hence ought to be built. All attempts at cheapness, which though seeming economical at the moment, yet entail wasteful expense afterwards, are discountenanced. Perhaps the spirit of his recommendations could be best stated: "that everything should be of the best quality and should pass for what it really is." He condemns the attempt to beautify houses by means of inferior qualities of really expensive materials—better to have the best quality of a cheap material. We quote from his conclusion: "There is a prevailing belief that beauty and expense are synonymous in house building, and that those of us who have light purses must be content with more or less hideous and ill-contrived things. One of our main objects in these pages is to combat this fallacy and to show that, though *ornament* and expense may be synonymous, beauty consists in a harmonious relation which is as attainable in a cottage as in a palace, and that to apply the same principles of construction or decoration to both must result in an effect of parsimonious baldness on the one hand, and of absurd ostentation on the other."

How to Furnish a Home. By Ella Rodman Church. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. Illustrated. Price, 60 cents. For sale by Judd.

The second of the series of "Home Books" issued by the Messrs. Appleton. As is necessary to meet the requirements of the subject, the authoress

goes into more detail than did the author of the first volume. Unfortunately in laying down rules for the performance of a task which is governed largely if not wholly by personal tastes, instead of by necessity as "Building a Home" is in a large measure, the authoress at times becomes a trifle unpractical and her innovations are not always of the "sound common sense" kind. Her faults however are all in this direction luckily—she condemns nothing but that which justly deserves it. In her preliminary she lays down the excellent principle and follows it out consistently, that: "Art does not exact costly things but it requires sincere things."

TO BE NOTICED NEXT MONTH.

Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. Second Series. By H. Helmholtz, Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by E. Atkinson, Ph.D., F.C.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We reluctantly take up the quill which our predecessor laid down with a sigh of relief. We have had occasional glimpses of him behind his pile of exchanges, and from the contraction of his brow have inferred that his task was not of the most agreeable nature. In our salutatory we forewarn our readers that we have not in the exchanges the best of material with which to make up an interesting department. From a perusal of the large number of periodicals, which go to make up our exchange list, we do not come to our readers in a particularly happy frame of mind. A careful reading of numerous articles, the greater part of which are seldom read except by exchange editors and contributors, makes us dull when we ought to be witty. Perhaps we did at first feel a kind of importance in marching up to box 880 and filling our pockets with neatly wrapped papers. It is barely possible that on our way back to our room we took care that these should not be wholly concealed from public view. We even went so far as to purchase a small table upon which the exchanges were to be placed. Then, too, we had our pet ideas as to how they should be arranged. The *Hamilton* and *Nassau Lits.*, together with copies of our own magazine, were to occupy a portion of the table by themselves. We had no difficulty in properly arranging our contemporaries, the *Courant*, *Record* and *News*, while the claims of the Harvard papers were promptly recognized. But when we came to assign places for some of the remainder it was not so easy a matter. The basis of our arrangement was to be *merit*, and the *Niagara Index*, the *Tablet*, the *University*, the *Berkeleyan* all claimed the first position. In endeavoring to decide upon their respective merits we became discouraged and gave up the whole plan as a bad undertaking. The table is now put aside. The papers—monthlies

bi-weeklies, and dailies—now find comfortable quarters in the four corners of our room. We even think it advisable to hire a messenger, who shall relieve us of the disagreeable duty of lugging our exchanges up from the P. O.

In performing the duties of our position as Exchange editor, we shall not undertake to bring our exchanges up to our ideal college journal. That would be a vain undertaking. However often editors and contributors may be reminded that there should be a wide difference between college journalism and the world's press, our papers will continue to publish much that is wholly foreign to college life and thought. We do not believe with the *Oberlin Review* that a college publication should undertake to rival the *Atlantic* or *Scribner* either in literary merit or circulation. Such a publication would necessarily lose its identity as a college journal and be of no particular interest to the college world.

The action of the Yale papers in refusing to longer exchange with the *Acta Columbiana* has called forth various comments from our exchanges. We are sorry to find so exemplary a paper as the *Crimson* designating as *satire* the Billingsgate which recently defaced the pages of the *Acta*. We should not have administered so severe a rebuke to the *Acta* as to refuse her the common courtesy of exchanging publications, had there not been just grounds for so doing. It is not strange that our exchanges do not understand how peculiarly low was the character of the offensive article.

The March number of the *Hamilton Lit.* is before us, and, from its close resemblance to our own publication, claims attention. The prose pieces all show considerable care on the part of the authors, and, notwithstanding their discouraging titles, are very readable. The magazine, however, has a heaviness about it that is not to our taste. While historical and philosophical subjects may be appropriate themes for prize orations and Commencement pieces, contributions to the columns of a college journal ought to be on lighter subjects. The poetry of the number, like that of nearly all the March exchanges, is hardly up to the usual standard.

At Princeton the subject of "mortar-boards" is agitating the college mind. While the *Nassau Lit.* does not propose to set itself up "as a fashion magazine," it intimates that it would not be the last to don the proposed cap. The *Princetonian* is of like mind. In fact, the two lower classes have already passed resolutions in favor of adopting the cap. An ingenious contributor to the *Princetonian* argues that if the "mortar-board" is adopted, the students will thus be distinguishable from "snobs and Seminoles." There is a probability that one of the daily chapels at Princeton will be abolished, and the *Lit.* rejoices thereat.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable criticism that is constantly heaped upon the *Niagara Index* by its contemporaries, we find it an exceedingly interesting paper. While it does not claim any great literary merit, its style is original and entertaining. The editor's table, in particular, seems to be in the management of skillful hands.

The *Advocate*, together with the other Harvard papers, expresses itself as well pleased with the action of the Corporation in inviting the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., to fill the position of college pastor. It is a matter of universal regret at Harvard that Mr. Brooks has not seen fit to accept the call.

We always take 'up the *Columbia Spectator* with a feeling that we are to be treated to at least something new. Knowing how difficult it is to conduct with success an illustrated college paper, we can not but admire the enterprise of the *Spectator*. The illustrations in the last number are all good. "Wilbur of Williams," a continued story, increases in interest.

President White, who has resigned as Minister to Berlin, will soon return to Cornell. "Cornell," says the *Review*, "was born in President White's brain." It is believed that with his return the University will enter upon a career of prosperity unprecedented in its past history. The Cornell crew will sail for England about the 25th of May. As yet the crew has been able to do but little on the lake, but, now that the weather permits, will begin faithful work at once.

The *Virginia University Magazine* comes to us loaded with twelve pages of poetry. Most of the exchanges have avoided the results commonly attending the arrival of spring, but the *Virginia* seems to have been found off her guard.

At the very last moment, but in time for notice, there comes to our table, daintily wrapped, *The Vassar Miscellany*. This is just such a publication as we should expect from a girl's school—exquisitely written, fastidiously neat in expression, jealous of its snobbish rival, the *Smith* college girl. Then, too, how characteristic the leader, "A Fence or Two." Who ever knew a girl that did not know all about fences, or one that was not forever climbing over them? How natural is the style of the piece! Notice these delicately expressed sentences: "The *wee, red-topped* lichens, that dot the *gray* rails, are telling the *strangest* of secrets, but with voices so *tiny* that your *big* ear does not hear." The italics are ours. "Their *witching* wildness is not worn off by a rush of *omnivorous* sight-seers." Then how suggestive to the Vassar girl must be the following: "The breeze, instead of blowing in a cindered blast through the window, and rattling the peanut bag of some plebeian neighbor, steals along all unknown, until it softly brushes your cheek, and starts a merry rustling and fluttering in the leafy branches above." Here we have peanuts and romance all at once. But, after all, we confess a liking for the *Vassar*. It is different from the other papers, and has a vast amount of individuality about it.

He asked a friend to introduce,
And found her bright, yes even clever,
A typical society girl,
Who chattered on and on forever.

—*Spectator*.

VOL. XLVI.

No. VIII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum meos gratia mecum, nonnulli tamquam YALENSIS
CARISSIMI SCHOLAR, QUANDAM PATERES."

MAY, 1881.

NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

On Sale at Dillner's.

TUTTLE, MORSE, & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

MCCCLXXXI.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Sixth Volume with the number for October, 1890. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$5.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the **EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE**, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

MAY, 1881.

No. 8.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '82.

BENJAMIN BREWSTER,

J. ERNEST WHITNEY,

W. IRVING BRUCE,

CHARLES A. WIGHT,

FRANKLIN E. WORCESTER.

WHY WE FAIL.

THE busy multitude scarce deigns a glance at the pale young graduate who stands upon its borders, hesitating to join the noisy rabble rushing past him on the road of life. And perhaps this easy, half-disguised contempt is not altogether ill-considered: for the new comer is like to prove no formidable rival. Dejection and dismay are already depicted upon his countenance. He finds the world so utterly different from what he anticipated; so impetuous, so selfish, so cruel. The road which appeared so bright in the distance is crowded and dusty. He looked for a welcome and he receives a rebuff.

Is it possible to forecast his future? Will he resolutely fight his way to preëminence and fame? will he ride on willing shoulders? or will he faint by the wayside? Surely it is difficult to credit any other hypothesis than the last. His prospects are indeed dark.

Dark? They are the prospects of the great majority of those for whom I write; who will in the near future stand as he is now standing, idle spectators in the battle of life. Yes, the epithet, "spoiled by a college educa-

tion," will soon be applied to you; and the world will, justly perhaps, count as worthless, or worse, all those precious talents for which you have sacrificed so much.

What is the cause, do you ask, of the failure which we find to be so common among men of collegiate training? The answer would be, "the causes are not one, but many." Inexperience, a tender conscience, a feeble will—the list might be extended indefinitely. But I attribute a large portion of the failures of society, a great majority of the failures of the present generation and a still larger proportion of the many failures of educated men, to the affected, or at least studied, indifference which marks the development of their mental natures. Look where we will, we cannot find success unattended by earnestness; as well expect vision without light, action without life. The world about us reveals many magnificent monuments of successful enterprises, and in them all the observant eye may discover ample testimony to the enthusiasm of their supporters. The Christian church is eloquent of the intense love of its early apostles. Switzerland and the United Netherlands alike bear witness to the mighty power invested in the arm which fights for freedom. The hopeful perseverance of Columbus, the terrible earnestness of Knox venting itself in those impassioned words, "Give me Scotland or I die," these are acknowledged forces in the progress of civilization. Indeed, I believe that all great men are enthusiasts; they must be of necessity. An artist cannot sketch the humblest violet without becoming, to a certain extent, at least, the flower which he reproduces; a Phidias cannot chisel a statue of Zeus without feeling in his own breast the swelling pomp of the Olympian king.

But, do you urge, I have named only those who unite this earnestness to genius and ability; and the success which you are constrained to admit you claim to be the result of these latter qualities rather than of that disagreeable and obtrusive enthusiasm which I advocate. Not so; success in life is not an absolute quantity. The two talents of the parable produced *only* two other tal-

ents. There are unnumbered successful enthusiasts whom the world fails to recognize. The rude farmer who makes his life mission to raise the debt from the paternal homestead; the simple pastor who devotes himself heart and soul to his little parish; who can say that these men have failed?

But you may also see rising on every side beautiful, but alas, unfinished structures; some of them old, weather-beaten, moss-grown, indeed ruins of ruins; others, with the mortar still moist, the square and the trowel still bright; some towering aloft and suggesting, but only suggesting, beautiful proportions and grand designs; others consisting of a bare corner, with here and there a few unfinished blocks. Approach this pile of rubbish. The sun shines brightly above it; birds of brilliant plumage call from the luxuriant foliage that rustles about it. Can you see in this refuse mass, ought of beauty or grandeur? Yet these are the ruins of the Persian Empire. Observe this solemn temple, shattered and tottering; here a fallen capital, there a broken column. The marble is thickly coated with the dust and stains of centuries, and yet all this unsightly decay cannot utterly destroy that subtle charm which still moves us so mysteriously, so irresistibly. What you see is all that is left of Hellenic civilization. Listen; do you not hear even now from the inmost recesses of that profaned sanctuary faint and distant echoes,—the harsh, discordant laughter of that flip-pant multitude which sentenced to death its greatest orator, its most unselfish champion? Truly, when a nation has outgrown the fervor and passion of youth, when its smile has changed to a sneer, then, indeed, is the day of its dissolution nigh at hand.

These are failures of the distant past, but they are repeated in the history of every day. A great national enterprise lingers for three years and then dies in its incipency. The statue of "Liberty giving light to the world" cannot find foothold upon American soil. And what are even these to the countless instances of broken lives of which the many of our experience are so small a fraction?

of which the large majority are drawn from the ranks of college graduates? Nearly every day, every hour, wrings from some broken-hearted scholar, the sad cry: "What avails this boasted advance? With all our mental training we cannot attain the simple grandeur of old Homer; and even those laurels which it is permitted to win, some sturdier or luckier rival wrests from our brows. A boy discovers the art of printing; an ignorant ploughman, bending over an uptorn daisy, gains from the Genius of Poetry her brightest smile; an unlettered poacher wandering by the winding Avon, sets at naught the formalities of schools. What then is gained by all this toil and study?"

Querulous and unreasonable you say, and yet on one ground, and one ground only, the complaint is reasonable. So far as education tends to make men unnatural, so far as it chokes the faith and enthusiasm, in a word, the humanity out of their character, so far does it inflict upon them an irreparable injury. I believe that I do not mistake in saying that, to a certain extent at least, modern education does produce this melancholy result. Our whole system of instruction from the very beginning is antagonistic to simplicity of heart and earnestness of purpose. A child utters a single cry of innocent delight and its happiness is checked by an ill-natured rebuke. This is its first lesson—its first notion of conformity. Henceforth its life is no longer its own. The perplexing question: "what do other people do? what will other people say?" is ever obtruding itself. The child becomes a youth and is further subjected to the refining influences of school and college. Look at the narrow, rutted curriculum which opens before him. The value of x and y or the direction of a certain line is made the absorbing question of a life-time. He is introduced to the classics of Greece and Rome; but all their wealth of thought and grace of diction is hidden from him. The Pegasus of Homer becomes a pack-horse for grammatical construction; and the student learns a language not a literature. Ask him for a single intelligent idea upon the subject of his study—

you might better ask the stolid savage of Patagonia to describe the art treasures of the Louvre.

Such being our system of instruction, what wonder that we sometimes fail to derive full benefit from our college course? Two devious paths lie before us, into either one of which, according to our peculiar temperament, we are prone to turn; one leading us an easy journey through pleasant fields, along with bright and congenial companions; the other steep, arduous, thorny, lonely and forbidding. It is difficult to decide which is the better; for they both lead to the same unhappy goal, an unfinished character and an unsatisfied life. Few indeed choose the true golden mean; and it is only owing to an extremely practical turn of character, to a firm resolve not to yield to distracting influences, that the faithful mental trainers of our community are haply what they are.

To this extent then, at least, the blame must rest with our mode of instruction. We regard too much the minutiae of life. We are skilled in the forms of politeness; but a mere Chesterfield gains no friends. Never has the science of elocution been more clearly comprehended than at the present day; and yet the age of oratory is past. Analysis is fatal to art.

What now is the influence of college life upon character? It needs scarcely a thought to convince us that while it refines it also enfeebles, and that ill-natured critics may, with some show of reason, claim that the benefits are overbalanced by the injuries. An eminent writer has said: "society is a conspiracy against the individuality of its members;" and nowhere is the truth of this statement more aptly exemplified than in our own community. We find in college an entirely new, social atmosphere. The qualities which we have hitherto been taught to consider virtues are regarded as misfortunes; and our independence of character, manner, and dress is looked upon as mark of freshman verdancy. Every angle which can possibly reflect the brightness of our character is assiduously chipped away; and at the end of the first quarter of its course our class has become as homogene-

ous in its composition as the group of figures upon a fashion plate.

Along with this decay of personality, we observe the inevitable development of two qualities antagonistic to it—despondency and flippancy. I believe that I do not make a groundless assertion; there is surely something lacking in our college social life. Our predecessors return and mourn not so much the death of old customs and traditions as the change of character which apparently underlies it. Said one of them recently: "I observe with increasing satisfaction the prosperity of my *alma mater*. Your moral, mental, social and physical standards are all somewhat higher than twenty years ago. But I miss something. The frankness, the hope and the enthusiasm which pervaded the social atmosphere of '6— are missing; the students of to-day seem to believe nothing." I was forced with sorrow to confess that he was not far from right. There is assuredly too much of this half-heartedness developed in the course of our education. It seems as if there were a conservation of good closely analogous to conservation of energy. With every labor-saving invention there is a corresponding degeneration of physical power. Leander swam the Hellespont while navigation was yet in its infancy; the hand which bore the musket at Gettysburg cannot bend the bow which scattered carnage at Hastings. We cultivate the head at the expense of the heart.

Surely this is inconsistent with the law and order of creation. We are taught that matter can neither be produced nor destroyed; that it does not grow but merely changes in form. The soul alone develops out of nothing into something—everything. Is it then fitting that this Divine essence should be subjected to those petty laws of compensation which govern the physical world?

The question now confronts us: can this evil be remedied? That part of it which is due to our theory of instruction, to the institutions of our University, is outside the field of our efforts. But we can make the social atmosphere of our college freer by greeting with kindly

consideration those who enter its precincts, whatsoever be their race, nationality, school, creed or individual character. We can encourage originality of thought and vigor of action by respecting every man's views until they are proved unworthy. This reform is now possible; and I believe that its accomplishment is a matter of the near future.

LINES.

I would I were with thee to-night,
As my thoughts will be all the hours ;
The fog from the mountain lowers,
And to-night there will be no light.
Shut in by cold, cloudy walls
I seem in a prison to be,
And now as the twilight falls
My thoughts are turning to thee.

All day in my willing heart
Sadness has held her throne,
Turning the pages, alone,
Of memory's blotted chart.
I have read the record of years
Dim with forgetfulness,
Till I felt the swelling tears
On my weary eyelids press.

Sadness aye cometh with rain ;
And sorrow will come ere the day,
When the darkness hath chased away
Sense of all but the heart's dull pain.
I shall hear the midnight mass
The winds to the forest have taught,
And the hours will drearily pass,
And bring no balm to my thought,

No balm save a whisper of thee,
That ever comes to my heart
When 'tis worn with sorrow's smart,
And half-way sootheth me.
True love often is sad ;
I do not pray for delight ;
Not with thee now would I be glad,
But I long to be with thee to-night.

THE CAPTURE OF THE ESMERALDA.

SPANISH history is preëminently the history of romance. The imagination of the Spaniards, naturally poetic in its character and exaggerated still more under the influence of that most romantic of races, the Moors, has found expression in a group of legends and traditions which for descriptive wealth, or sweetness of charm, surpass any of the fabled stories that grace the early annals of the nations of Christendom. We are conducted at once into a delightful fairy-land. Adventures of hazardous and thrilling description, the exploits of gallant lovers, the release of spell-bound maidens, the enchantment of castles, the employment of the magic arts—all are introduced and delineated with a luxuriance of imagination that only minds tinged with the orientalism which gave birth to the Arabian Nights, could ever have imparted. Nor is this extravagance of fertility confined to the peculiar history of the Peninsula alone. Wherever Spain's conquests have extended, the same love for the marvelous, the same tendency to exaggeration in the recital of deeds of Spanish prowess, has characterized their narration. Readers of to-day may well doubt the accuracy of those credulous old annalists who described the condition of Mexico and Peru in the palmy days of the invader. Nay, even in the writings of our own historian, Prescott, who brought to bear upon the testimony of these warrior-monks and soldier-writers the critical scrutiny of modern historical research, may be found passages that would tax the credulity of even the most confiding reader.

For the present episode, however, notwithstanding that it belongs to Spanish colonial times, and may, in the daring of its conception and brilliancy of its execution, read more like a page from the chapter of romance in the world's history, we must claim total exemption from this spirit of skepticism. The

exploit is one performed in our own prosaic nineteenth century, some of whose participants still survive to attest the stern reality of the struggle. We are, indeed, no longer in that realm of half-truth, half-fiction, over whose scenes the sympathetic pen of Irving loved to linger. In place of the lovely, seductive valleys of Granada stands the dreary harbor of Callao, its heights bristling with cannon ready to belch forth their murderous contents upon the first rash intruder who shall venture within their range. The blood-slippery deck of a Spanish frigate forms the narrow limit of the affray; while night enshrouds all in its gloomy veil, hiding from mortal gaze the horrors of that deadly struggle. The attack resembles more a stealthy massacre than the chivalric contest of arms of the Middle Ages. And yet, prosaic and nineteenth-century-like though these accompaniments of the scene may be, the spirit which animates its actors is far more inspiring than that which impelled the Moors to a defence of their last stronghold, or which spurred on the Spaniards to uproot paganism from the soil. The warriors of the XVth century fought for personal and material ends: the Arabs, to maintain possession of what had been conquered at the point of the sword; the followers of Ferdinand and Isabella, to regain it. These sailors of the XIXth century are contending for a principle—liberty. They stand superior even to the heroes of our own revolution. They struggle no longer for their own freedom—that has been already accomplished. They fight for the liberty of their fellow-men!

Among the most immediate fruits of the American Revolution had been the encouragement which the success of our forefathers inspired in the South American patriots to rise in similar rebellion against the oppression and misrule of Spanish domination; and, as usual, the progressive little realm of Chili was among the first to lead the way in throwing off the yoke of the invader. Success far beyond her most sanguine expectations crowned her efforts on land. The foreigners were driven from the soil, only a small portion of the southern ex-

tremity of the country remaining under their control. The command of the seas, however, still continued in their possession, and the nation fully recognized the pithy terseness of the remark uttered by her general on the scene of one of her most important and decisive victories: "This triumph and a hundred others like it will be worthless, unless we rule the ocean!" The seat of Spain's power in America lay in the vice-royalty at Peru, whence came unending supplies of men and equipments to prolong the struggle indefinitely. To drive the strangers from this rallying-ground was an imperative necessity. Chili well knew that without her aid, Peruvian apathy and indolence could never be brought to successfully withstand the forces of the mother-country; and accordingly, skillfully combining policy with generosity, she determined to oust the invader from his last stronghold. A couple of old East Indiamen, together with a sloop-of-war declared unfit for the British navy, were speedily purchased and fitted out. The crews of this imposing armament were of the most motley description. Adventurers from all parts of the civilized world, some actuated by lofty and chivalric motives, the greater part influenced merely by a sordid greed for booty, flocked to the southern shores and enrolled themselves under the patriot standard. Discipline was utterly wanting: mutiny frequent. Success, indeed, did not fail to attend their first efforts in some slight measure, but the chronic state of insubordination to which the fleet was reduced rendered even these occasional advantages of comparatively small avail. A leader was needed sadly. Fortunately for the cause of South American liberty, he was not lacking.

Of all the naval heroes to whom the stirring scenes towards the close of the last century or the opening years of the present gave any particular prominence in the world's history, there is none in our opinion whose life presents so intensely interesting a study as Lord Thomas Cochrane, subsequently Earl of Dundonald. The brilliancy of his career in the British navy, the voluntary sacrifice which he made of his professional

hopes in order to enter Parliament and become the staunch advocate of the oppressed seamen, his course as a reformer in English politics, his unflinching devotion to progressive principles in the face of the most appalling surroundings, his impeachment and conviction, his practical banishment from Britain and romantic quest of adventures in foreign lands—all tend to cast over the record of his deeds a glamour which renders their perusal as fascinating and delightful as any work of fiction. Cochrane was a Scotchman, and with the sturdy honesty and intense nature peculiar to that race, his spirit could not abide the flagrant abuses which disgraced the administration of British naval affairs. A certain brusqueness and lack of tact, it must be confessed, characterized his actions towards the Admiralty whom, with his wonted aptness and bitterness, he stigmatized as “that Augean establishment at Whitehall;” but surely this excessive zeal in the cause of the wronged can only command our heartier admiration, when we remember that it was prompted by nothing save his high sense of honor and uprightness. No possible advantage could accrue to him from the course which he pursued: he risked the rather not only his future prospects of success in his profession, but even the enjoyment of those laurels which his prowess had already won. Personal experience of the wrongs daily inflicted upon the navy through the dishonesty of the Whitehall officials, afforded him unimpeachable evidence of the truth of his statements. His answers to the flimsy excuses of his political opponents were unpalatable in that they were incontestable. They then sought to meet his assertions with flat denials, but to no purpose. Repeated rebuffs only stimulated him to greater action. At length, his presence in the Commons became insupportable. A ridiculous charge of dishonesty in a private transaction was trumped up against him, and with a severity which nothing but the most bitter partisan malice can account for, he was deprived of his honors and rank in the navy, sentenced to one year’s imprisonment, and condemned to stand for an hour in the pillory in the

public square of London.* Goaded well-nigh to madness by the injustice of this unmerited and unrighteous conviction, Cochrane quitted the shores of Britain to find in foreign lands employment for his sword. The position of commander-in-chief over the newly-raised naval forces of Chili had been offered him, and notwithstanding a similar and far more advantageous proffer from the Spanish government, gladly accepted. Aid to the oppressed, was the watchword of his life. His taking command was immediately followed by a marked improvement in the discipline of the patriot crews. Insubordination was quelled by a firm yet kindly policy which completely won over the hearts of his men. The Spanish fleet, overwhelmingly greater in numbers and armament, was swept from the Southern seas; while the coasts were ravaged unceasingly and at all points by the irresistible Admiral, who became known to his terrified enemies only as *El Diablo!* The sole remaining hope of the invaders lay centered in the flag-ship of their squadron, the *Esmeralda*, a powerful frigate which at an early date in the campaign had sought refuge under the guns of Callao. Here, manned by a numerous, vigilant crew, she had been surrounded with a floating palisade, consisting of huge spars fastened together and anchored by chain moorings. Twenty-seven gun-boats, each armed with a 24-pounder and thirty men, hemmed the vessel in on all sides; while from the shore over three hundred pieces of cannon guarded the position where she lay. To obtain possession of this frigate became the ruling ambition of the Scottish captain's life. The difficulties attending the accomplishment of his desire were indeed such as would easily have dissuaded anyone else from the attempt, but with Cochrane, slenderness of resources or the perils of an undertaking only served to stimulate his adventurous spirit, and render more active his ready ingenuity in meeting every emergency. The desperate chances of the South

* The latter part of this sentence was revoked, popular indignation having reached such a pitch in the streets of the British capital that serious apprehensions of a riot were entertained.

American conflict had called into full play those powers of original conception and fertility in expedients which characterized his services throughout life. His delight lay in achieving seeming impossibilities. For the success of his daring enterprise, paradoxical though it may seem, he calculated largely on its very hopelessness. The knowledge of their impregnability he well knew would lull the enemy into a mistaken sense of security and its attendant lack of vigilance: and his plan of warfare was always to strike when least expected. By a sudden and brilliant *coup de main* on the nine fortresses of Valdivia, he roused the spirits of his men to the necessary pitch of enthusiasm; and by the end of October, 1820, had returned to the blockade of Callao, his plans fully matured for the final and crushing blow to Spanish supremacy on the Pacific seas.

Towards midnight, on the 5th of November of the same year, fourteen boats manned by one hundred and sixty sailors, and eighty marines—all volunteers from among the crews of the patriot fleet—were slowly making their way with muffled oars towards the entrance to the harbor of Callao. The night was calm and cloudless. The gentle breezes of a tropical summer's eve scarcely rippled the placid surface of the ocean as the rowers bent silently to their task. For miles and miles not a light was visible, save here and there the occasional glimmer of some brighter constellation in the dark waters around. Death-like stillness prevailed everywhere. Away in the dim distance, looming up through the darkness in startlingly unnatural proportions, rose the frowning batteries of the New World's Gibraltar—stern, gloomy objects, which needed only the first faint suspicion of alarm to burst into a glare of flame, as they poured forth their murderous hail upon the helpless array of boats. It was a perilous undertaking: but the genius and fame of him who commanded the expedition rendered its success, in the minds of his followers at least, a preconceived certainty. That bold, dashing nature, tempered, as it was, and wisely held in check by the caution and astuteness of riper years, could

not fail to enkindle in his subordinates the ardor and hope that animated his own breast. No enterprise was so venturesome but that he could muster a following sufficient to help carry out his purpose. He was most emphatically a Leader of men. * * * And now they are approaching the narrow opening in the boom which leads to the object of their attack. A breathless silence reigns throughout the column: it is the supreme moment of agonizing suspense. Leading the way, in accordance with his invariable custom in expeditions of the sort, the gallant sailor's heart beats high as he regards the near consummation of this the most brilliant exploit of his brilliant life. The inner circle within which the frigate lay has already been gained unperceived, and the prize seems almost within their grasp, when suddenly there rings out upon the midnight air the startling challenge, "*Quien vive?*" A guard-boat making its rounds has chanced upon the foremost boat of the expedition. The alarm once given, all will be lost. Drawing rapidly alongside the intruder, and seizing the officer in command, Cochran sternly offers him the alternative of silence or death! The threat is sufficient. A moment more, a dash at the oars—and the frigate is reached. Clambering up the vessel's sides as best they may, the patriot forces pour on to the deck, only to find the enemy more on the alert than had been expected. The commander and his officers, it is true, are below, all unconscious of the approach of danger until it is too late to bear aid to their associates; but the crew, who slept on their arms and without cover, rallying on the quarter-deck under the lead of a brave Spanish sergeant of the marines, offer a determined and bloody resistance to the boarders. Only when their quondam-leader is slain, and all further attempt at opposition to the patriot arms manifestly useless, do they consent to surrender. The contest though short has been decisive. Fifteen minutes after boarding, the *Esmeralda* is in the possession of her assailants. * * * The first to gain the deck of the Spanish frigate had been the gallant Scot, but a blow from the butt-end of a sentry's musket

had hurled him back into the boat, injuring him severely by the fall. Nothing daunted by this mishap, Cochrane again scaled the vessel's side, slaying with his own hand the aggressor who had so rudely received him. A second time was he wounded—by a musket-ball in the thigh; but not until the loss of blood had rendered his voice too weak for utterance would he consent to rest from his exertions. Then reclining on a gun-carriage, he summoned to him his lieutenant Guise, and issued his remaining orders.* Meanwhile the land batteries had received the alarm and opened their fire upon the frigate, which but for the quick-witted sagacity of the wary Scot, would in all probability have been sunk. There chanced to be in the harbor at the time two foreign men-of-war—American and English—with whose commanders the authorities on shore had previously agreed that in case of a night attack by the patriots, the strangers should raise certain lights in order to make known their position, and thus escape the fire from the fortresses. Immediately on perceiving these signals, however, Cochrane, who shrewdly guessed their meaning, ordered similar lights to be hoisted on the captured vessel. The expedient proved a complete success. The enemy, puzzled and perplexed by this wicked ruse, were totally at a loss where to direct their guns; but at length determined, with true Spanish wisdom and impartiality, to equalize matters and aim at all three. In the midst of this storm of shot and shell, which it is scarcely necessary to add, proved far more mischievous to the rest of the shipping than to herself, the *Esmeralda* was got under way, and ere morning Cochrane had added one more to the number of the blockading squadron without the harbor.

W. T.

*It had been part of the original plan of the patriot-Admiral, after assuring the safety of the *Esmeralda*, to attack and cut adrift every remaining Spanish vessel in the harbor. The officer on whom the command devolved, however, saw fit to interpose his own judgment, and the project, to Cochrane's lasting regret, was not attempted.

TWO PICTURES.

I.

Through the grand cathedral slowly to the sacred altar far
Where the holy taper shining glimmered like a distant star,
Where the censers swung and softly wafted on the scented air
Perfumes like those of the roses, blooming in the Summer fair,
Passed a group of maidens happy, strewing flowers in the way,
Over which there walked a bride, of all, the happiest on that day.
By a pillar near the altar, where the aged priest did stand
Curious watching, stood two travelers, strangers from a distant land.
As intent they gazed about them, sweet a bridal song was sung
By a white-robed choir of virgins, as the flowers fair were flung,
At the feet of her now kneeling at the altar with her love,
And the aged priest prayed softly for a blessing from above.

Holy Mother, now descending
In her heart give love unending
Joy and peace, forever blending
By thy grace !

Blessing every fond endeavor
With thine own Almighty favor
May the light of Heaven shine ever
In her face !

When the twilight softly stealing
When the bells of Heaven faint pealing
Summon her from earthly feeling
Far away,

May our children slowly bear her
To the church, and as they leave her
Cast as we, with love, before her
Flowerets gay.

Slow the strangers left the portals, musing deep upon the scene.
Oft upon that bridal thought they, in their travels far, I ween.

II.

Hushed was all the great cathedral as two travelers paced slow
To the altar draped in mourning, where but one short year ago

In the blushing of the Springtime, happy lovers two were wed ;
And the silence that surrounds them is the silence of the dead.

As they bow in adoration to the sombre altar there,
Hark ! A death-chant wafted soft and low now breaks upon the air.

All life is love and love is life
And life is death and death is life
And love is death and death is love !
Miserere.

The Summer flower, the Autumn leaf—
In one short hour—how like a breath
Doth fade away like thee, O friend !
Miserere.

At the last hour, O God of love,
O by Thy power, take us above
To dwell with Thee, who art the Life.
Miserere.

As the strains died into silence, from the old cathedral's door
Came a mournful throng of maidens, those that in the days of yore,

Once so happy, sang sweet music for their friend and flowers gave,
Then they came to grace her bridal, now to decorate her grave.

On the bier the sweet dead maiden lay with hands crossed on her breast,
Clasping lilies white, sole partners of her long unending rest.

Slow the strangers left the portals, while the death-chant rose and fell ;
And its strains so weird and mournful seemed to ring their funeral knell.

G. H. B.

YALE MEN OF LETTERS.

NO. II.—D. G. MITCHELL.*

ON the outskirts of the little village of Westville, the pedestrian in his pleasure tramp, may climb half way up the range of hills extending from West Rock, and see stretched out before him one of those lovely scenes, for which New Haven and its vicinity are deservedly noted. Far in the distance stands East Rock, seeming to frame in the picture, while before in the expanse thus bounded, the greenward stretches away, with the colleges among

*Graduated at Yale College with the class of 1841.

the elms nestled like an oasis in its midst. Here on this shelf of rock stands a pretty little house, set back against the steep rise of ground,—the home of Ik Marvel the Revery Bachelor. It seems fitting that in this most lovely of college landscapes, should be the home of him, who is truly the most charming and dainty of college writers.

Not only of no mean rank among Yale Men of Letters, but great among a certain class of writers, who, if successful, are the most fascinating, Donald Grant Mitchell is worthy of the highest esteem of every true heart. Having entered college at the early age of fifteen, he was, it is said, considered a young man of great promise—and indeed the elective honors which were conferred upon him by his classmates, indicate that such was their opinion at least. The earliest words we have from his pen are apparently, a series of papers entitled "Sketches of Real Life or Scraps from a Doctor's Diary," which appeared in the *Yale Literary Magazine*. While they bore signs of some effort, yet they must be classed among the many failures of college writers, to produce something entirely beyond their powers. The most that can be said in their favor is, that they do not fall so flat as such productions generally do. Purporting to be extracts from the diary of a practising physician, they are as sensational, in the disparaging sense of the word, as his unsensational nature could render them. He paints the most acute physical suffering, scarce ever touching upon mental distress, and says *en passant*, "I can endure acute physical horrors, but cannot bear to see anguish of the heart." He at least knew his own nature,—we are the gainers that his aversion to mental anguish seems to have prevented him from making a poor attempt at those exquisite delineations which his maturer abilities enabled him to accomplish.

He was afterward chosen an editor of the *Literary Magazine* and after ably filling his position, was elected class orator. On leaving college he seems to have had a rather unsettled life—at the triennial of his class he reported: "My history for three years past I will make brief. The first of the three saw me through, part idler,

part sportsman, part invalid. The next year I was farmer, sportsman, and invalid again. The third, ending August fifteenth next, I have been and am farming in earnest. Write me down, if you please, in your catalogue—not a gentleman farmer—not an experimental farmer, but a working farmer.” Then followed two trips to Europe, and after each one he essayed to appear in the literary world. But no. He had not yet found apparently, that touchstone whose magical contact was soon to endow his every word with truest earnestness and affection. During the latter part of 1850, however, the attention of New Yorkers was attracted by a series of papers entitled “The Lorgnette,” appearing in one of the daily journals. It is with these that Mitchell’s career can fairly be said to have begun. They consist of sketches of New York social life, forming a sort of general collection of satiric discussions on various city topics. Not yet, however, had he succeeded in exhibiting his best qualities. Though somewhat interesting, their satire is a trifle labored—their best feature is the remarkably pure and graceful English in which they are written. They seem to mark the transition of his mind, from the sensational, to the quiet, pleasant and dreamy style. He was gradually finding his own level.

As if convinced that this was his true sphere, he quickly followed up the Lorgnette by “Reveries of a Bachelor.” This work must preëminently serve as the best example of our author’s ability. While it may not have seemed to him his best work, yet it is undoubtedly the most attractive, and was received with enthusiasm, not only here but in England. It was a time when American literature had attained little celebrity as yet, and among Englishmen, Mitchell was declared to be the only other American besides Irving, who could write good English. In them we have again a series of sketches, but this time in the true Mitchellian style. Natural and unaffected, he was a sort of Antinous of the fireside—graceful, delicate and dreamy. He lights his pipe, and puffs out from it such clouds of fragrant, hazy ideas, that the reader becomes

enveloped, and under their influence dreams too. It is in this book that one sees plainly how mis-directed had been his former attempts. He was not at his best in the *Lorgnette*. The mind which could so subtly lay bare the most delicate cords of the human heart, which could so truthfully describe each secret longing, each secret grief; such a mind was unfitted for farce. His depiction of feeling and sorrow is, in a measure his own. Hawthorne in this particular certainly equals him, but Hawthorne is more of a Hercules: one whose grief resembles a huge, angry storm, blackening the sky and tearing up all before it. He gives us a grand, awful Lear-like grief—Mitchell the quiet yearning of the sorrow-stricken heart.

Consequent upon the success of the *Reveries*, Mr. Mitchell soon after published "*Dream Life*," a work of an exactly similar nature. Several of the short sketches excel perhaps anything that was contained in the *Reveries*. They are both excellent works of their kind, but Mitchell made a mistake in giving them both to the world. His excellence lay in that ability to reproduce in words, with most sympathetic perfection, those dreamy ideas which float through the mind, as hazy and as delicately fragrant, as the tobacco smoke that often arouses them—his was the music of the *Æolian* harp—sweet, tremulous, indescribable—but alas! one can not read either the *Reveries* or *Dreams* through at once—one becomes surfeited—so much so, that there is a longing that some great hand would seize the baton, and bring forth glorious crashes of music, which by their contrast would doubly enhance the lulling effect of his words. What were the sunlight, were it not for the clouds that often hide it—could Mitchell have grafted his delicate roses upon some sturdy oak, no finer tree could have grown.

If it may seem to many that these books of Mitchell's are no longer so popular, justice to him demands a recollection of the times, for which they were written. People were still in the height of unbounded admiration, for the author of the "*Sketch-Book*," and Mitchell's efforts, almost professed imitations, but at the same time honored

with warm praise from Irving, could not but find favor with a public which had for the time being, an enthusiastic liking for that sort of literature. Time has surely proved the relative strength of imitation and imitated, yet it can be fairly said, that considering these lowly pretensions, Mitchell's efforts were justly and remarkably popular.

Here however we must draw a dividing line. Soon after the publication of these works, Mr. Mitchell removed to Edgewood where he has since resided. While living there he published "*My Farm at Edgewood*," "*Rural Studies*," and several works of like nature. As regards these later works, it will be sufficient to speak in detail of the first, which is also the best. They are all of the same general style, and "*My Farm*" serves well to show how much they differ from the *Reveries*. It too consists of a series of sketches—but the country, and the charms of Nature, have replaced the tremulous pathos of the heart. The first sketch describes humorously and accurately his pretty home—it is perhaps the most interesting one of the book. One feels more than ever an admiration for the author, on seeing him thus prove his ability to think of other things than mere dreams. There is still the sensitive, delicate mind—the dainty taste, enriched and refined with ample culture. But this is not all. There is good sense, practical shrewdness, self-reliance. There was no young fellow of ten years before, who did not thank him for the *Reveries*—no farmer then who could not learn something from "*My Farm*." The *Reveries* had become Realities—the Dream Life, Experience.

Such, in brief, has been Mr. Mitchell's literary life. Of late he has produced comparatively nothing—and better it is that this is the case. With sorrow and fear, the world saw the great hand which had penned *Copperfield* and *Little Dorrit*, slowly but surely begin to tremble, and by its comparatively feeble strokes, lessen the fame it had already won. It is an old, old, story, often repeated. We saw the fame of the *Reveries* dimmed, by an attempt

to grasp a larger share of their success—gaining a new honor of late years, let us be glad that it has not been similarly lessened. We know that many will accuse us of being unduly enthusiastic over our author, but let those who carp at him remember, that we would not claim for him great and ambitious aims—he was professedly a writer of trivialities. And as such we do praise him. Let anyone, we care not how hypercritical, however much a man of the world, or howsoever soured by it he may be, read the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, and note the deep, natural feeling, the gradual growth of the mind and of the soul, the quiet pictures of Nature, and the “still life” of the heart—let anyone do this, and he will agree with us, that few modern writers excel our author, in authentically winning a way to the reader's confidence and affection.



SUNSET-PARTING.

Our happy day in dying
Had caught one glimpse of heaven ;
And golden light from golden gates
Poured through the purple even.

Above, a tearless Iris;
Below, the laughing river;
A halo, o'er the mountain brow,
The sunbeams 'gan to quiver.

With wild and restless beauty
They filled the broken azure ;
And every purple cloud hung low,
Weighed down with golden treasure.

Those heavenly moments vanished
As birds before the gloaming ;
Sad parting was the night that closed
Our blissful day of roaming.

A REMINISCENCE.

SUNDAY, July 5th—Walked out with Tom this evening to the deserted village of Cannon City, one of the many illustrations in this western country of what the treachery of railroads can do. As we strolled through the quiet grass-grown streets Tom very naturally fell to moralizing, as, indeed, I should have done if he had not anticipated me, for the surroundings were an irresistible temptation to it.

The warm evening sunlight fell peacefully upon the unpainted tower of the old church and threw long shadows across the green, and stole here and there, through shattered windows, into the empty rooms of the little houses. "Well, such is life!" sighed Tom. "What men have left, the rats enjoy. By the way, Bob, there is one old rat out here at the foot of the lake that would interest you, I think—a human rat, a Yale rat, if I am not mistaken. Come down to the lake, and I'll tell you about him. I got some scraps of a history which I am sure enough is his from an old Yale man I fell in with down at the Harvard examinations in Chicago."

Floating in a little boat, Tom told me a strange story. Away back in the fifties, this man had entered college, well advanced in years, but goodhearted, earnest, ambitious, and possessed of good ability, and therefore qualified for achieving some sort of success. He would have graduated with honors but for the fact that he had committed the usual folly of falling in love, and that, too, with a girl who, though estimable enough, was so young as not to know her own mind. Pleased with the novelty of having a lover, she first encouraged, then accepted him; last, shortly before his graduation day, concluded that she had made a mistake and broke the engagement—and with it his heart. He had loved her so devotedly, so completely, that the blow nearly killed him, and it was plain that his intellect was shaken. He immediately left

college, and for two or three years his classmates heard of him occasionally as wandering through the West; then he dropped from their sight.

Having driven him away, the girl had time to repent of her action. For a number of years she mourned him; then she married. "Some ten years ago," continued Tom, "in a village not far from Chicago, the woman died, a widow and in straitened circumstances, leaving a child—a girl—two or three years old. This child was claimed by a stranger, apparently an old man, and since then nothing has been heard of either of them. Now, Bob, it is just ten years next month since this old fellow came here with a bright-eyed, yellow-haired dot of a girl, and took up his abode in a tumble-down old cabin yonder, around the bend, at the foot of the lake. He is a harmless old fellow, but as strange as anything human can be, and evidently out of his head.

"The villagers used to look upon him with superstitious dread as he wandered through the streets, looking as old as Methuselah—though I hardly think him sixty—and muttering broken sentences in outlandish tongues. The child, as bright and happy as the sunshine, has clung to him as if he were the only thing on earth she could or cared to love, while he—hello! what's that?" and Tom gave a start that sent the ripples rolling through the calm reflection of the evening sky, to the now heavy shadows of the wooded bank beyond. We had heard no sound save the cry of a whip-poor-will from the woods, and once or twice the solemn "Who! Who! Who-o-o!" of an owl, but at Tom's exclamation a dark object had glided swiftly by, from the darkness and into the darkness, before we could well make out what it was. In a moment it passed us again, on the other side, and less swiftly; then, with another circle, a small canoe, driven by a paddle in the hands of an old man, came hesitatingly up to us. By the dim light we saw that the old man's long gray hair and beard were dripping with water. Laying down his paddle, he stretched both hands to us, then clasped them together and wrung them feebly, saying

over and over again in a low monotone, "Come! come! come! come!" Then he hid his face in his hands, and sat crouching in the bottom of the canoe. Suddenly he started up, and with a few strokes vanished in the darkness.

Tom seized the oars and pulled vigorously after him, while I sat bewildered and half-terrified by the sudden apparition. I had a vague idea that this was the old hermit Tom had been describing, and that something unusual must have happened to cause a procedure so strange even for him. For ten minutes Tom pulled in silence. When at last he brought the boat to shore, we both sprang out, and throwing the chain over a log, hurried up a steep path through the woods. Tom knew the way, but I stumbled repeatedly over roots and logs that crossed the path.

At length we reached the open door of a rude cabin, and halted on the threshold. The interior was lighted from a large, open fireplace. Upon a rough couch of buffalo-ropes and blankets in one corner, lay the slight figure of a young girl, as beautiful in that strange place and in that weird light, as brush of painter ever drew. Her white face was surrounded by a damp tangle of yellow hair; her wet garments clung to her figure; she lay perfectly motionless. The old man was pacing up and down the room restlessly and unsteadily, but with none of that wild terror we had seen in him on the lake. At our coming, he seemed to have forgotten what had passed between us, and raised his finger warningly—"Hush! my child is sleeping; be quiet!" and his haggard face softened into the smile of a child, as he crooned, "Sleep, Mary, my Mary's Mary! Sleep, child! You see," he said, coming close to us, "my child is very tired, she held so strongly when the treacherous bank gave way with my unsteady old feet; and then when it gave way with her too, we had to struggle so long before we could gain a footing. Poor child! She slept upon my shoulder as I carried her to the house. I must sleep too, for this old body is not fit for such long labors; but not now, not now. She must sleep

first, poor child !” and his voice melted to a whisper as he knelt beside her and softly touched her cheek. “Poor child ! I must sleep, too, but not now, not now. Sweet child ! Sleep, Mary !” His head sank slowly upon her breast, and both were still. We stood as if spell-bound—it seemed like an eternity. At last Tom stepped forward, and laid his hand on the old man’s shoulder. Neither of the sleepers moved—nor will they. K.

NOTABILIA.

WHEN Prof. Dexter was in England he visited the tomb of Gov. Yale at Wrexham, and, finding it in a very dilapidated condition, made quite extensive repairs upon it. One of the tablets, which was replaced by a new one bearing the old inscription, has recently been purchased at considerable expense by an Englishman and presented to this college. The tablet is supposed to be the original one. The exterior is of a dull lead color, while the stone itself is white and somewhat brittle. The inscription, which is perfectly legible, reads as follows :

“ Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travel’d and in Asia wed,
Where long he liv’d and thriv’d ; at London dead.
Much good, some ill he did : so hope all’s even,
And that his soul thro’ mercy’s gone to Heaven.
You that survive and read this tale, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
For only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

ALTHOUGH St. Elihu is especially devoted to the literary interests of the college, he is accustomed to occasionally step forth from his sanctum and utter his opinion in regard to such other matters as pertain to the welfare of his beloved institution. We do not think that the re-election

of Mr. Bigelow to the presidency of the Navy was in the best interest of our boating matters. We believe, too, that we are supported in this position by a majority of the undergraduates. Had the college been previously notified that Mr. Bigelow would run for re-election, we are of the opinion that the result of the election, popular as Mr. Bigelow is personally, would have been different. But men were called upon to vote before they had any opportunity to consider the case. They did not then reflect that Mr. Bigelow as a post-graduate next year will be, from the necessity of the case, quite a different man from the same gentleman now, when from his close connection with the college he is thoroughly acquainted with its opinions and desires. It is almost impossible for a man in the post-graduate department to enter into the interests of the University with that spirited zeal which characterizes the undergraduate. He may feel a deep interest in the final issue, but the minor matters which go to determine the result are beyond his view and reach. He has no good means of coming into contact with the undergraduates, and cannot, therefore, be a representative man. So long as the important offices remain in the hands of the undergraduates, no such trouble can arise here as has recently been occasioned at Harvard by a misrepresentation of the college on the part of the officers. Should Mr. Bigelow find himself next year in a position where he should need the support of the college, and where he might be better able to judge than the college at large, we do not believe that he could feel at all sure of the hearty support of the undergraduates, in case they should happen to disagree with him in his position, whereas an undergraduate officer could generally feel sure of a fair support in any position which should be at all reasonable. Nor does it seem to us that '82 has been treated quite fairly in the matter. We are virtually told that we have not a man in whom the college can place enough confidence to warrant it in electing him to the presidency of the Navy. Of course that is absurd. There were in nomination men equally capable with Mr.

Bigelow of filling the position of president of the Navy, or any other position requiring a moderate amount of skill and executive ability. The fact that out of some three hundred votes, one hundred and forty, more or less, were cast against Mr. Bigelow, shows that the movement was not altogether a popular one. When the time comes we shall do all that we can towards supporting Mr. Bigelow in his management of the Navy, but we cannot now refrain from giving expression to our feelings in regard to the matter, and saying that we believe we have not been treated by the Senior class as we hope to treat the class below us when it becomes our turn to control the University meetings.

WHAT will the Alumni say when they come back to their banquet hall? Alumni Hall! whose gloomy portals never opened to undergraduates except for inquisitions; the door through which we enter college, and the same through which we pass out into the world, some of us, alas, too prematurely. Can it be possible that this is to be no longer dreaded as the temple of the hundred-headed Sphynx who has held her throne there so long? Are all her questions answered, and has she thrown herself from the rock into the same grave with her Gorgonic Biennial sister? "Ay me! I fondly dream!" This year, at least, the annuals, mathematics and all, are inevitably coming, "bringing Fresh. dismay, and only fifteen days away." We could not expect their instant abolition. The act would be too sudden and dislocating for the Faculty to endure. But if they are not in their last decade then what mean these changes in the temple of gloom? Is it to make Zoology easier that rampant lions stand above the door? Will the paper in Optics be softer if light from stained windows throws a blue and crimson halo about it? Will mathematical problems be less discouraging if the room presents a general aspect of cheerfulness? The Faculty cannot have developed such an exquisite refinement in torture. There is no pleasure, there is no profit in annuals, and to assume the contrary

is a mockery too cruel for enlightened beings. Plainly Alumni Hall is to be used for more civilized purposes. The deformed is transformed, and its old occupation is gone.

Elm Leaves, the collection of Yale poetry that is to appear in a week or so, is, perhaps, the most pretentious literary work that has been attempted by undergraduates at this college. During the period of over thirty years covered by the book, several writers of prominence have graduated, whose early productions clearly foretold the future success of their authors. And many who might have won fame in the world of letters, but whom tastes or circumstances led to other professions, published evidences of no little poetical ability while in college. All these stray verses have been gathered into one volume that is both interesting for the associations and valuable for the real merit of many of the pieces. The amount of labor in the preparation of the work has been very great, much more than the editors anticipated; but neither time nor expense have been spared to make it complete and satisfactory. The book will contain about two hundred and fifty pages, printed in large, clear type, on heavy paper, with broad margins, each poem beginning on a separate page. The binding is very neat and attractive, in bevelled boards, with a handsome design by E. H. Barbour, '82.

PORTFOLIO.

—With the paltriness of my own life and the life I see around me in view, I have often been led to wonder whether the splendid conceptions we have formed of the old-time chivalry could ever have been realities. At least it seems hard in our practical daily hum-drum, to imagine a second realization of ideals so lofty, so wholly free from the slightest taint of the commonplace as those, for instance, to which Tennyson has given expression in his "Idylls of the King." Of course if I can believe in a mundane Garden of Eden, I can fancy that at one time there existed a mundane Arthur's Court; I can even imagine all Europe with nodding helmet-plumes and golden spurs, riding about on milk-white or coal-black steeds, with no ostensible business but to joust at occasional tournaments, or do a good turn for some helpless person or persecuted fair one when chance threw an opportunity in the way. But life as pictured for us in a mediæval chronicle, and life as we live it, are so diametrically opposed to one another, outwardly and in spirit, that I am often compelled to reflect very dubiously on the historical probability of the post-Edenite existence of a state of society so ideally exalted as the former. I read some glowing description of knight-errantry; I go to the reading-room and peruse a little story of American society life, and I ask of myself, Can it be that the same world has, even in distant ages, suggested two pictures so totally unlike? or is all this stately panorama of Middle-age loftiness a vast deception, one of the many bright baubles with which our imagination loves to amuse itself? Did simplicity and self-sacrifice really at one time rule society? Did high and generous motives—the upholding of a chieftain's stainless honor, or the reclamation of a savage-ridden border (otherwise than as an investment), ever animate what would now be called the vulgar masses? Did the Launcelots and Guineveres ^{be} do not mean as presented to us by the poets, but as they ^w are presented by even what pretends to be matter-of-fact chronicle—really differ very much at bottom from the every-day sort of men and women we are acquainted with? Doubtless I am disastrously infected by the cynical spirit of Yankeeism. Perhaps if I could dream

away a few years somewhere in Spain or Brittany, or on "the castled Rhine," amid scenes made familiar by well-known stories of bold Sir Knight and lady fair, at some place where my modern and western soul could feel a few lingering breaths of the mediæval spirit, perhaps then my doubts would be dispelled. But as it is, I cannot help wondering sometimes whether Geoffrey of Monmouth and the rest have not after all agreeably deceived us.

—"He wields a wonderful pen," said my fair English cousin as she laid down the magazine from which she had been reading to me Henry James' essay on Carlyle and his "Portrait of a Lady." Yes, but it is wonderful in a way that is becoming distasteful to me. I am not a literary critic: I cannot describe the subtle power of this writer's style over me: I cannot analyze and formulate his literary life. But it requires no trained sense to detect the offensive trait cropping out from the articles I had heard, and, indeed, from all his later works. It gives no thrill of pleasure, or even of confidence in the writer, to turn the pages of "French Poets and Novelists" and find him exalting a character with all regard and admiration on one page, only to stab it in the back on the next. Sharing with him originally in the admiration, perhaps, by his adroitness we come quickly to share with him in his censure, and, if we do not tear ourselves from him, the result is condemnation for a character often beyond question praiseworthy. Now no one is going to defend the private views and domestic life of Thomas Carlyle; but we were not eager to have them torn open and thrown before us and that, too, by a hand which still confesses its indebtedness to the literary magnate. I wonder what James' estimate of Brutus is? Was his own motive for wanton attack any higher than his? I can see little difference. Indeed, from all his criticisms this fact is apparent: he desires that there be no other god in literature than Henry James; he occasionally finds other gods: they must be dethroned. Subtlety is his instrument. See how kind of him, the mouse, to declare his opinion of Hawthorne, the lion,—though Hawthorne might have said as Sir Peter to Lady Teazle, "I hope you will not trouble to defend *my* character." And no better portrayal of his aim need we than "Washington Square" or the part of the novel that my cousin had read with the es-

say. Elegant language, striking descriptions; but it is the part, not the whole: instead of life, his cunning; and this cunning is quickly turned to support the lofty tone that runs through all and would have us bend the knee because, forsooth, this man has condescended to entertain us. He must have his position and we must acknowledge it. "But he paints such delightfully clever American girls," chirped my English coz. Well, had she been an American, she would not have chosen that gun to silence me.

—When the lives of great and good men lie open before me, it is more and more borne in upon me that a great measure of their achievement comes from their completely losing themselves in their missions. A persistent feeling of personality, a self-consciousness, a haunting omnipresence of the *ego*, is clogging us at every step. We fight that we may be victory-crowned,—we, the common soldiers!—rather than to win victory for the right. Or else we aim unsteadily, and strike weakly, because our tender selves are shrinking under the broad gaze of the rank and file. I go over in mind what I have done, to see how I looked; I consider beforehand how a thing will seem, when I ought already to be doing it. While I pen this very line, who knows but my inmost thought may be, not whether it is true, free from cant, and to the purpose, but whether it will read well. Take the pulpit; see that minister, Falterhand, begin with a modest cough, and an apologetic backward step, and a conciliatory smoothing of the manuscript. Bashfulness is rated a misfortune, but it is near of kin to self-conceit, which is a fault. They are but different phases of this baneful subjectivity. First, then, to be sure, let us not neglect our own lamps; by all means keep them trimmed and well-filled, but only in order that they may *give light*, which means much more than *shine*. And let our prayer be, not "to see oursel's as ithers see us," but to see ourselves not at all.

—What a dignity it gives a man to be an adviser! There's a man who is feeling so puffed up as he never felt before, simply because one or two sub-freshmen have written to him about their college course. His new beaver seems to sit on his head more firmly, and to extend its length of ebon polish higher into the air than usual. And his cane, too, rings upon the pavement in a way subtly indicating, to a keen ear, a con-

sciousness of newly-discovered importance. If he were to tell the truth, though, I think he would confess to a certain uneasiness at the prospect of controlling the destinies of these two expectant freshmen. For, though he has individuality enough to deserve a fuller description than a notice of his beaver and his walking stick (are there not some who have few other features of any prominence?) yet the force of this new-fledged shaper of young lives is mostly latent. He has had no settled policy in college. Not by any means a scholar, nor an athlete (if you except a growing proficiency in lawn-tennis), nor yet a "tony" fellow, it is hard to mark his specialty. Now to think of his giving rules of action to these tender *protégés* of his. The joke of it is, that they are two youths of altogether diverse character. One has tremendous ideas of studying and writing and standing high. His letter, which the proud recipient showed me in a confiding mood, contained a plan for the division of the day into periods for various necessary duties. I believe his day began at five, and ended at nine! The other is evidently of more ordinary mould. His queries were chiefly about tailors, clubs, social circles, and other vanities. An odd pair for the same driver to guide! But I fancy the idlest of us, during our stay here, have evolved some nucleus of a college philosophy. And these stray maxims, lying somewhere on a back shelf of his mental storehouse, my friend has energetically sorted and dusted and made a few selections therefrom, in the shape of unobjectionable platitudes that will suit any case of greenness. He says the rub will come when he has to keep the different constitutions of his patients distinct, so as not to administer the wrong dose. This is really a weighty consideration; for instance, suppose the patron, in a forgetful moment, should ask the high-stand man down to take a social glass; the freshman's mother, you see, is an old family friend, and of course she would be dutifully informed, in her village retirement, of this breach of trust. But matters have not come to an advanced stage yet; generalities will suffice. Among some notes of advice which my friend had already written down, I read "Keep your eyes open;" but when I ventured to suggest the addition of "but not your mouth," he snatched the paper away.

—It does not surprise me that acute critics have found that Thomas Carlyle had a house of glass. Human nature

may not be proud of it, but it is certain that when a man throws stones, a presumption is created that he lives in a glass house; and then, too—human nature again—there are plenty of people to search carefully for stones to throw back. It was to be expected, then, that there would be leaping for joy—a species of joy—at the discovery that Carlyle lacked a perfect measure of the charities, and had a fair share of the prejudices of life. And perhaps it is not unnatural that his literary character should be marred, in all the volley of missiles. I can see the sneer between the lines when I read that Carlyle was “eminently an author for the uneducated;” by the way, did he not educate England up to Goethe? But the flaws found in the writer’s art are nothing to those betrayed in the Scotchman’s life. It is above this man,—this intense, shrewd, blunt Thomas Carlyle, in his domestic and social existence, that they descry the fragile shelter of the glass house. It must fall; the air is thick with stones; a pane crashes every minute; surely the man will not come out whole. And yet I think that this much-thrown-at glass house was not what Carlyle really lived in. It was but the resort of his weary moments. Was it then a fantastic creation of his grim humor, made only for a snare, that the builder might laugh at seeing men waste strength in its destruction? Ah! ’twould require a more than Carlylean whimsicality to do that. Therefore meet the truth squarely; this man was human, and so full of faults. But it may be that the seer’s true, clear utterances were all the nobler, because the man’s petty personal feelings found a vent. I think that the house which the author of “*Sartor Resartus*” *lived in* was no glass house; that his soul expanded in a stately mansion where noble guests are ever coming, and, ere they go, adding some thing of beauty to their abiding-place; a house founded on eternity, shedding a radiance over humanity, and helping it, by a better way than Babel, to mount towards heaven. Here I believe Carlyle lived in honor. No petty darts can harm this house, as no poisoned ones can have come from it. And so, while the false glass house may crash, a symbol of human frailty, Thomas Carlyle’s spirit, and the life-thoughts he gave expression to, shall live on in that divinely builded edifice,—

“Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.”

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The month has been one of unusual activity. Events have followed so closely upon each other that we find some difficulty in keeping pace with them. Our

Base Ball

Record has been one of mingled joy and sadness. We have first to mention a somewhat loosely-played game with the New York nine, in which, notwithstanding a disputed run, we feel that the victory belonged to our opponents. The following is the score :

YALE.							NEW YORK.						
	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, s.	5	0	1	0	4	3	Kelly, r.,	4	0	2	1	0	1
Allen, r.,	4	0	0	2	1	0	Deary, p.,	4	1	2	0	3	1
Gardner, c.,	5	1	1	0	2	0	Troy, b.,	3	1	0	2	2	2
Walden, b.,	4	0	1	4	3	1	Towart, l.,	4	1	0	2	0	1
Camp, p.,	4	0	1	0	3	0	Brothers, a.,	3	0	1	6	1	0
Hopkins, a.,	3	0	2	9	0	1	Farrell, m.,	4	0	0	4	0	0
Watson, l.,	4	1	0	2	1	2	Sweeney, h.,	3	0	0	3	3	1
Ives, h.,	3	1	0	4	1	2	Dolan, s.,	3	1	1	1	3	1
Badger, m.,	4	1	1	3	1	0	Callahan, c.,	3	1	1	8	0	1
Totals,	36	4	7	24	16	9	Totals,	31	5	7	27	12	8

Two base hits, Badger, Walden and Callahan. First base on errors, Yale, 7; New York, 3. First base on balls, Yale, 3; New York, 3. Balls called, on Camp, 94; on Leary, 80. Strikes called, on Camp, 12; on Leary, 20. Struck at and missed, Yale, 7; New York, 8. Struck out, Yale, 2; New York, 1. Left on bases, Yale, 7; New York, 5. Passed balls, Ives, 1. Wild pitches, Camp, 2. Double play, Hutchison, Walden and Hopkins. Earned run, New York, 1. Time of game, two hours. Umpire, George Hiller, League.

On Saturday, April 30th, our nine played, at Hamilton Park, a remarkably good game with the Providence team, defeating them in the tenth inning. Score :

YALE.								PROVIDENCE.							
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, s. s.,	5	1	2	2	3	2	0	McClellan, s. s.,	5	0	1	1	1	8	0
Lamb, p.,	5	1	2	3	2	2	0	Start, 1 b.,	5	0	2	2	13	0	0
Walden, 2 b.,	5	2	2	6	3	5	0	Farrell, 2 b.,	5	1	1	2	8	1	3
Allen, r. f.,	5	1	1	1	0	0	0	Ward, p.,	5	1	1	4	0	3	1
Gardner, 3 b.,	4	1	2	3	0	5	0	Radbourne, r. f.,	5	0	0	0	0	1	0
Camp, l. f.,	5	0	1	1	1	0	0	Gross, c.,	4	1	1	1	3	5	0
Hopkins, 1 b.,	5	0	0	0	12	1	0	Matthews, c. f.,	4	2	2	3	2	0	1
Watson, c.,	4	1	1	1	9	0	0	Denny, 3 b.,	4	1	4	5	1	2	2
Badger, c. f.,	4	2	1	4	0	0	1	Gilligan, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	2
Totals,	42	9	12	21	30	15	1	Totals,	41	6	12	18	30	21	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Yale.	2	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	3—9
Providence.	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	0—6

Earned runs, Yale, 3; Providence, 6. Home runs, Badger and Ward. Three base hits, Walden 2. Two base hits, Lamb, Gardner, Farrell, Matthews and Denny. First base by errors, Yale, 5; Providence, 1. First base by balls, Yale, 1. Balls called, on Lamb, 55; on Ward, 72. Strikes called, on Lamb, 11; on Ward, 15. Struck at and missed, Yale, 21, Providence, 10. Double plays, Yale, 2; Providence, 2. Struck out, Yale, 3; Providence, 2. Passed balls, Gross, 1. Left on bases, Yale, 4; Providence, 5. Time of game, two hours five minutes. Umpire, George Hiller.

Wednesday, May 4th, was the date of a second victory over the New York nine, at Hamilton Park.

	YALE.								NEW YORK.														
	T.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	P.	O.	A.	E.		T.	A.	B.	R.	I.	B.	T.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hutchison,	6	0	1	1	1	2	2					Kelly,	3	0	0	0	5	0					
Lamb,	5	2	2	1	2	3	0					Troy,	4	1	1	1	3	4	0				
Walden,	5	2	1	1	3	4	0					Brouters,	4	2	1	2	0	1	0				
Allen,	5	3	2	2	2	3	0					Towart,	4	1	2	2	1	1	0				
Gardner,	5	2	0	0	3	0	1					Sweeney,	4	0	0	0	1	1	0	2			
Camp,	3	0	1	1	4	0	1					Wardell,	4	0	0	0	2	0	1				
Hopkins,	5	0	0	0	9	0	0					Dolan,	4	0	1	1	2	6	3				
Watson,	5	1	3	3	3	2	1					Callahan,	4	0	0	0	2	5	2				
Badger,	3	0	0	0	0	1	1					Forster,	4	0	1	1	1	0	0				
Totals,	12	10	10	10	27	15	7					Totals,	35	4	6	7	27	17	8				

Struck out, Yale, 0; New York, 1. Left on bases, Yale, 10; New York, 4. Time of game, two hours thirteen minutes. Umpire, George Hiller.

Much interest centred in the first college championship game, played at Hamilton Park, on Saturday, May 6th. The Princeton nine was regarded as the strongest with which we had to contend, and it was felt that much depended on this game. There was a large attendance of spectators; and, although the playing might have been more satisfactory in certain respects, yet every other feeling was lost in the pleasure of victory. The score was as follows:

YALE.									PRINCETON.										
	T.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.		T.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, s.,	5	1	1	1	1	3	2	0		Duffield, r.,	5	1	1	1	1	3	0	1	
Lamb, p.,	5	2	1	2	2	2	5	1		Wadleigh, l.,	5	2	2	3	3	0	1		
Walden, b.,	4	1	1	1	1	2	2	0		Rafferty, s.,	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	
Allen, r.,	4	1	0	0	1	2	0	0		McCune, m.,	5	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Gardner, c.,	4	0	1	2	2	2	2	1		Schenck, h.,	5	0	1	1	2	4	1		
Camp, l.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	1		Loney, b.,	3	0	0	0	4	0	1		
Hopkins, a.,	4	0	0	0	9	0	0	0		Winton, a.,	3	0	0	0	14	0	2		
Watson, h.,	4	0	2	3	5	2	2	2		Harlan, c.,	4	0	1	1	1	4	4		
Badger, m.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	0	0		Archer, p.,	1	1	0	0	0	5	0		
Totals,	38	6	6	9	27	13	5			Totals,	34	5	6	7	27	18	11		
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9									
Yale,	2	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—	6								
Princeton,	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—	5								

Two base hits, Lamb, Watson, Gardner and Wadleigh. First base on errors, Yale, 9; Princeton, 3. First base on balls, Yale, 1; Princeton, 7. Balls called, on Lamb, 109; on Camp, 11; on Archer, 82. Strikes called, on Lamb, 9; on Camp, 2; on Archer, 17. Struck at and missed, Yale, 16; Princeton, 25. Left on bases, Yale, 6; Princeton, 8. Struck out, Yale: Hutchison, Hopkins; Princeton: Duffield, McCune, Loney, Winton. Double plays, Hutchison, Hopkins. Passed balls, Watson, 5; Schenck, 1. Wild pitches, Lamb, 3; Archer, 1. Time of game, two hours fifty minutes. Umpire, Mr. Wilbur, of Troy.

On Wednesday, May 11th, our team played a fine game with the Metropolitans, defeating them by a single run, which was gained in the ninth inning.

YALE.							METROPOLITAN.						
	T.	A.	B.	R.	E.		T.	A.	B.	R.	E.		
Hutchison, p. & s.,	5	1	1	0	2	0	Brady, r.,	5	0	0	1	1	0
Lamb, l.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	Clinton, a.,	4	0	1	12	0	0
Walden, b.,	4	1	1	7	5	1	Sweeney, h.,	4	1	1	10	1	0
Gardner, c.,	5	1	2	2	2	2	Say, s.,	4	2	1	1	4	0
Camp, s. & p.,	3	0	0	1	2	1	Poorman, m.,	4	0	1	1	0	0
Watson, h. & r.,	4	0	0	2	2	0	Easterbrook, b.,	4	1	0	0	1	2
Ives, r. & h.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	Muldoon, c.,	4	1	3	1	1	0
Hopkins, a.,	4	1	2	12	0	0	Kennedy, l.,	4	0	1	1	0	0
Badger, m.	4	0	1	2	0	1	Daily, p.,	4	0	0	0	7	0
Total,	37	6	8	27	14	5	Totals,	37	5	8	27	15	2

First base hits on errors, Yale, 2; Metropolitan, 5. First base on balls, Yale, 3; Metropolitan, 0. Earned runs, Yale, 4. Balls, on Camp, 28; on Hutchison, 56; on Daly, 112. Strikes, on Camp, 3; on Hutchison, 10; on Daly, 23. Struck at and missed, Yale, 27; Metropolitan, 18. Two base hit, Lamb. Struck out, Yale, 6; Metropolitan, 1. Passed balls, Sweeney, 4; Ives, 3. Balk, Hutchison. Left on bases, Yale, 7; Metropolitan, 5. Time of game, two hours twenty minutes. Umpire, George Hiller.

Saturday, May 14th, we visited Cambridge, with disastrous consequences. Harvard, by strong batting, gained a lead in the first half of the game, which it was found impossible to overcome. We give the score:

HARVARD.								YALE.								
	T.	A.	B.	R.	E.	P.	O.		T.	A.	B.	R.	E.	P.	O.	
Coolidge, 2 b.,	5	1	1	1	4	2	0	Hutchison, s. & p.,	5	0	2	5	0	6	0	0
Cutts, 1 b.,	5	1	1	1	9	0	2	Lamb, l. f.,	4	2	0	0	4	0	0	0
Nichols, c.,	5	0	0	0	4	1	0	Walden, 2 b.,	5	2	2	5	2	1	1	1
Baker, s. s.,	4	3	1	4	3	3	2	Gardner, 3 b.,	4	2	2	2	1	2	3	3
Olmsted, l. f.,	5	2	1	1	2	1	1	Camp, p. & s. s.,	5	1	1	1	1	4	0	0
Edwards, r. f.,	4	2	1	1	1	0	0	Watson, c. & r. f.,	4	0	0	0	3	2	2	2
Folsom, p.,	4	2	2	3	0	5	0	Ives, r. f. & c.,	4	1	1	1	3	3	2	2
Hall, c. f.,	4	2	2	3	2	0	0	Hopkins, 1 b.,	4	0	2	2	9	0	0	0
Snow, 3 b.,	4	1	1	2	2	0	0	Badger, c. f.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	1	1
Totals,	40	14	10	16	27	12	5	Totals,	38	9	10	16	24	18	9	9
		1	2	3	4				5	6	7	8	9			
Harvard,		0	3	2	1				5	2	1	0	0	—14		
Yale,		3	0	0	0				0	2	1	3	0	—9		

Earned runs, Yale, 3; Harvard, 4. Two base hits, Folsom, Hall, Snow, Hutchison. Three base hit, Hutchison. Home runs, Baker, Walden. First base on balls, Yale, 3; Harvard, 2. First base on errors, Yale, 4; Harvard,

7. Struck out, Yale, 4; Harvard, 8. Double plays, Baker, Coolidge and Cutts, 2. Passed balls, Watson, 4; Ives, 2; Nichols, 3. Wild pitches, Camp, 1; Hutchison, 1; Folsom, 2. Time of game, two hours twenty-five minutes. Umpire, Charles Wilbur, of Troy.

Rain prevented the next game, which had been appointed for the 18th. We met the Dartmouth nine on Saturday, May 21st, at Springfield, and were defeated by the following disagreeable score:

DARTMOUTH.										YALE.									
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			
Cram, h.,	3	1	1	1	8	1	1	Hutchison, s. & p.,	5	0	0	0	1	11	0				
Rundlett, p.,	3	0	1	1	2	6	1	Lamb, p. & l.	5	0	1	1	1	1	1				
Partridge, a.,	4	0	0	0	6	0	0	Walden, b.,	4	0	1	1	0	1	1				
Coombs, m.,	4	1	1	3	3	0	0	Gardner, c.,	5	1	0	0	0	0	0				
Cushman, b.,	4	1	1	1	0	2	3	Camp, l. & s.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0				
Howard, r.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	0	Watson, }	2	0	0	0	1	3	1				
Matthewson, c.,	3	0	0	0	4	1	1	Ives, }	2	0	0	0	4	3	1				
Gay, s.,	3	1	1	1	1	1	2	Platt, r.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0				
Webster, l.,	3	1	0	0	2	0	1	Hopkins, a.,	4	1	2	2	14	0	1				
								Badger, m.,	4	1	1	1	2	0	0				
Totals,	30	6	5	7	27	11	9	Totals,	38	3	6	6	24	19	4				
		1		2	3	4	5			6	7	8	9						
Dartmouth,	0	6	0	0	0	0	0			0	0	0	0—6						
Yale,	0	0	1	0	1	0	1			0	1	0	0—3						

Three base hit, Coombs. First base on errors, Yale, 7; Dartmouth, 3. First base on balls, Yale, 2; Dartmouth, 2. Earned runs, Dartmouth, 2. Left on bases, Yale, 10; Dartmouth, 2. Struck out, Yale, 3; Dartmouth, 8.

Our freshmen met their Harvard opponents at Hamilton Park on the 21st, and gained the fence by the following handsome score:

YALE, '84.										HARVARD, '84.									
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			
Jenks, 3 b.,	5	0	0	0	1	2	0	Keep, 3b. & c.,	3	0	1	1	2	2	1				
Wilcox, r. f.,	5	0	1	1	1	0	0	Merwin, 2 b.,	4	0	1	1	2	1	2				
Hubbard, c.,	4	4	0	0	14	2	1	Mason, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	0				
Hopkins, s. s.,	3	2	2	2	1	1	1	Lovering, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	0				
Plummer, r b.,	5	1	1	1	3	1	0	Bean, p.,	3	2	1	1	1	13	1				
Towmkins, 2b.,	5	1	1	1	1	1	0	Terrell, r b.,	4	0	0	0	13	1	5				
Lawrance, c. f.,	5	2	2	2	0	0	0	Barnes, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0				
Christian, l. f. & p.	5	2	0	0	1	3	1	Hawkins, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	0	4	0				
Booth, p. & l. f.,	4	3	0	0	0	13	0	Hamlin, c. & 3b.,	3	0	0	0	5	2	0				
Totals,	41	15	7	7	27	23	3	Totals,	33	2	3	3	27	25	9				
		1		2	3	4	5			6	7	8	9						
Yale, '84,	1	2	2	0	3	3	4			0	0	0—15							
Harvard, '84,	0	0	0	0	0	0	1			0	1	0—2							

Earned runs, Yale 1, Balls called, on Booth, 59; on Christian, 21; on Bean, 134. Strikes called, off Booth, 30; off Christian, 3; off Bean, 37. Struck at and missed, Yale, 21; Harvard, 22. Passed balls, Hamlin, 5; Keep, 9; Hubbard, 2. Wild pitches, Bean, 4; Christian, 1. Double play, Lovering and Hamlin. Left on bases, Harvard, 3; Yale, 2. First base on balls, Yale, 4; Harvard, 2. First base on errors, Harvard, 1; Yale, 7. Time of game, two hours fifty-five minutes. Umpire, Joe Dunnigan.

Spring Athletic Games

Were held at Hamilton Park on Wednesday, May 9th; and prizes were awarded as follows: 100 yards dash—C. R. Corwith, '83, 10½ seconds; putting the shot—O. H. Briggs, '81, 30 ft. 3¼ in.; half mile run—C. L. Scudder, '82, 58 sec.; mile walk—E. G. Bourne, '83, 8 min. 17 sec.; running high jump—C. K. Billings, '82, 4 ft. 10 in.; hurdle race—D. A. Jones, '83, 20¾ seconds; throwing hammer—O. H. Briggs, '81, 87 ft. 11¾ in.; 220 yards dash—C. Smith, '83, 26 sec.; half mile run—F. S. Calhoun, '83, 2 min. 19 sec.; bicycle race—C. K. Billings, '82, 7 min. 17 sec.; standing broad jump—F. M. Strong, '82 S., 9 ft. 7 in.; tug of war, '84 team—H. A. Bishop, A. L. Farwell, G. R. Blodgett, F. R. Dodge; lawn tennis—F. B. Thorne, '82 S.

Boating.

On Wednesday, May 4th, the Y. U. B. C. assembled in Linonia Hall for the election of officers. The following gentlemen were chosen: Treasurer, Prof. Wheeler; President, R. A. Bigelow, '81; Vice President, C. P. Williams, jr., '82 S.; Sub-Treasurer, F. C. Leonard, '83; Secretary, G. C. Jennings, '83. To fill a vacancy on the auditing committee, Mr. H. B. Platt, '82, was elected. Mr. Sargent, '73 S. S. S., H. H. Knapp, '82, and S. M. Clement, '82, were chosen to constitute the Boat House Committee.

The Spring Regatta,

Postponed from May 18th on account of rain, was held on Saturday the 21st. The barge race was closely contested, '82 turning the stake first; losing, however, by about two lengths. Crews—'82—F. C. Farwell, bow; S. M. Clement, F. M. Eaton, R. P. Williams, T. DeW. Cuyler, G. W. Lay, stroke; G. P. Richardson, cox. Time, 13 min. 7. sec. '83—L. B. Hillard, bow; E. B. Frost, C. S. Beck, J. R. Parrott, H. E. Bourne, H. Vernon, stroke; Mun Yew Chung, cox. Time, 12 min. 52 sec. The picked crew won the eight-oared race by about a length. Picked crew—H. P. Johnes, bow; C. W. Shipley, C. P. Williams, J. F. Merrill, O. H. Briggs, F. R. Vernon, F. A. Manning, W. B. Hill, stroke; H. N. Tuttle, cox. '84, G. R. Blodgett, bow; J. W. Cain, S. Welles, Jr., W. M. Spear, F. H. Dodge, W. H. Heinman, E. A. Merritt, H. A. Bishop, stroke; D. B. Tucker, '83, cox.

The Sophomore Travesty

On "Medea" composed by Messrs. Buel, Burpee, and Thacher, and presented in the New Haven Opera House on the evening of Friday, May 20th, was eminently successful. The proceeds, amounting to about three hundred dollars, are to be donated to the Yale Athletic Ground fund.

Society Elections

Have been given as follows:

SKULL AND BONES, '82.

W. I. BADGER, Boston, Mass.	C. W. LYMAN, New Haven, Conn.
BENJ. BREWSTER, New Haven, Conn.	E. W. MCBRIDE, Goshen, N. Y.
J. A. CAMPBELL, St. Louis, Mo.	A. S. OSBORNE, New Haven, Conn.
WM. P. ENO, New York City.	H. B. PLATT, Owego, N. Y.
A. P. FRENCH, Braintree, Mass.	WILLIAM POLLOCK, Pittsfield, Mass.
BARCLAY JOHNSON, New York City.	J. L. WELLS, Fayetteville, N. Y.
H. H. KNAPP, South Norwalk, Conn.	J. E. WHITNEY, Cornwall, Conn.
F. E. WORCESTER, Albany, N. Y.	

SCROLL AND KEY, '82.

W. E. BAILEY, Harrisburg, Pa.	F. M. EATON, St. Stephens, N. B.
H. W. BARNES, Pittsburgh, Pa.	F. C. FARWELL, Chicago, Ill.
M. H. BEACH, Alexandria, Va.	A. C. HAND, Honesdale, Pa.
CYRUS BENTLEY, Jr., Chicago, Ill.	S. C. HOPKINS, Catskill, N. Y.
W. I. BRUCE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	J. P. KELLOGG, Waterbury, Conn.
S. M. CLEMENT, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.	C. E. RICHARDS, Keene, N. H.
T. DEW. CUYLER, Philadelphia, Pa.	C. A. WIGHT, North Hatfield, Mass.
H. L. WILLIAMS, Northampton, Mass.	

PSI UPSILON, '83.

H. E. BOURNE, New Haven, Conn.	H. W. LATHAM, Bridgeport, Conn.
D. H. BUEL, New York City.	J. MCK. LEWIS, New York City.
C. W. BURPEE, Rockville, Conn.	G. S. LYNDE, Bangor, Me.
C. H. BURR, Bloomington, Ill.	W. H. MERRILL, Brooklyn, N. Y.
H. W. CALHOUN, New York City.	W. E. NETTLETON, Stockbridge, Mass.
WOOLSEY CARMALT, New York City.	J. H. NELSON, Aurora, Ill.
H. M. CHASE, Syracuse, N. Y.	J. J. PHELPS, New York City.
C. C. CLARKE, Jr., Sing Sing, N. Y.	DUDLEY PHELPS, New York City.
C. F. COLLINS, Newport, R. I.	D. F. READ, Bridgeport, Conn.
A. G. DANA, New Haven, Conn.	A. R. PRESTON, Buffalo, N. Y.
L. C. DEMING, Hartford, Conn.	E. B. SARGENT, Cincinnati, O.
H. T. FOLSOM, Orange, N. J.	R. C. ROGERS, Buffalo, N. Y.
H. L. FROST, Cleveland, O.	STANLEY SHAFFER, Cincinnati, O.
W. I. GRUBB, Cincinnati, O.	F. D. SHAFFER, Cincinnati, O.
C. W. HARKNESS, Cleveland, O.	H. D. TAFT, Cincinnati, O.
C. G. HOWER, Cleveland, O.	H. O. STONE, Chicago, Ill.
L. K. HULL, Lebanon, Conn.	J. P. TROWBRIDGE, New Haven, Conn.
S. R. JEWETT, Chicago, Ill.	S. D. THACHER, New Haven, Conn.
C. S. KELSEY, Bridgeport, Conn.	C. W. WILSON, Buffalo, N. Y.
S. Q. KERRUISH, Cleveland, O.	W. TRUMBULL, Valparaiso, Chili.
M. W. YOUNG, Toledo, O.	

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON, '83.

L. W. ANDREWS, New York City.	G. W. JOHNSON, Frankfort, Ky.
F. G. BEACH, New Haven, Conn.	F. B. KELLOGG, Avon, Conn.
C. S. BECK, Jr., Wilkes Barre, Pa.	F. C. LEONARD, Spring Mills, N. Y.
L. R. CATLIN, New York City.	C. LOUGHBRIDGE, Oskaloosa, Iowa.
M. Y. CHUNG, Han Shan, China.	O. MCKEE, Brooklyn, N. Y.
G. COLGATE, Orange, N. J.	K. MITCHELL, Pittsburgh, Pa.
C. R. CORWITH, Chicago, Ill.	M. MORTON, Jr., Andover, Mass.
G. CROMWELL, Brooklyn, N. Y.	J. R. PARROTT, Oxford, Me.
S. H. FIELDS, Atlanta, Ill.	F. J. PHELPS, Andover, Mass.
C. S. FOOTE, Port Henry, N. Y.	F. W. ROGERS, Cambridge, Mass.
E. B. FROST, Peekskill, N. Y.	H. W. SLOCUM, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. W. GALBRAITH, Erie, Pa.	H. R. SMITH, Norwalk, Conn.
C. H. HALL, Binghamton, N. Y.	T. S. SOUTHWORTH, W. Springfield, Ms.
C. HALSEY, Brooklyn, N. Y.	F. P. SPROUL, Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. R. HILLARD, Wilkes Barre, Pa.	W. H. STOCKWELL, Orange, N. J.
L. B. HILLARD, Wilkes Barre, Pa.	H. H. STRONG, Westfield, Mass.
T. R. HILLARD, Wilkes Barre, Pa.	A. E. SYMINGTON, New York City.
H. M. HOYT, Kingston, Pa.	H. VERNON, Brooklyn, N. Y.
T. D. HUSTED, Peekskill, N. Y.	J. E. WAYLAND, New York City.
G. C. JENNINGS, Cleveland, O.	J. B. WOODWARD, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
C. H. YATES, Montclair, N. J.	

Items.

The Sophomore class has elected as its fence orator Mr. C. S. Foote; Mr. C. P. Wilder of the Freshman class has been chosen to respond.—A praise service was held in Battell Chapel on Sunday evening, May 22d.—The Tennis Club has elected the following officers: President, W. M. Wood, '81 S.; Vice President, H. L. Barnes, '82; Secretary and Treasurer, H. W. Slocum, Jr., '83.—'78 C., Williston held its reunion at Easthampton, May 20th.—The "Horoscope" appeared May 23d.

BOOK NOTICES.

Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. Second Series. By H. Helmholtz, Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by E. Atkinson, Ph.D., F.C.S. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

To those who are acquainted with the scholarly reputation of Professor Helmholtz, and with the many and valuable additions made by him to scientific knowledge, this collection of lectures—which are singularly worthy of the title "popular"—will prove extremely interesting and attractive. Clear and unassuming in style, every line contains matter worthy of consideration. It is a true pleasure to read such papers as these, written as they are by one who, discarding the contrivance of a showy and overpowering use of technical phrases, seems to strive only to place facts before his hearers in a form which is at once intelligible and pleasing. The book embraces five lectures in all, delivered at various times during the last ten years. Of these, that on "Relation of Optics to Painting," is certainly a most original and instructive effort, while one interested in German University life could hardly find a more reliable and impartial criticism than "Academic Freedom in German Universities." When one considers the remarkable achievements of Helmholtz, it is a matter of congratulation that the results of his thorough and untiring researches are thus rendered so easy of access, in a form which is at once entertaining reading and a substantial ornament to any library.

Victor Hugo. By Alfred Barbou. Translated by Frances A. Shaw. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price \$1.00.

A really valuable biography of a man cannot be written during his life. That must be done afterwards, when his work has been completed, and the materials for a complete biography have thus been furnished. But all the world is interested in Victor Hugo, and a sketch of the life of this celebrated man, just as he is rounding up a splendid career by a ripe and vigorous old age, is not all out of place. M. Barbou, the author of the work before us, has had the

use of documents collected by the family of Hugo ; has met him in his home and thus familiarized himself with the manners and conversation of his subject.

Although written by an enthusiastic hand, the work is an impartial portrait-ure of Hugo from boyhood up to mature old age, giving a comprehensive summary of the leading incidents in his life. The story of his youth, how, while still a boy, he met with fortitude the obstacles in the way of his success as an author, is graphically told. All of Hugo's works are mentioned and briefly analyzed. The work follows out the development of his genius and shows the influence of that genius on French literature. All admirers of Hugo should read the book. It is published in a neat form with two portraits and a fac-simile letter.

The Longfellow Birthday Book. Arranged by Charlotte Fiske Bates. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 398. Illustrated. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

It is some time since we have had the pleasure of looking over such a charming little book as this. Beautifully and tastefully gotten up, it is a little gem both as a specimen of typography and as a well-judged collection of extracts. We can but describe it in the words of the editor : " In this compilation, what the author has written, either in prose or verse, regarding noted persons, has, with few exceptions, been set opposite their respective birthdays. Here and there, also, passages have been arbitrarily applied, to indicate some trait of life or work in the character or characters on whose day they appear." To a lover of Longfellow, it can not but be an extremely interesting bit of reading, embracing as it does, many of his choicest and most celebrated passages. It is prettily bound, and contains an illustration for each month, together with a portrait of the author.

Pepacton. By John Burroughs. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 260. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

Next to Thoreau, there is no writer upon Nature pure and simple, who is so interesting as Burroughs. To the large majority of readers, he is decidedly more attractive in that he is much more a man of the world, and, too, a man to whom Nature has a wider signification. Thoreau cared for little else than dumb objects. Plants, and in an equal degree natural phenomena, were the objects of his fancy. A peculiar tint on a distant hill, a fantastic crack in an ice-field, charmed him more than the company of men—one could with little severity complain of the poverty of his subject-matter. But Burroughs finds pleasure not only in all living things, but moves decidedly nearer to the plane of his readers. We have already had several neat volumes from his pen—*Pepacton* is a worthy addition. It consists of a number of sketches, the first, an account of a trip made by him down the *Pepacton* branch of the Delaware, giving the title to the book. While his writing does not excel in poetical fancies and delicate flights of imagination, this fault, if it can be called one, is more than offset by the novel bits of information to be found here and there, and by the pleasing manner in which they are told. The sketches are all excellent—if we were to select any one as the best, that entitled " Nature and the Poets," would undoubtedly claim recognition. It points out a curi-

ous but almost unavoidable fault in poetry ; namely, the tendency of poets to cause various animals and other objects in Nature to assume any condition or perform any deed, the description of which will smooth over the difficulties of the meter. It serves admirably to show that the author besides being a thorough naturalist, is also able on occasion to claim rank with the best of writers. Modestly and assumingly he points out facts, whose existence many have suspected, but to discover which none have possessed sufficient knowledge. In itself this article would make the volume worth possessing—the others fall very little short of its excellence.

Sordello. A story from Robert Browning. By Frederic May Holland. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 29. Price 40 cents. For sale by Judd.

When, in 1840, Browning published his poem of *Sordello*, it was unanimously declared to be an incoherent wandering rhapsody, and even his firmest admirers did not feel warranted in doing more than to claim that steady and persistent study of the work would reveal profound thought and passages of rare beauty. But therein they condemned it the more, as a poet of Browning's standing at that time had no right to ask so much of his readers.

Mr. Holland rightly says, "It is one of the most incomprehensible in all literature." Of his book we can truly say that he is entitled to credit for having worked out of the intricate and confusing lines of *Sordello*, so lucid and at times interesting an argument. It is certainly the only form in which the poem can be read with satisfaction, yet it must be confessed that many new faults are revealed, and one feels more and more that the criticism passed upon it forty years ago was perfectly just.

Political Economy and Political Science. Economic Tracts, No. II. Society for Political Education. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 25 cents. For sale by Judd.

A well-arranged and copious list of works, recommended for reading by the Society for Political Education. Compiled by Professor W. G. Sumner, of Yale College.

The "Spoils" System and Civil Service Reform in the Custom House and Post Office at New York. By Dorman B. Eaton. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 123. Price 50 cents. For sale by Judd.

Requested by the President to furnish a report upon the working of the Competitive Reform in New York, Mr. Eaton, Chairman of the Civil Service Commission, has published the result of his investigations in pamphlet form, through the agency of the Civil Service Reform Association. In their war upon the followers of Marcy's famous dictum, the Association will find few more telling weapons than this. Thoroughly conversant with the subject in all its details, Mr. Eaton gives a graphic description of the birth and growth of that practice, the evil effects of which can now be seen where it was first started and where it still remains—in the disgraceful government of New York city. The stand taken by President Grant against its advances, the consummation of his efforts by President Hayes, are fully related, while the account is heightened by the revelations of the astounding corruption before existing, and by comparison with it of the good results now attained. The work is complete

and convincing—the *Nation* has well said of it: "The volume will become a text-book among us on the science of administration. It would be well worth the pains to compile an abstract from it, in the form of a manual for use in the schools."

Early Spring in Massachusetts. From the journal of H. D. Thoreau. Arranged by H. G. O. Blake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 318. Price \$1.20. For sale by Judd.

Among the many great and familiar names which have given to the little town of Concord its scholarly fame, that of Thoreau is well worthy of the honored place it holds. Proud of being alone as an explorer in fields which few had thought worthy of notice, he surely has proved the truth of the maxim that "books are the monuments of men." His own works are not more simple and unaffected than is the story of his life. Graduated at Cambridge, he returned to Concord where he began life as a land-surveyor. Finding that he could by a few weeks' work support himself for the remainder of the year, he gave up his whole time to his favorite study. His was a nature that drew him irresistibly into the course he followed. Burroughs, a writer, who in Thoreau's own field stands second to him only, says of him, "Thoreau was the wildest man New England has turned out since the red Aborigines vacated her territory—a man in whom the Indian reappeared on the plane of tastes and morals."

He became a sort of transcendentalist in leggings, and carried a pencil for a tomahawk, living only to seek out in the wildness of Nature something more wild, something unattainable. In his unpublished poems appears the following:

"I've searched my faculties round
To learn why life to me was lent,
I will attend the faintest sound,
And then declare to man what God hath meant."

His attempt to put before men the results of his unequalled research and observation, were coldly received. With a mind that combined the skill and acuteness of the greatest naturalist, with a singularly poetic, fanciful and unaffected power of expression, had he published his works as dry, mechanical classifications, stuffed with technicalities, they would have been assigned with honor to a resting place on the scientist's shelves. But when, believing as he did, that "man confers a value on the most worthless thing, by mixing himself with it," he thus increased the value of his facts many fold, the critical world refused to see any good in the attempt. A prominent London journal, hardly recovered from the idea that Irving was the only Englishman in America, said with much acerbity, "The manner is that of the worst offshoots of Carlyle and Emerson; all Mr. Thoreau's best things are spoil in the utterance." A single instance will serve to show how Thoreau received these criticisms. He says (Feb. 25, 1859), "All the criticism I got on my lectures on 'Autumnal Tints at Worcester,' on the 22d, was, that I presumed my audience had not seen so much of them as they had. But after reading it I am more than ever convinced, that they have not seen much of them, that there are very few persons who do see much of Nature."

He was not slow however in receiving ample recognition from those few who alone were able to judge him rightly. Mr. Emerson has truly said, that no one was so entirely uninfluenced by the ordinary motives of human action. He wished neither riches, nor fame, nor influence. He cared to be himself only, and he held the world and modern times successfully at bay. It was only such men as Emerson, who thus were able to analyze his character, that perceived his true worth, and it is through their words that the world has come to find pleasure in his writings.

The present work is a series of extracts from his journal, arranged by a gentleman who has always been one of the strongest admirers of Thoreau. They include the entries made from about the middle of February down to the early part of April. Covering as they do the space of twenty years, no closer and more lucid description of Nature could be obtained. Mr. Blake has happily brought together the passages for the same day of the month for different years. He thus seems to increase the effect "that the written page brings the mind of the reader, as writing seldom does, into closest contact with Nature, making him see its sights, hear its sound, and feel its very breath upon his cheek." When we consider the already published works of Thoreau, we feel constrained to say that the journal seems to lack much of their charming freedom and vivacity of style, yet it must be remembered that this is no more than could be expected—the journal is but a collection of neat little "thumb-sketches;"—in themselves, often rude and hasty productions, yet when put together and filled in by the hand of this greatest artist, they form the most perfect pictures of Nature ever seen.

Literary Art. A conversation between a Painter, a Poet and a Philosopher. By John Albee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

This is a rambling, somewhat dreamy book; but, withal, a very bright and suggestive one. By that slow-moving Concord River—made immortal by Hawthorne and Thoreau—on a bright summer day when the School of Philosophy does not call them, three old friends meet and talk together—a Painter who says very little about painting, a Poet who has little more to say about poetry, and a Philosopher who wishes to find a vehicle for the communication of his philosophy. Their talk abounds in ingenious figures, sparkles often with repartee, and displays many good ideas about other subjects than "Literary Art,"—about past and present, popular intelligence, French wit, experience. The Painter, in particular, says some delightfully clever, epigrammatic things. Not assuming to be an essay, this little volume cannot be criticised as such. But its tone is elevated without being over-serious, while the style is charmingly fresh and pure. It will be welcomed by those who do not believe that every book, to be thoughtful, must have a distinct and ever-present purpose.

Coöperation as a Business. By Charles Barnard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 226. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

Ever since the time when the Rochdale flannel weavers, rendered mistrustful by a bank-failure which swept away all their money, cast about to see

whether they could not keep their own bank, Coöperation starting from this slight beginning has steadily grown both in favor and in extent. Space forbids us to give a detailed account of its history and of the working of its systems. To do so fairly would require many pages—in fact, we should almost be compelled to quote the subject of our review entire. We have by no means yet witnessed the greatest results attainable by the system—it is a question of to-day, and is yet moving onward with vast strides. Not here so well as in England, can we see for ourselves its practical workings. No better means of gaining such an insight can be found however than a perusal of this book of Mr. Barnard's. He is over-enthusiastic it is true, yet he has given us in the main, a clear and compact statement of all the essential workings and results of Coöperation. We may rightly turn to this subject with interest, when we consider how against powerful opposition it has won its way to unprecedented favor, and now stands forth preëminently as an example of business on true business principles.

The King's Missive and other Poems. By John G. Whittier. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

This neat little book, in simple Quaker dress befitting its contents and author, will be read eagerly by the many admirers of our greatest hearted poet. The unpleasant thought will force itself upon every reader that this is perhaps a last legacy from his pen, and this at once disarms all criticism. But it is not for the critics that this book is published, or we never should find the poet trying to rhyme "dust" with "thirst," but in the words of the prelude,

"The silent sympathy of love
To me is dearer now than praise."

And it is of no use to find fault with an old writer whose manners are unchangeably established. It is not too much to say that this collection contains everything to enjoy that lovers of Whittier seek for in his poems.

TO BE NOTICED NEXT MONTH.

Matrimony. By W. E. Norris. Leisure Hour Series, No. 125. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. Price \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

Mademoiselle Bismarck. By Henri Rochefort. Translated from the French by Virginia Champlin. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 60 cents. For sale by Judd.

David Hartley and James Mill. By G. S. Bower, M.A. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

The Old Testament in the Jewish Church. By W. Robertson Smith, M.A. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Price \$1.75. For sale by Judd.

The Fathers of the Third Century. Early Christian Literature Primers, No. II. By Rev. George A. Jackson. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Price 60 cents. For sale by Judd.

A Matter-of-fact Girl. Leisure Hour Series, No. 126. By Theo. Gift. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. Price \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

The Republic of God. An Institute of Theology. By Elisha Mulford, LL.D. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.00. For sale by Peck.

The Student's Dream. A Horoscope of Mental Growth, containing a Metaphysical Discovery, Chicago : Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our "Table" this month is inferior in quality to the one in the April issue, for then we were obliged to be original, not having purchased a pair of scissors. We are now possessed of a good pair, to which fact this "Table" bears witness.

The world of college editors to which we have lately been introduced is an interesting community. There are the contemptuous, overbearing fellows, who are always on the offensive and care not a whit for the harmless missiles of their opponents; and there is the timorous, retiring editor, who takes the defensive and ingloriously drags out a wearisome life. Then there is occasionally formed the league offensive and defensive, when all join in attacking some unfortunate, who usually effects a compromise with his assailants by an ignominious surrender of all claims to freedom of thought and expression, and an agreement to limit his observations in future to his own little college world. As a body of active men we have, like all other communities, our divisions, our parties. By far the larger number of us are conservative in our views, the radicals being mostly confined to the western colleges. The standards of the latter party generally bear some such inscription, as, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way." But theories of that kind as applied to western colleges are highly ephemeral and cannot obtain to any great extent. Socially we are supercilious, conceited, egotistical, altogether high-toned, and as generous as our natures allow of. Very rarely there creeps into our midst a low, scurrilous fellow, but his presence is promptly detected and the rotten branch lopped off.

Since our association with these editors we have passed uneasy days and restless nights. Being unable to prevent them from continually jumping off from our table, and out of our basket, we arranged them, as was stated last month, in neat piles about our room. But remain quiet in any position they will not. During the day our most peaceful thoughts are disturbed by their bristling attitudes, and at night our dreams are made hideous by their everlasting rustling. What to do with these fighting demons we do not know. Shall we summon some Hephestos, with his attendants, Strength and Force, to bind them Prometheus-like? Or shall we cram them all into a bag and send them up to the Hospital to torture the dying? If we regarded this world as altogether a scene of affliction, where our tempers are to be subdued and corrected, we should feel justified in pursuing the latter course. But it is, perhaps, best that we accommodate ourselves to the situation. Grumble on, then, you discontented ones. Destroy our peace of mind by your noisy clamors for reform, your piteous implorations to us to listen to your brain-cracked theories and to read your dry pages, we are determined to not mind you.

The current number of the *Nassau Lit.* is the last issue by the old board. The *Lit.* is one of the most interesting of our exchanges. The contributed articles are not always particularly good, for they are generally what we might in plain words call rather dry, but the department known as "Voices,"

in which all topics of interest are discussed, is conducted with judgment and ability, while "College Gossip" is usually a lively and interesting notice of the doings at other colleges. The exchanges are treated with unusual courtesy at the hands of the editor of that department. We offer our congratulations to the editors of the *Lit.* as they give over to their successors a magazine whose reputation has not suffered at their hands.

The *Tablet* has the advantage of being the only publication at Trinity, and, consequently, is well supported by the students. The poem in the last issue, entitled "My Lady Bountiful," is, for a long piece, considerably above the average. The *Tablet* advises the college to abandon base-ball and boating for the present, and to turn its attention to cricket. It also announces the gift of \$40,000 to the college by Col. Northam, of Hartford, this being the second largest sum ever given to Trinity by any one person.

The *Hamilton Lit.* for April is the best issue of that magazine we have yet seen. While all of the prose articles are good, we have read with especial interest "English Sonnets" and "Bryant as a Poet of Nature." These two pieces as literary articles should have been longer, but brevity is not a particularly bad fault. The poem entitled "A Serenade" is so bright that we quote it :

Little bird, little bird,
Flying so free !
Tell her, my true love,
These sweet words for me,
"Loyal je serai, durant ma vie,
Loyal je serai, durant ma vie."

O rose-bud, O rose-bud,
Down in the lea !
Lie in her bosom
And whisper for me,
"Loyal je serai, durant ma vie,
Loyal je serai, durant ma vie."

Summer-wind, summer-wind,
Cool from the sea !
Blow through her lattice
And murmur for me,
"Loyal je serai, durant ma vie,
Loyal je serai, durant ma vie."

In looking over the comments of the Exchange editor of the last *Princetonian*, we were a little puzzled to understand the decidedly bitter tone assumed by that individual in his criticisms of the Yale papers until we hit upon the following sentence, which explains all : "We are sorry you beat us at base-ball." As this is the Exchange editor's first attempt at criticism, he being one of the new board of editors, we forbear to say more than that we hope he will learn in time to conceal his chagrin, whenever it is liable to lower the tone of his "Table." We quote the following from the *Princetonian* :

WHICH ?

Hear the words of two sweet singers,
Whom I heard, as the shadows fell,
Singing their songs in the twilight :
Now which, think you, sang well ?

" Ah ! love is a lightsome, a joyous thing,
And the birth of a short, sweet hour ;
Like a butterfly, bright, and swift of wing,
Which abides not on any flower.
Love comes and it stays for a day and a night,
But again with the morning love takes its flight."

" Yea, love *is* a lightsome and joyous thing,
Of the birth of one short, sweet hour ;
But it stays through Autumn, it stays through Spring,
Through time of snow and of flower.
Love comes, and it lightens the earth's dark night,
And still, through eternity, love shines bright."

Thus these two sang in the deepening night ;
Now tell me, which of them sang aright ?

We always throw aside the *Bates Student* with a feeling of disappointment. It is not expected that the bi-weeklies, which usually discuss topics of local interest, will display any great literary ability, but it is expected that a paper published monthly and in the form of a magazine will show some other point than outward appearance as evidence of literary attainments. We do, to be sure, occasionally see a good thing in the *Student*, but as a rule its articles are inferior in quality and of little interest.

VOL. XLVI.

No. IX.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale College.



*"Dum natus gressu macti, nomen laudisq[ue] YALOE
Cantabat Socratico, amulicq[ue] Pyraei."*

JUNE, 1881.

NEW HAVEN
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS
(in Yale as Gallows)
TITTLE, HOBHOUSE & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

MICROFILMED

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Continued by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine, established February, 1826, is the oldest college periodical in America, entering upon its Forty-Sixth Volume with the number for October, 1880. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive, nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 250 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 25 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVI.

JUNE, 1881.

No. 9.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '82.

BENJAMIN BREWSTER,

J. ERNEST WHITNEY,

W. IRVING BRUCE,

CHARLES A. WIGHT,

FRANKLIN E. WORCESTER.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

AMONG the many great names which within the last few months have been added to the memories of the past, few have excelled in popular fame that of Disraeli. He was a man who, from a certain standpoint, was preëminently deserving of renown. Yet curiously enough, the very qualities which raised him to so high a position seem to mark him as one possessing least of all, a claim to true greatness, and as he goes to his grave amid the mournings of a nation and the eulogies of statesmen, hostile as well as friendly, the picture of him which these have impressed upon the world seems as much of a romance as his whole life has been.

It was fittingly said of him: "He wrote 'The Wondrous Tale of Alroy'—'The Wondrous Tale of Disraeli' is equally striking." Inheriting a large portion of versatility and wit, he set out to attempt what so many of his own fictitious heroes so successfully accomplished—to invent a *novus ordo seclorum*. The spirit which could impel him to such an undertaking could not but reveal itself in more points than one of his character, and accordingly

we can well imagine that "Vivian Grey" is no other than Mr. Disraeli in those early days. Such a one he was when he began his career, like him has lived a life full of romance and splendor, and we are to-day witnesses of the completion of the novel of his life, which if one were to have read it as a prospective undertaking fifty years ago, would have been pronounced most eminently fit to rank among his most visionary and bewildering attempts at fiction.

Success unfortunately did not attend his efforts quite as quickly as when it was properly guided over the paper by his pen, and for ten long years he sat in the Commons, notorious rather than famous, when suddenly one great stroke, the first remarkable instance in which he displayed his happy ability to discern and embrace at once an advantageous opportunity, placed him at a leap among the foremost. Such a bold, pushing, ready spirit as his was not slow to climb upwards from such a vantage ground. Before him lay two courses. Should he join hands with a party which had for its leaders such men as Palmerston, Russell and Gladstone, for its steady supporters Cobden and Bright, or what appeared madness in comparison, the captainless, wavering company of the Tories. The one held out to him almost certain victory, already half won by equally able colleagues; the other faint hopes indeed, but a certainty that victory if obtained, would be to his credit and his only, because he alone would be able to gain it. He has proved perhaps the most skilful leader of the opposition a British Parliament has ever known, and strangely enough an equally unskilful leader to whom to trust the reins of a ministry. One must almost believe that he already possessed knowledge of this fact, at any rate he acted in accordance with it, and joining the forlorn hope, he taught them energy, push, uncompromising resistance, and made for himself a place which it is only too evident, can with difficulty be filled.

But while his life has been justly famous for this wonderful achievement, on looking at his career it becomes

more and more evident why it is true now that he is at once great and yet unworthy of fame. He was equally deserving with Cicero of the epithet once applied to the great orator, "The consular buffoon." For what has been his record? Turn to his novels, which more than any other man's expose and explain his own private feelings and sentiments, and we can select the doings of his one typical hero as the pattern upon which he modelled himself. Always quick and acute, he lived on other people's mistakes. At an unlucky slip of his enemies, he rode into their position with flourish of trumpets, and holding as long as he could the post he was unable to fill, retired from it with that equally showy skill with which an acrobat pretends to fall and yet alights gracefully, amid the plaudits of the crowd. He found the Commons a body of men to whom the old-fashioned eloquence of Peel was attractive, much more on account of respect for the speaker than of the stirring effect of his words. The days of Burke and his impassioned appeals were past; instead, the light, epigrammatic, witty attack, in comparison like the skirmishing of a free lancer, was the secret handle by which to grasp the attention of Parliament, and with what trenchant, slashing grip this greatest master of wit and repartee wielded the sword of power thus offered, is too old a story to again repeat. Thus it was that he advanced; every little advantage he magnified to a victory; every crushing defeat he softened to a temporary reverse; his whole course was one of sham. Profiting by the sad misfortune of one of the truest, manliest advisers England ever had, he turned deeds of sterling worth to ridicule, and when the people, blinded by his apparent superiority, willed that he should be chief, even their own wrongs, which most of all should be the objects of a minister's care, were forgotten in sight of the grand pageants of foreign policy which brought to their originator what he most desired, fame, artificial though it was, and to them, practically nothing. And this is the man whom we have seen laid to rest with the same honor that is granted to England's greatest men. Did he de-

serve it? One can say both Yes, and No. That face seamed with care-worn wrinkles betrays work, hard, persevering work, against severe odds. No one with equal resources could have succeeded as he did; no one could have been found able to live such a life of pure legerdemain. Yes, he deserves the highest honors his nation can render him, and yet the fact that he receives them only adds the climax to the many sham triumphs of his life.



MATER DOLOROSA.

[GUIDO RENI PINX.]

Like a marble Death she stands
Silent, with downcast eyes;
Bound in the cruel bands
Of grief too deep for sighs;

Too bitter for soothing prayer,
That steals the poison from pain;
For he is dead whom she bare,
Who she fondly thought should reign.

"Earth's joy is faded away;
Heaven will not, can not save;
Vanished the glory of day!
Oh! for the night of the grave."

"When earthly joy disappears
Look for comfort to the skies."
The sorrowful mother hears,
And raises her downcast eyes;

And into her upturned face
Falls the light from out God's throne;
A baptism of peace and grace—
And sullen Sorrow has flown.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.*

The Management of the Foreign Relations of the United States during the Civil War.

BY RUSSELL ANSON BIGELOW, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

AT the beginning of our civil war England and the United States were bound together by the strongest ties. From her we inherited our laws, our language, our literature, our national character. The golden chain of commerce united the two nations by indissoluble fetters. Other countries felt the shock which accompanied the convulsions of our Vesuvius, but the world's workshop beheld its most prosperous branch of manufactures buried in ruins. It naturally followed, therefore, that England formed the public opinion of Europe, and that, touching our affairs, Her Majesty's government virtually dictated the diplomacy of the nations. Grave disputes threatened to plunge the two countries into war. For these reasons the management of our relations with Great Britain demands our chief consideration.

The Queen's proclamation of neutrality, conferring upon the Confederates all the rights of a belligerent power, was a constant source of complaint on the part of our government, and aroused bitter feelings of hostility in the hearts of the American people. With terrific invective Charles Sumner denounced the hateful proclamation. Mr. Seward condemned it as the basis of all our commercial complications with Great Britain. President Lincoln called it unwise, unnecessary and unjust. The grievance assumed daily increasing proportions, until it became the foundation upon which rested the huge structure of the "indirect claims."

Mr. Seward's oft expressed complaint that the proclamation was premature was well founded. It was published on the very day on which our new Minister arrived

* The prize was divided between Bigelow and Bromley.

in London, and before he had had an opportunity of presenting the views of the new administration. Such haste was discourteous in the extreme. But while the proclamation might well have been delayed until the conflict had assumed a more critical shape, and the views of our Government had been given a fair hearing, there can be no doubt of the ultimate necessity and justice of such a measure. Moreover, in order to avoid serious complications, a declaration of neutrality should be made as soon as possible after the actual commencement of hostilities.

The British government presents two reasons for granting belligerent rights to the Confederates: the magnitude of the war, and our own virtual concession of such rights by proclaiming a blockade of the Southern ports. When twelve million people have risen up in revolution against eighteen million, a civil strife must needs ensue of such proportions as to justify foreign nations in granting to the rebellious party all the rights of war. Our own Government held that the Queen's proclamation, if not the cause of the war, was at least the cause of its prolongation. It asserted that the Confederates were irresistibly hurled onward by the hope of foreign intervention, with which this document inspired them. History denies this charge. Our civil war was the result of passions that had long been smouldering in the hearts of the Southern people. The Queen's proclamation may have encouraged them in a course to which they were driven by the most fiery hatred and the most malignant scorn the world has ever witnessed; but the pertinacity, the courage of despair, with which they continued a hopeless struggle for twelve long months prove that the rebellion was not the work of an English proclamation. Sumter and Bull Run had far more influence in prolonging the war than many declarations of neutrality. The struggle between freedom and slavery was as necessary and as inevitable as the daily strife between light and darkness.

It is a recognized principle of international law that, while a government may close its own ports, it can insti-

tute a blockade only against a power which possesses the rights of war. President Lincoln's proclamation of a blockade of the Southern ports was therefore an acknowledgment of the belligerency of the insurgents. Very soon after the announcement of that proclamation reached England, her government decided to follow our own example.

With all the fire of his masterly eloquence, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs denounced the Queen's proclamation, because it prevented her government from treating Confederate privateersmen as pirates. A pirate is the enemy of all mankind. For this reason any one who captures him may put him to death. The rebel sailors were the enemies of the Union, and of the Union alone. Therefore they were not pirates, and England could not have treated them as such. Our own government did not execute a single Confederate privateersman. Not a single rebel was put to death during the American revolution. Great Britain, as a neutral, could not practice severities for our benefit, which she had not practiced in defense of her own sovereignty. How then was England to treat the vessels of the insurgents? How was she to obtain redress for any injuries they might inflict upon her? Had she applied to the United States, they would have justly disclaimed all responsibility for the acts of rebels. She could not apply to the rebels themselves, since she had never recognized their right to carry on war. Manifestly there was but one solution of the difficulty. England must recognize the belligerency of the South and maintain a strict neutrality. All the high-sounding oratory which has denounced the partiality of Her Majesty's government in this matter is empty and meaningless.

Mr. Seward himself virtually confessed the weakness of his position, by refusing to argue the question of belligerent rights. Whenever the subject was broached, he insisted that, so far as foreign nations were concerned, our whole country was still ruled by a single administration, and still owed allegiance to a single central govern-

ment. Foreign powers were obliged to regulate their actions by facts, not by partisan theories. As a matter of fact, we were two nations, entirely separate and distinct for the time being. Our own government recognized this fact, for it exchanged with the Confederates prisoners of war.

Mr. Seward's illogical position upon the question of belligerent rights led him to make many groundless complaints. He found fault with Great Britain and other powers for allowing Confederate ships to enter their waters, ignoring the fact that it was the duty of all foreign governments to maintain a strict neutrality. He vehemently upbraided England for allowing blockade runners to sail from her ports, supplied with arms and ammunition for the use of the rebels, when in fact the proper and only remedy consisted in the capture of the vessels by our own blockading squadrons.

Since our position upon the whole question of belligerent rights was entirely indefensible, continued harping on the theme was undignified and injudicious. It excited ungrounded animosity in the hearts of the American people, and widened the unhappy breach between the two nations.

The delicate management of the Trent affair prevented a war with England and the consequent independence of the South. On both sides of the Atlantic passion held sway. Public clamors became so violent in Great Britain that Lord Lyons was ordered to demand the immediate surrender of Mason and Slidell. If this demand should not be complied with in one week, he was commanded to set sail for England with all the archives of his legation. Nearly two weeks before this arrogant ultimatum reached Washington, a dispatch from Mr. Seward assured Lord Russell that Captain Wilkes had acted without the knowledge or authority of the Secretary of the Navy, and that the President looked forward to an amicable solution of the difficulty. This preliminary note enabled our government to finally surrender the rebel emissaries, without laying itself open to the charge of being bullied

by the threat of war; but the final dispatch is open to severe criticism. The situation was peculiar. England, the great belligerent power, was contending for neutral rights. The United States, the great neutral, had become the champion of belligerent rights. England was complaining of an act far less severe than those which forced the United States into the war of 1812. The North was sustaining England's historic position. Under these circumstances Mr. Seward might have quietly surrendered Mason and Slidell, simply calling the attention of great Britain to the fact that she had abandoned her former haughty pretensions. The most violent upholder of all prerogatives of war would then have been forever obliged to relinquish the right of search upon neutral vessels. But a different course was adopted. It was insisted, in the first place, that these envoys were contraband of war. But the best authorities assert that an ambassador cannot be captured on neutral territory. The Trent was one of a regular line of neutral vessels, plying her accustomed course between two neutral ports, and sailing away from the United States. Hence the position upon which rests the whole of Mr. Seward's case, cannot be sustained.

The dispatch closes as follows: "In coming to my conclusion I have not forgotten that if the safety of the Union required the detention of the captured persons, it would be the right and duty of this Government to detain them. But the effectual check and waning proportions of the existing insurrection, as well as the comparative unimportance of the captured persons themselves, when dispassionately viewed, happily forbid me from resorting to that defense." After an elaborate argument it is concluded that the United States cannot lawfully retain the rebel emissaries; and yet it is asserted that they would have been retained, had they been persons of sufficient importance, and had the crisis been serious. Such language is arrogant and bombastic. Neither an honest nor prudent government could consent to retain an advantage, however important, won by violating the law of

nations. In several other instances Mr. Seward uses similar arrogant language, laughable when he is forced to abandon his position, undignified in the official correspondence of a great nation. Attempts have been made to justify this dispatch on the ground that the war spirit had become so aroused throughout the length and breadth of our land, that it was necessary to have recourse to a skillful document, in order to satisfy the pride of the nation. But this is an assumption that, as a nation, we are ruled by passion, not by reason.

The disastrous failure of the Peninsula campaign was followed by months of gloom and dread. Not the least threatening of the results of our unfortunate retreat was the danger that France and England might recognize the independence of the South, or endeavor to secure it by force of arms. The French Emperor's offer of mediation appeared to be the entering wedge. But the firm tone of our government, and the vigorous rejection of the offer by the Senate convinced foreign powers that we would never consent to the dismemberment of the Union. Mr. Seward's unfailing tact and energy were exemplified by sending Mr. Beecher and his eloquent associates to turn the tide of public opinion in Europe. Doubtless their mission was another powerful agent in hurling back the ever threatening clouds of mediation and intervention.

The Alabama and other British-Confederate privateers were built and manned in the ports of a neutral nation, in order to drive American shipping from the seas. Their construction and escape were in direct violation of our treaties with Great Britain. But the secrets of the Laird workshops were well nigh impenetrable. At length, after months of patient, unwearied exertions, our representatives at London and Liverpool were able to present to the British government conclusive proof of the real ownership and destination of the Alabama. Through a culpable lack of energy the British ministry decided to detain the vessel only after it had already escaped. The proof obtained at the cost of so much labor and difficulty, was the foundation for the decision of the Geneva tribunal

in favor of the United States. The detention of the formidable rebel rams was only accomplished at the expense of the same unremitting energy and careful investigation of every possible clew. Had these thrice-dangerous Alabamas been allowed to escape from Liverpool, nothing could have prevented them from destroying our blockading squadrons or sacking our great seaboard cities.

In all time of war, the management of foreign affairs requires conspicuous ability. When rebels seek to dismember a state, the post is exceedingly critical. When they possess the sympathy of the great powers, the task of maintaining a nation's rights demands the most patriotic exertions of her noblest statesmen. Through the darkness of the stormiest night, Mr. Seward's ringing tones rose above the roar of the tempest. Daily vexations, the injustice of our pretended friends, their heartless affronts, a terrible burden of cares and anxieties could not weary the tact, patience, vigilance or untiring energy of our talented and patriotic Secretary of State. The defects of his work resulted from an excess of patriotism, which prevented him from seeing more than one side of any question affecting the public welfare. When we reflect that the arrogant uprising of King Cotton had built lofty hopes upon the aid of foreign nations, when we remember the intensified, mutual hatred of England and the North, and that Louis Napoleon repeatedly urged Great Britain to join with him in at least recognizing the independence of the Confederacy, we are constrained to admire the work of him who fought half the conflicts of the war, by preventing foreign powers from hurling their irresistible legions against our prostrate Union.

YALE MEN OF LETTERS.

NO. III.—J. G. PERCIVAL.*

FORTY years ago, New Haven was not so large a place but that the oddities of a certain reserved, eccentric man might excite a more than passing notice. And, surely, those oddities were enough to make old Yankee folk stare. Muffled in a camlet cloak, wearing a shabby fur cap and shoes that were never blackened, this strange, thin-faced man would walk alone through the streets and into the suburbs, noting everything with his bright piercing eyes, seeing but avoiding everyone. Children playing in the street would huddle together and look up shyly as he came by. Human nature was not his study; he was a "lone reader of the woods, the waters, and the skies." He kept a solitary, cheerless bachelor's hall in some unoccupied rooms of the State Hospital;—rooms in which curious strangers, peering through the rarely opened door-way, could only see litters of manuscripts and piles of books. Yet it was to this man that a publisher could write without fear, "A poem from your pen will be regarded as a draft payable at sight." It was to this man, too, that learned men came for his opinions. People saw the queer things,—saw him receive visitors at his room-door, keeping it fast with a rope. And so they laughed at him, and spoke unkindly of him. But, what is worse, he was crushing out his own life. Ah, poor Percival!—a truer poet would he have been, had he kept company with his fellow-men.

In 1795, James Gates Percival was born in the town of Berlin, a score of miles away, beyond the northern hills,—now chiefly known, no doubt, to readers of the *LIT.* as a bustling railway junction. After a pensive, dreamy boyhood, passed amid the quiet beauties of Connecticut landscape, after a college course in which his early developed sensitiveness was heightened by the hard knocks of

* Graduated at Yale College in 1815.

old-time discipline, he went out into the world. At college, he had read a poem before the Brothers' Society which attracted some attention; and while yet a freshman, he had taken to Noah Webster a manuscript volume of poetry, which the lexicographer had put aside with a kindly smile and words of well-meant advice. But advice on such subjects did not quench the "sacred fire." His room-mate tells of his regular morning wanderings, followed by stealthy references to loose papers in his table drawer; for two years, at least, one room in South Middle was free from noise.

Advice, however, such as President Dwight gave his promising but dangerously-constituted pupil deserved to be followed: "Engage in some regular occupation, Percival, or you are a ruined man." But regular occupation was just what Percival never got. A medical student, a botanical lecturer, a private tutor, and a practicing physician, he sank at last into a state of crazy despair, in which doubt and melancholy nearly drove him to self-destruction. Disappointment in love—a love so tremulous that a mere chance touch of the hand banished him forever from his fair one's presence—added much to his disease, and, indeed, this thought tortured him all his days. Throughout his intensely subjective poetry there are repeated glances back to the time when he had hoped for affection; and in "The Suicide," the most subjective of all, which portrays his feelings at this unhappy period, one sees how the broken heart and the half-turned head brought to him an unsightly crop of bitterness and defiance. Percival never completely recovered from this semi-insanity. Again, to be sure, he went out—crushed, suspicious, morbid, but withal honorable and spiritually-minded—he went out into the sea of life, to be tossed, an alien thing, from wave to wave. But before he settled down to a life of scholarly seclusion in New Haven, a single gleam of sunshine had been felt by him in the generous hospitality of Southern life, during a transient stay at Charleston. One is tempted to inquire whether his life might not have been a more brilliant success, if the

unsocial atmosphere of lingering Puritanism had been permanently exchanged for the cheery warmth of a society which knew how to enjoy existence.

In all these years of change, Percival's pen had not been idle. Indeed he had already, at thirty years of age, written nearly all the poetry he was destined to set forth; and "Clio" divided with "Geoffrey Crayon" and the author of "The Spy" the patronage bestowed upon light literature. Turning to his works, let us leave the poet now in his New Haven retreat, storing his acute mind with all the book-lore in the college library and General Howe's store, and drinking in, with a poetical appreciation which did not mar the scientific exactness of his observation, the subdued charms of the neighboring scenery.

Taking down by chance the two neat little volumes marked "Percival's Poems" from the top shelf to which time has consigned them, a person of a meditative turn would at once be interested. He would see many bits entitled "Dreams," "Musings," or "Lays," and many pensive lines without a title. He would see charming specimens of word-painting; his imagination would behold "pillowy clouds" or woods "sparkling with dewy light," or places where "the violet peeps beside the spring,"—all the manifestations of nature in repose. Glancing at random, he may come across a reference to

— "nameless flowers,
That open in the wilderness, and live
Awhile in sweetest loveliness, and die
Without an eye to watch them, or a heart
To gladden in their beauty,"—

and though he may reflect that Gray said the same thing better in a single couplet, he will pardon the prolixity, for the sake of the pathetic beauty. Or the book may be an old one, and so will open of itself to those beautiful lines "To Seneca Lake," beginning

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale."

At any rate, the probabilities are that such a chance peruser would be tempted to look further, and seek the long poems, the masterpieces, of this delicate poet.

Percival's longest piece is "Prometheus," a semi-philosophical poem now forgotten, while "The Coral Grove" and "Seneca Lake" will be long remembered. The reader is puzzled. Does he expect a picture of the storied Titan fastened to the rock, grandly eloquent? He will not find, unless we are sadly wrong, a single mention of Prometheus in all these three hundred odd stanzas. The title is but the text for indignant denunciations and lofty flights of imagination; apparently, too, it is a self-fancied Prometheus who is speaking, trying to bring down to men the blessed light they are so slow to receive. And so he climbs mountain-tops, views enchanting sunrises and sunsets, appeals to Eternal Harmony and Eternal Love; but only succeeds in leading us—and himself—into a maze. Throughout, a sad lack of human interest; and yet, all the while, we perceive the poor unhappy soul of the man, and we are moved to pity. We are likewise forced to admire; there are such bewitching descriptions of nature, in which the accurate scientific knowledge of Percival serves to make his pictures exact and true. This fullness of knowledge, joined to a rapidity of conception, leads to other less happy results,—the crowding of images and the complication of sentences. We quote a passage which well illustrates his merits and his faults:

"Day is done,

And earth is hushed at evening's dewy hour;
Down the high, wooded peak a golden shower
Flows through the twinkling leaves, that lightly play
In the cool wind, that wakens from its bower,
Hung where the curling river winds away
Through the green, watered vale to meet the sheeted bay;
On which the moon, who long had watched the set
Of the bright lord who gives her light, but dims
Her brightness when they two in heaven are met,
Casts her pale shadow, which as softly swims
As nymphs who cleave the wave with snowy limbs,
Like lilies floating in a falling stream."

Here is a beautiful treatment of an old subject (can it ever be a commonplace one?); but we have to wade through a vast amount of false philosophy to reach gems like this. Much poetry there is in "Prometheus"; a poem it cannot, in our view, be truly called.

As we look for narrative, we are at first disappointed; the so-called "Tales" turn out to be merely sketches. But in one of them, "The Wreck," whatever unreality there be in the characters and plot, we see the benefit this poet gains from having a definite aim before him. Simplicity is combined with delicacy and purity. And these concluding lines are calm and soothing, when we had feared the presence of the grave would make the poet gloomy:

"They both were buried, where they first had met,
Beneath one stone, and they were wept by all.
A willow grows above them, with its boughs
Drooping, as if in sorrow; and at night
A sweet bird sings there, and the village girls
Say 'tis a spirit's voice. They dress that grave
Each Sabbath-day with roses; and they strew
Fresh violets there on May-day, and then sing
A simple tale of true love, till their hearts
Are swelling, and their cheeks are bathed in tears."

It is in short pieces that Percival is at his best. For, after all, "The Wreck" is only the suggestion of a possibility. But here our poet achieved positive success. His mind was fit for lyric, not epic nor dramatic composition. For a page or two, we are delighted to have the breezes blow, and the birds warble, and the boughs dip low to the fragrant meadow; in a long poem, we demand a strong, deep undercurrent of thought. Percival, reversing the old order, puts beauty before force; in "Prometheus," we are inclined to complain that beauty is put before clearness.

But we must hasten on, with a passing notice of Percival's very considerable scientific attainments, which do not concern us in our study of this "man of letters." Yet it is certainly instructive to observe his really wonderful intellect, which so diligently worked out the report on the geology of the State, in which every rock is said

to be exactly recorded.* As early as 1822, we find him dipping into German, when he speaks of the strange sounds of the language, "rolling round its oblique diphthongs like a sailor his quid, *foieer*." It is worth noting, in his few late poems, particularly "Hexli" and "Minnesong," what a healthy influence this study of German had on his style. Comparative Philology was then a young science, but we see Percival, almost alone among Americans, importing the works of Bopp and Grimm, and entering eagerly into their ideas. Besides translating from ancient and modern languages, he wrote poetry himself in thirteen different tongues. While it may be urged that his scholarship was too wide to be deep, still, greater credit is due him than has been given, as being one of the few, in those days of cramped practicality for America, who helped to banish quackery in learning, as well as "dollar hunting" in life, and so paved the way for whatever completeness has followed.

As a man, Percival was doomed to unhappiness. But as old age drew near, there was little of the old bitterness and rancor left. His later poetry, too, shows a tempering of the inevitable sadness. Yet his was an "aggressive sensitiveness," in the words of Mr. Howells, which no early disappointments could altogether excuse. One drops a tear of regret over capabilities unfulfilled—in all their grandeur. And yet there is one quality which Percival possessed, beside which the mere attainment of success sinks into utter insignificance,—a quality which made Whittier exclaim: "God pity the man who does not love the poetry of Percival." We mean his lofty idealism, his scorn of all things simply material. This had quite as much as disappointed pride to do with his troubles, his broken engagements and fruitless quarrels. As a manifestation of this in another way we have the stories of his small circle of intimates,—how he would stand for hours in the cold midnight air forgetful of all

* In this connection, it is curious to see Sir Charles Lyell speak of Percival, in words that recall "Martin Chuzzlewit" without the ridicule, as being "one of the most remarkable men he had ever seen."

discomfort, his spiritual face glowing with emotion, pouring forth eloquent words for their ears to drink in delightedly. So ethereal was he!

Early in the 'fifties, a house was being built for Percival, where he might live out his life as he loved to live, alone with his books. It was a small one-storey brick affair, with its entrance in the rear; in front, only three narrow windows darkened by heavy blinds.* Though a cloister after his own heart, the hermit never occupied it. In 1853 he left New Haven to superintend a geological survey in Wisconsin, and in three years he was dead. Hazel Green is the pleasant name of the place where his body rests. His spirit flew lightly away from earth, where it had never found a home.

DEATH.

As suddenly as storm clouds spread
Over the deep blue sky,
Death comes and whispers to the soul,
"Thy end draws nigh."

As solemnly as rivers flow
Through breathless woods at night,
Death flows along through life and cries,
"Soul, take thy flight."

As hopefully as zephyr's breath
When winter bareth sway
Death comes, and gently wafts the soul
From night to day.

M.

* Some may like to know that it was on the east side of Park street, just south of George. It has given place, long ere this, to a spruce, cheery house with "all the modern improvements."

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.*

Voltaire.

BY ISAAC BROMLEY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

AT the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century the world was at comparative peace. For more than one hundred years the soil of Europe had been torn by the ploughshare of religious war. The signal for it had been given in 1517 when Luther affixed his theses to the church door at Wittenburg, and by that act entered the lists against papal authority and the Roman Church. From that time forward there was unceasing war between authority and reason; the Church of Rome exerting all its power to put down the revolt against its corruptions and its tyranny; the masses struggling to maintain liberty of conscience and freedom of opinion. For nearly two hundred years the successor of Saint Peter and Vicegerent of Christ was occupied in the bloody enterprise of forcing upon mankind at the point of sword and mouth of cannon the authority of the Holy Catholic Church and the doctrines of the Prince of Peace. The crusades for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre and the conversion or extermination of the infidels had long ago ceased. The Church had left off pursuing the unbeliever who spurned its creed, rejected its authority and defied its power, and had turned all its weapons upon the heretic who had dared to set limits to the power of the Pope on earth or in heaven. Upon questions of transubstantiation, of the sale of indulgences, of papal infallibility, of purgatory and what not, there were differences among those who called themselves Christians. To settle them and establish forever the absolute dominion of the Church over the reason and conscience, the body and soul of its individual members, the Popes, and the kings who were in league

* The prize was divided between Bigelow and Bromley.

with them, had invoked the scaffold, the rack and the stake and deluged Europe in blood. Vain undertaking! Protestantism throve under persecution, and the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the new church.

The world into which Voltaire was ushered in 1694 was slowly gathering itself together out of the depths into which these long and fruitless wars had plunged it. All Christendom still stood arrayed in two great hostile parties; on one side the Church of Rome, her cruel jaws still red with the blood of her own children; on the other the various sects of Protestantism united in a common hostility, stubborn and defiant, and themselves not always innocent of the vice of intolerance or the crime of religious persecution. *Here* was a church corrupt to the core, and steeped to the lips in all shames and crimes, yet claiming absolute power over the bodies and souls of mankind, and *there* were seceders from it, with the same fundamental belief, but protesting against its assumption of authority, its abuses of power and certain details of creed and doctrine. This was Christian Europe. Luther and Calvin had swept Pope and Church out of their way and gone directly to the Scriptures themselves as the truest inspiration and the highest authority. But their protest ran only against the corruptions and degeneracy of the Church, and not against the Church itself. Instead of disputing its divine origin or questioning the miracle of Christ's life, they dwelt upon both with an emphasis that put Pope and priest to shame. There were common objects of reverence and adoration and a common fundamental belief. Each recognized an authority which was regarded as supreme. In the one case it was the Church, in the other the Scriptures; and beyond these neither would admit an appeal. Though differing widely as to where the authority was lodged, they agreed in this, that somewhere divine wisdom had set the bounds for human reason and marked the limits of investigation and inquiry. Each party had its burning bush and holy ground where each put off its sandals and listened reverently to the

very voice of God. None doubted that God spake; the quarrel concerned only instrument and circumstance.

To burst into such a dispute with a challenge to both parties and a demand for proof that any ground was holy or that God had spoken at all to either, required something akin to courage. This the scoffing skeptic did. With irreverent audacity and a levity that seemed blasphemous he attacked the premises in which both agreed. Stripping the Church of its superstitions and Protestantism of its cant, he covered one with ridicule and the other with contempt, while holding up as a substitute for both a bald theism that was little more than a negation. No wonder that the Christian world, which with all its bloody differences did agree in holding sacred certain primal truths, stood aghast at such unbridled license of discussion, and looked upon him as a blasphemer and scurrilous defamer. But was there no excuse for this sweeping attack upon all that Christendom held dear? For the methods he pursued, none. The opinions of mankind, whether mistaken or not, if sincerely held, are entitled to a decent show of respect. Ridicule cannot be defended as the test of truth. "Of all chimeras," says Carlyle, "that ever advanced themselves in the shape of philosophical doctrines, this is the most formless and purely inconceivable." For his biting sarcasm, his irreverent treatment of subjects held sacred by all Christendom, his contempt of all authority, his mockery and levity, there can be no justification. Truth needs no such weapons. They glitter and flash but win no triumphs.

His attitude towards Christianity finds its explanation, if not its excuse, in the social and religious conditions of his time. He was offered, as all men were, the choice between Protestantism and the Church of Rome. For the former he had neither taste nor inclination. His nature was not deep enough to be won by its earnestness; its austerity repelled him, and its unfashionableness moved his contempt. His dazzling and brilliant genius was audacious enough to enter the lists against the field, but it had not the heroic fibre of self-sacrifice and humility. He

could not be a Protestant, for besides lacking convictions he was too sensual and selfish to make the sacrifice it entailed. Nor could his keen and subtle intelligence accept unquestioned the authority of the Roman Church. The perfect work of the Church lay all about him. He had no need to pull off from it any of the disguises of hypocrisy, for its degradation and corruption were open and shameless. He knew that its Popes were ambitious, arrogant, treacherous and unscrupulous, that its priests were avaricious, cunning, licentious and false, and that the laity were either sunk in the grossest ignorance and superstition or steeped in vices for which they purchased indulgences or procured remission at a price. It was not because his moral nature revolted at the scandals and corruptions of the Church that he arrayed himself against it, but rather because of a certain intellectual pride that forbade his yielding allegiance to dogmas he knew to be false and obeying an authority that had no foundation in reason or right. A mind so alert and active could not be content to acquiesce in a religious system, the monstrous inconsistencies and absurdities of which were a constant provocation to his cynical temper and inborn skepticism. Nor could he content himself with simply doubting. He was too headstrong and aggressive to stop there and leave the world to its own infatuation and credulity. That he was sincere in his disbelief no one doubts. It was not in his moral nature to be either reverent or devout, nor in his intellectual constitution to lean upon authority or take anything upon trust. The strange thing is that, not being swayed by any conscientious sense of duty or even impelled by any motive of philanthropy, he should have set himself against such odds to pull down the faith of Christendom, having nothing to offer in its place. He was an iconoclast not from any fervor of zeal for the truth, but from mere self-love and the passion for notoriety. He demolished the beliefs and creeds of men, not because they were mistaken or false, but because his chief delight was in the play of his own intellect and the sense of superiority derived from the exercise of his destructive fac-

ulty. With contemptuous laugh and cynical sneer he pulled men's houses down over their heads and offered nothing in place of them for shelter.

The liberalism or advanced thought of to-day owes little to Voltaire. He was not its pioneer, much less its prophet. Its methods are widely different from his, its aims vastly higher, its purpose infinitely purer. If it asserts the supremacy of reason over authority and sets up science against revelation, it at least makes a show of respect for honest belief, and displays everywhere a reverent regard for truth. It is cool, patient, logical and persuasive where Voltairism was passionate, impetuous, aggressive and cynical. It does not make it its chief aim to pull down the faith of mankind, but pushing with evident sincerity its search after uttermost truth, makes known the results and leaves them to their logical consequences. Of the scientific methods pursued by the advanced thinkers of the present day Voltaire was no pioneer or teacher, nor is there any trace in his writings or his life of the catholic spirit and philosophic temper they manifest. By no stretch of fancy can they be called his lineal successors. He founded no school; established no system. His great powers were directed for the most part to purposes that were inadequate if not entirely unworthy, and the impression he left upon his age was that of a scoffing cynic who had no belief of his own and only mocking contempt for that of others.

He astonished his contemporaries by the versatility of his powers, dazzled them by the brilliant coruscations of his wit, shocked them by his intellectual audacity, and in the end stupefied rather than enlightened them. If he did, indeed, give the death-stab to modern superstition, we must remember that his blow was intended to strike deeper: even to the heart of Christianity. That it failed was through no fault of his.

His enthronement of reason over authority and superstition should not lead us to forget that this was only half his purpose; that when he crowned human reason he hoped to discrown Christ and strike down the world's

faith in its risen Lord. Short-sighted mortal! Had he but bared his head and turned a listening ear to the voice that came over from Judea and across the centuries he might have heard his failure foretold when He against whom he raised his sacriligious hand said unto Peter, "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The brilliant trifler, the mocking cynic, the rude blasphemer, the headstrong infidel may ply the weapons of their warfare against its walls in vain. Around the rock of its foundation their waves fall off in spray. Infidelity and unbelief are but the fleeting dreams of a night; always comes the morning; and in the dawn the Church of Christ stands forth triumphant, from all her towers her messengers proclaiming peace. Voltaires and Paines and Humes and Bolingbrokes may for a moment startle and confuse as they flash across the sky. They drop below the horizon's rim and are lost. We do not miss them, for yonder in mid-heaven the steady star of Bethlehem shines on.

THE LEGEND OF KONWA.

EVEN if our land seem not ancient and classic, nevertheless it was once peopled by a race that told legends strange and beautiful for every fitting spot. In a familiar little valley by the Housatonic, half way up its course, among forests of chestnut and hickory, stands a grove of pines that for stately beauty is unequaled in this region. One of the saddest myths of these forgotten poets is connected with the four homely rocks in this grove, one hidden in the young trees near the entrance, one by the lonely path half way through, and two side by side beyond the wood at the exit.

Ages ago, so runs the tradition, before the valley was known even to the tribes that once thronged it, there dwelt here alone a young man of immortal birth. The mother of Konwa was a mortal maiden whose rare beauty had won the fatal love of the Sungod. Of this brief

passion the death of the bride and the birth of Konwa is all that we know, and the legend passes on to the youth of the young Scaticoke. There is still seen, under the name of Hermit's Palace, the rude yet magnificent castle which the gods built for him from the fragments of the mountain cliff, a mass of Titanic architecture enclosing spacious rooms one above the other, and flanked by a tower, a single crag rising the whole height.

Across the valley a wild stream tumbles through a dim, rocky ravine that now bears the graceful name of Sylvandell. One moonlight night while pursuing through the glen a wonderful white deer that he had often hunted in vain, Konwa came suddenly upon a maiden whose wierd, wild beauty in that strange place and hour could not but awaken love in the heart of the most indifferent hunter. But she vanished like a nymph of the cataract mist. Night after night he haunted the spot seeking the beautiful being, until at last with the returning moon he found her, wooed her, and won her. But never could he meet her except in the wild glen and at midnight. Yet the Indian lover made the mystic maiden his bride, though he kept it secret from all, even, as he thought, from his father, the Sungod. And as a marriage present he vowed to give her the white deer that had led him to her; but she prayed him not to harm a creature so pure and innocent, that had brought so sweet a blessing to him.

At last when he became a man his father told him the mission he was to perform, to introduce the maize to his tribe that dwelt near him. And with the golden seeds he gave four unerring arrows to guard his maize field with. Soon on the little plain where now stands a beautiful village a field of corn was waving; but ere it had put forth its glossy tassels Konwa found that every night large spaces were ruined, the stalks trampled down, and the leaves champed. And watching, he found his enemy was the milk-white deer he had promised not to kill; and now there were with it two companions. But for the love of his bride Konwa kept his promise. Then the

Sungod grew angry as the crop slowly wasted away, and Konwa, too, saw his life mission would be in vain if he kept his foolish promise. So going to his mystic bride, he pleaded the need of his people; but she could only answer with tears, and prayers that he would disregard the words of this Sungod whom she had never seen, and whose sight she so much dreaded. Yet Konwa having once decided was firm in his determination to slay these strange enemies of his people.

But though night after night he pursued them, every attempt was in vain; they seemed to bear charmed lives, and bounding through the forest would soon hide themselves among its shadows. Often on seeking the glen after an ineffectual chase he found his bride trembling and weeping with pity for them, but her childish entreaties only strengthened Konwa's resolve. At last he thought of the magic arrows his father had given him. The next night with new hope he sought the field, but moved by a strange fear and pity, so opposite to his former blind determination, many nights passed ere he would use the fatal weapons. Then, angered at his weakness, pursuing the deer swiftly, the first shaft, a flaming arrow of the sun, passed through the heart of the smallest, the next struck the second one, and the third pierced the white mother. Rushing up elated with the joy of long-sought victory, he bent over the body and beheld—not the milk-white deer, but his own mysterious bride. Frenzied with grief, he rushed back to the two other bodies, and instead of fawns he saw for the first time a fair young girl and noble-browed boy, each imaging the form and face of Konwa.

The rest of the legend is briefly told; one arrow was left; at midday, calling out curses on the Sungod, his father, he directed the shaft at him and drew the bow to its utmost tension. The arrow returning pierced his own heart and he fell by the grave of his young bride. And when later the tribe came to the valley these four huge boulders, placed by some unknown power, marked the four death-beds, and over all arose the grand, solemn, ever-moaning grove of pines, the mausoleum of Konwa.

FAIRY-LAND.

I.

The winds from out the summer sea
Of fairy-land,
Blow softly over you and me,
As o'er the sand
We wander in our happy glee.
And as we sail away, away,
About our boat
The fairy guardians of the day
In silence float,
Or round the keel full joyous play.
And as they kiss thy laughing eyes,
So full of grace,
And tinge with sunshine of the skies
Thy smiling face,
No shade of sadness near me lies.
But softly onward as we glide
Across the sea,
I let the boat drift with the tide
And gaze on thee,
My happy fairy at my side.

II.

The water ripples swiftly by
As on we sail;
The pleasant sunbeam lights the sky
O'er yonder vale
Where fleecy clouds so swiftly fly.
Soft ! o'er the sea a song we hear !
The fairies sing—
Oh wondrous song ! how sweet and clear !
As harps do ring
Stretched high o'er turrets tall and drear.
As faint its echoes trembling die,
Our sail we furl.
Beneath the harbor fair we lie,
Where gates of pearl
Shine bright against the radiant sky.
The flush of morning's dazzling light
Is softened now.
The evening dawns upon our sight,
And o'er the bow
Is cast the shadow of the night.

NOTABILIA.

" $\text{PbCrO}_4 + (\text{CaF}_2)_2 + (\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4)_4 = \text{PbSO}_4 + (\text{CaSO}_4)_2 + (\text{H}_2\text{O})_4 + \text{CrF}_6$." Explain as fully as possible all the attendant phenomena of this experiment, and show in how many ways it may be varied." To be sure the matter is beautifully simple, and under all ordinary circumstances we would gracefully rush it. But it is the last question of the last paper of the last annual, and ever since we rushed away from Sturm's Theorem in freshman year to don our white plug and ulster for the orgies at the Pequot House, it has been our invariable rule to wholly ignore this "last straw." Consequently our high oration back is still unbroken. My coatless, cuffless, collarless and lessonless neighbor opposite seems to be a follower of this golden rule also. For ten minutes he has been gazing fixedly at — No, I'll warrant you that particular square of colored glass isn't so interesting as all that. Let me turn the kaleidoscope for him and find out what vision of the pleasures of the coming vacation so attracts him. What, nothing but a sleepy youth at ten o'clock in the morning? and looking through rose-colored glass at that! Ah, yes, the lawn through the window widens, the mosquito bar stretches out into a tennis net, and there are four figures in white. Only one, however, can we recognize, that is our friend,—but isn't the other fellow like some one we saw in a mirror we once used? And—why, yes, we know them all now. But in an instant it has turned again, and the tennis net is swinging between two trees in the orchard, a veritable hammock. The other figures have faded away, and the racket in our friend's hand has become a July *Scribner*. And the lazy fellow is asleep again! But half a turn more and twilight falls. We still see the hammock, yes and the hammock hat, and isn't it very close to the figure in white that slowly comes in view? But, O, the unaccountable changes in the kaleidoscope! This time it is the fellow we saw in the mirror who is trying to accommodate himself to the situation. And now the mist behind them has melted into a moonlit lake, and the hammock is our favorite boat,

"Water Lily," drifting down by Lotos Camp. But the view is dissolving, the camp-fire rises into a lighthouse, the lake spreads away into an ocean, the boat is a basket phaeton, and we are driving down Newport Beach. Only a glimpse and that too fades away, and — "Come, sir, haven't you finished your papers yet? Give me that sheet you put under your coat!" Crash goes everything! Alumni Hall is deserted by all save its tyrannical rulers, and here we are before one of them, accused of skinning! But the pseudo-crib is handed back with a smile, and the sarcasm, "Well, young man, you could have spent your time better in studying the more remarkable changes of that formula." And as we look forward to the stern, barren reality of a copyless LIT. editor's vacation, we conclude he is in the right.

Despite the traditional shallow enmity of our first year, we have always entertained a feeling of genuine affection for '81 such as we could hold for no other class. College friendships, in the individual cases, are the strongest of all, and our strong class friendship for the outgoing seniors is something that cannot exactly be replaced. We will not come back to the campus next fall without a feeling of loneliness. There will not be the satisfaction in meeting other classes in friendly contest that we have had our few encounters with '81; and the new social relations that we form will not be so agreeable. She has helped largely to make our college days what they have been, the pleasantest part of our lives. This may be the feeling that every class comes to have for the one immediately above it, and may not be fully reciprocated; yet if it were well understood by the outside world we would hear much less of the ridiculous nonsense in regard to hazing and bitter class feeling that has terrified so many anxious parents. Our good-natured rivalries have bred nothing but friendships. The class that has taken such a prominent part in all undergraduate interests, and has left them so much better than she found them, will be missed not alone by one class, but by the whole university. The LIT. wishes '81 all the success she so justly merits.

THE Iconoclast is abroad once more, and this time, instead of striking at the hydra annuals, or the marking system, his blows are aimed at our fairest and best. First, the existence of the junior societies is threatened, and they are put on probation because, forsooth, their songs are supposed to disturb the sleepers on the campus. But what student is there who is not glad to be roused by these jolly songs at any hour of the night to watch the mysterious procession file down the campus? And, moreover, not the slightest objection seems to be especially made against their singing in the streets near the halls, as though the people of those neighborhoods were entirely ignored by the Faculty. There is inconsistency in the edict even more than this, for it would be next to impossible to destroy these dear old institutions. Or if they were forbidden, something else and something worse would spring up in their place. But a still more unaccountable threat has been growled abroad in the last few weeks. The existence of the Junior Promenade is considered precarious! This, the brightest event in the Yale life, meets with the disapproval of the Faculty on the grounds that it is too expensive for the freshmen. But we doubt if any student ever pays more for the promenade under the present system than he would if the whole amount was subscribed in junior year, and by paying in installments it is of course much easier. Yet this is not the worst. The future of our athletics is conditional. It is considered that the heavy subscriptions keep away many freshmen, consequently no money should be solicited until after November 1st; and there is a strong probability of this warning crystallizing into a law. We do not understand exactly how matters will be greatly bettered by keeping back the collectors for two months. If subscriptions are such a stumbling block, how many are there that leave the college because they are unable to get over them? And if subscriptions keep away freshmen, how many would be kept away if athletics were given up?

PORTFOLIO.

—With the fair art-devotee of the day, 'twere as unfortunate to attack her religious tenets as to openly differ from her in her art-creeds. For him who has ever unwittingly fallen into the error, these words have a special force. Alas! I myself am such an one. Raphael was her idol; his principles her belief. Untiringly she had descanted on "his grandeur of style, his fine coloring, his divine inspiration and his masterly *figures*, as, for instance, in the Cartoons; ah! there is but one master." Much of her admiration I had, in heart, shared, but—unhappy moment!—I professed a greater private liking for some of the other masters because, I said, of their truth to nature and, from their simplicity, their comprehension by the people, as well as by the critics, while their subjects and colorings were no whit inferior. And I brought up points which, as Fate would have it, a certain equally devoted fair worshiper of Rubens had given me but a few days before, asking her if Raphael's landscapes and the grouping of his figures were natural or even possible; if, therefore, his paintings could attract and elevate the average mind as much as those of others of the masters—the noblest aim of art. Then, to support my point I recalled, in contrast with ridiculous and ineffective arrangement of figures in the Cartoons, which she had praised, I believed simply because they were Raphael's, the story of the peasant who stood so long before Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," waiting, as he said, "for them to get that man down." In an instant, her pretty face flushed and I was mercilessly hurled headlong from the high, happy tower of her smiles with "The vulgar are no judges of art!" And here I have lain ever since, grovelling.

—It is rather odd that while so many express their deep-rooted dislike to Annuals, somebody does not go deeper into the matter and venture to attack the system of daily marks which makes the annual examinations useless. The examination has always been accepted by the highest academic standards as the best gauge of a man's attainments. The system of daily marks is one that is designed to show that the student has made himself acquainted with a certain number of pages of the book he is studying. The difference between the two

systems is the difference that holds between learning a book and getting a knowledge of a subject. We should not attack the annuals, but the system which makes us recite every day with a view to stand. The one system would make us students, the other mere machines. One can easily see the effects of this repressive system in the matter of outside reading and work. We take up a subject in our regular work and become interested in it, but are prevented from carrying it on any further because some new thing comes to take its place in which we have to toil to keep above 2. Nobody pretends that we have mastered a subject after we have gone through our text-book; we study only elements even in our Physics as big as a family Bible; we get but a foundation upon which to base our private study. When we want to continue this private study and become masters of the subject, we are brought up with a round turn because that uncertain quantity stand is below average. A good example of this repressing tendency is seen in the matter of the Winthrop examination. This should be the great event of Junior year to those interested in the classics, while now it is a notable event when five men contest for the two prizes. The prize, in itself, is enough to tempt most men, the reading assigned is highly interesting, yet marks and stand deter many a man from the contest. If now we could, instead of being marked on our daily grind, have lectures upon the subjects we study, and trust to a searching examination to test our knowledge, we could make time easily for profitable outside work. Then Yale can be free from such slurs as have been lately cast upon her by a prominent metropolitan journal. Then it will not be said that our Faculty are "afraid to allow electives to the boys at Yale," for fear that they will choose only that which is soft. It may be that we cannot safely be let loose from leading strings, yet experiment alone can show this. If the experiment fail it will be a disgrace, but it will show our true place in the republic of scholars; if it succeed, it will silence at once and forever that carping criticism which compares "Yale boys" with "Harvard men."

—When the *Courant's* religious schedule came to me, I was about to put down my persuasion as Trinitarian, when my attention was taken by the New Version. Naturally the first passage I looked for at that moment was the one upon

which the belief of my sect was founded, namely: "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost." The pencil with which I was about to mark the schedule fell from my hand as I perceived that not a syllable of this was in this version. Where, now, was my faith? Where the teachings from infancy of my parents and pastor? So these people were all wrong—they and their ancestors; they had adhered to and advocated false doctrine; had mistaken the first principles of the Christian religion when living and—how had they been above the very worshipers of Juggernaut? And was I not of them? Extremely uncomfortable were the thoughts which rushed in upon me. True, I never had called myself a sectarian; I claim to hold "broad views," but, I asked myself, why not this sect as well as any other? I respect the training which I received from my parents as an American; why should I not that which at the same time I received as a Trinitarian? Or how was I to support myself without this proof, which now the learned men had declared worthless? Should I question their word and authority? Aware, as is every student of the classics, of the corruptions of ancient manuscripts, and recognizing the profound learning of the revisers, with resources far beyond those of the compilers of King James' time, I could as soon have questioned the whole Bible itself. But one path seemed open, one which many have chosen within the past month,—a proud work for the New Version. I accepted and, with those many others, resolved thenceforth to recognize no divisions whatever of sect. Consequently I returned the *Courant's* schedule without a mark, of the opinion, however, in view of the *Courant's* lament at its failure, and judging from my own case, that either the schedule should have been sent around before the New Version crossed the water, or else the New Version should have been postponed.

—Just on the other side of the brightest clump of trees I know, there is a barren field of stumps. And what is more unsightly? Not to speak of the crops that might be made to grow there, only think of the primeval shade under those old monarchs of the forest. I have fancied I could pick out the spot where Indian maidens once danced to the music of the brook. There I have seen the gully—parched and stony now—where that melodious brook rang along its mossy

course; I know the dell where must have grown the bluest violets, in among the long, shielding grass. But now there is no shade, no grass, nothing but brown, scraggy stumps. And while the swarthy maidens and fresh violets have vanished, in have come swarms of ants to take their place; you cannot sit down on one of these stumps without feeling them run, in their mad, headlong fashion, all over you. Well, then—it is growing late, and I must get to the moral—is there not an allegory here? May not these stumps be to us the emblems of wasted opportunities? Perhaps college is the worst field of stumps in all the world. (Why did that tom-cat, down there, set up such a howling, merely because a cork popped out of a bottle?) But then, stumps may sprout.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our record extends from May 27th to June 24th. We have seen our

Base Ball

Representatives depressed by defeat and elated by victory. They have worked faithfully in the face of discouragement and at last the much coveted championship is within our reach. On the 25th we met Brown. The following score tells its own story.

YALE.								BROWN.									
	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, p.,	6	4	3	3	1	10	4		Dilk, s. s.,	4	2	1	2	1	4	5	
Lamb, l. f.,	6	1	2	2	2	0	1		S. Greene, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Walden, 2 b.,	6	1	2	3	3	3	1		Rose, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Gardner, 3 b.,	6	1	1	1	2	1	1		Ladd, 3 b.,	4	0	0	0	0	2	1	
Camp, s. s.,	5	2	1	1	1	1	0		J. Greene, p.,	4	0	0	0	2	9	3	
Watson, r. f.,	5	2	2	4	4	0	0		Barker, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	
Hopkins, l. h.,	5	2	2	2	9	0	0		Gladding, l. b.,	4	1	1	1	9	0	2	
Badger, c. f.,	5	3	3	3	0	0	0		Doron, 2 l.,	3	0	0	0	4	1	0	
Ives, c.,	5	3	2	2	5	1	5		Waterman, c.,	3	1	0	0	6	3	5	
49 19 18 21 27 16 13								34 4 2 3 24 19 17									
SCORE BY INNINGS.																	
		I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9							
Yale,	0	0	0	0	0	3	13	0	3	0—19							
Brown,	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0—4							

Earned runs, Yale, 5, Brown, 1; two base hits, Walden, Watson, Dilk; first base on balls, Ives, Baker, Gladding, Waterman; first base on errors,

Yale, 10, Brown, 5; struck out, Hutchison, 2, Lamb, Walden, Gardner, Watson, Hopkins, Ives, S. Greene, Rose, 2, Ladd, Baker, Gladding, Doron: balls called, Hutchison, 110, J. Greene, 111; strikes called, Hutchison, 17, J. Greene, 37; double plays, Gardner, Walden, 1, Dill, Doron, Gladding, 1; passed balls, Ives, 3, Waterman, 4; wild pitch, Hutchison, 1. Time, 2h. 35m. The last half of the ninth inning was not played. Umpire, Otis Tilden of Brockton, Mass.

The next game was with Harvard, at Hamilton Park, on the 28th. The playing of the nine both individually and collectively, was admirable and our opponents were prevented from scoring after the third inning.

YALE.							HARVARD.								
A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Hutchison, p.,	4	2	2	2	1	6	2	Coolidge, 2 b.,	4	1	1	1	3	1	0
Lamb, l. f.,	3	2	1	2	3	0	0	Cutts, 1 b.,	4	2	2	2	0	0	2
Walden, 2 b.,	4	2	2	4	4	0	0	Nichols, c.,	4	1	0	0	4	2	2
Gardner, 3 b.,	4	0	1	1	0	2	0	Baker, s. s.,	3	1	0	0	0	2	0
Camp, s. s.,	4	0	1	1	0	3	0	Olmstead, l. f.,	4	0	1	1	2	1	1
Watson, r. f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	Edwards, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hopkins, 1 b.,	4	1	2	3	9	0	0	Folsom, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	4	0
Badger, c. f.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	0	Hall, c. f.,	3	0	1	1	5	0	0
Ives, c.,	3	0	0	0	9	2	2	Snow, 3 b.,	4	0	0	0	1	2	1
	33	8	9	13	27	14	4		34	5	5	5	24	12	6

INNINGS.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	2	4	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—8
Harvard,	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0—5

Earned runs, Yale, 3; two base hits, Lamb; three base hits, Walden, Hopkins; first base on balls, Yale, 2, Harvard, 2; first base on errors, Yale, 2, Harvard, 1; strikes called off Hutchison, 19, off Folsom, 19; balls called on Hutchison, 89, on Folsom, 86; struck out, Gardner (2), Folsom (2), Baker, Cutts, Snow, Hall; struck at and missed, Yale, 7, Harvard, 26; passed balls, Nichols, 5, Ives, 0; wild pitches, Folsom, 2. Time, 2h. Umpire, C. S. Wilbur of Troy.

The second game with Brown was played on Monday, the 30th, at our own grounds. Score:—

YALE.							BROWN.									
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Hutchison, p.,	3	0	0	0	0	13	0	Dilts, s.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	5	1
Lamb, l. f.,	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	S. Greene, h.,	4	1	1	1	9	0	5	0
Walden, 2 b.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	1	Rose, l.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gardner, c.,	2	1	0	0	0	1	2	Ladd, c.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
Camp, s. s.,	4	0	1	1	1	3	0	J. Greene, p.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	8	0
Watson, h. & r.	4	1	2	2	4	4	2	Barker, r.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Hopkins, a.,	4	0	0	0	12	0	0	Gladding, a.,	3	0	1	1	9	0	0	0
Badger, m.,	2	1	1	1	2	0	0	Doron, b.,	2	1	0	0	2	2	0	0
Ives, r. and h.,	3	1	1	3	6	0	2	Watermaan, m.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	1
	29	5	6	8	27	23	4		30	2	2	2	24	18	7	0

INNINGS.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	2	0	0	1	1	1	—5
Brown, ...	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0—2

Earned runs, 0; first base on errors, Yale, 1, Brown, 2; first base on balls, Yale, 5, Brown, 1; three base hit, Ives; balls called on Hutchison, 88, on Greene, 109; strikes called on Hutchison, 33, on Greene, 37; struck at and missed, Yale, 17, Brown, 33; struck out, Yale, 7, Brown, 11; passed balls, S. Greene, 1, Watson, 2; wild pitches, J. Greene, 2, Hutchison, 1; left on bases, Yale, 5, Brown, 2. Time of game, 2h. 10m. Umpire, Mr. Dunnigan of New York.

On Wednesday, June 1st, our men played a creditable game at Princeton before a very discouraging body of spectators. They were defeated by one run. Score:—

PRINCETON.								YALE.							
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Duffield, r.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	Hutchison, p.,	4	1	2	5	0	12	0
Wadleigh, l.,	4	0	1	3	5	0	1	Lamb, l.,	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Loney, b.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	1	Walden, b.,	5	0	0	0	1	5	1
McCune, m.,	3	1	0	0	3	1	0	Gardner, c.,	2	1	0	0	0	0	1
Schenck, h.,	4	1	1	1	6	2	1	Platt, c.,	3	0	1	2	0	0	0
Harlan, c.,	3	1	1	3	3	2	4	Camp, s. s.,	5	0	0	0	1	2	1
Winton, a.,	4	2	1	1	5	0	0	Watson, r.,	4	2	2	2	0	0	1
Archer, p.,	4	0	2	2	1	5	1	Hopkins, a.,	4	0	1	2	11	0	0
Rafferty, s.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	0	Badger, m.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
								Ives, h.,	4	0	1	1	10	3	3
33	7	6	10	27	10	9			39	6	9	14	24	22	7

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Princeton, ----	1	0	0	2	0	0	2	2	—7
Yale,	0	2	3	1	0	0	0	0	0—6

Earned runs, Princeton, 1, Yale, 2; first base on errors, Princeton, 3, Yale, 6; first base on balls, Princeton, 3, Yale, 3; home run, Hutchison; three base hits, Wadleigh and Harlan; two base hits, Platt and Hopkins; struck out, Princeton 11, Yale, 5; left on bases, Princeton, 5, Yale, 8. Umpire, Mr. Wilbur.

Saturday, the 4th, was the date of a fine exhibition of ball playing between Yale and the Detroit club.

YALE.							DETROIT.						
	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hutchison, r.,	4	0	2	0	0	0	Wood, l.,	4	1	1	0	0	0
Lamb, l.,	4	0	0	1	0	1	Knight, r.,	4	0	0	2	0	0
Walden, b.,	4	1	1	7	1	2	Hanlon, m.,	4	0	2	2	0	0
Platt, c.,	4	1	2	0	0	1	Leary, p.,	3	1	0	1	0	2
Camp, s.,	4	0	1	0	2	1	Brown, a.,	3	0	1	10	0	0
Jones, p.,	3	0	1	0	2	0	Houck, s.,	3	0	0	1	6	1
Hopkins, a.,	5	0	0	7	0	0	Whitney, c.,	3	2	1	0	0	1
Badger, m.,	3	0	0	4	2	0	Gerhardt, b.,	3	0	1	4	2	0
Donnelly, h.,	3	0	0	5	1	1	Reilly, h.,	3	0	1	6	2	3
	33	2	7	24	8	6		30	4	5	27	10	7

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0—2
Detroit,	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0—4

Total bases, Yale, 7. Detroit, 5; first base on errors, Yale, 2, Detroit, 4; struck out, Leary; balls called on Jones, 60, on Leary, 91; strikes called off Jones, 12, off Leary, 20; struck at and missed, Yale, 8.

On Wednesday, the 8th, we recovered some of our lost laurels by defeating the Dartmouth nine in the second game, by a score of 15 to 5.

DARTMOUTH.								YALE.							
A.	B.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	B.		A.	B.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	B.	
Cushman, b.,	3	2	0	0	2	2	0	Hutchison, p.,	4	3	2	3	0	13	1
Rundlett, c.,	4	1	1	1	1	2	0	Lamb, l.,	5	2	3	3	0	1	0
Partridge, a.,	4	1	2	2	8	0	1	Walden, b.,	4	3	2	2	3	5	1
Coombs, m.,	4	1	1	1	2	0	2	Platt, c.,	4	2	1	1	1	0	0
Mathewson, h.,	4	0	0	0	8	2	2	Camp, s.,	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Howard, r.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	Watson, r.,	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Gay, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	5	0	Hopkins, a.,	4	1	1	2	16	0	0
Dewey, s.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	4	Badger, m.,	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
Webster, l.,	3	0	1	1	1	0	1	Ives, h.,	4	1	1	1	5	6	3
	32	5	5	5	24	12	10		40	15	12	13	27	27	5

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dartmouth,---	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	—5
Yale,-----	2	1	0	7	0	2	0	3	—15

First base on balls, Yale, 4, Dartmouth, 3; first base on errors, Yale, 5, Dartmouth, 2; earned runs, Yale, 2; struck out, Yale, 4, Dartmouth, 12; passed balls, Ives, 7, Mathewson, 4; wild pitches, Hutchison, 1, Gay, 2. Time, 2h. 10m. Umpire, Mr. Dorscher of Chicago.

The game with Amherst appointed for June 11th, was postponed by reason of rain, and was finally played on Friday the 17th. A number of errors were credited to each side. Both Hutchison and Gould were quite seriously injured. Score:—

YALE.								AMHERST.							
A.	B.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	B.		A.	B.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	B.	
Hutchison, p.,	2	1	0	0	0	5	0	Chase, s. s.,	5	3	2	4	0	4	6
Jones, p.,	4	3	1	1	0	3	1	Woodward, c.,	5	1	1	1	7	1	3
Lamb, l. f.,	6	3	1	2	0	0	0	Gould, p. & 3b.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Walden, 2 b.,	5	1	2	4	1	6	2	Robinson, c.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	2
Platt, 3 b.,	5	2	2	0	1	0	0	Savage, r. f.,	3	1	1	1	0	0	1
Hopkins, 1 b.,	6	0	0	1	21	0	0	Arnd, l. f.,	5	1	2	2	2	0	1
Camp, s. s.,	5	2	1	1	0	5	2	Taylor, 2 b.,	5	0	1	1	3	0	1
Watson, r. f.,	5	3	1	3	1	1	0	Pratt, 1 b.,	5	1	0	0	9	0	2
Badger, c. f.,	5	2	2	2	2	0	1	Buffum, c. f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Ives, c.,	5	2	2	2	1	2	2	Crittenden, 3b. p.,	1	0	0	1	7	0	0
	48	19	12	16	27	22	8		41	9	9	11	24	12	16

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Amherst,----	0	1	1	0	2	0	4	1	—9
Yale,-----	5	0	0	4	0	0	5	5	—19

Earned runs, Yale, 6, Amherst, 5; three base hits, Walden, 1; two base hits, Watson, 1, Savage, 2; first base on errors, Yale, 7, Amherst, 4; first base on balls, Yale, 2, Amherst, 2; called balls, Hutchison, 30, Gould, 33, Jones, 34, Crittenden, 60; called strikes, Hutchison, 8, Jones, 10, Gould, 4, Crittenden, 30; struck at and missed, Yale, 10, Amherst, 25; left on bases, Yale, 7, Amherst, 6; wild pitches, Gould, 1, Crittenden, 1, Jones, 3; passed balls, Ives, 4, Woodward, 1. Time of game, 3h. Umpire, Otis Tilden.

'84 had a decidedly easy task in defeating their Harvard rivals on Jarvis' field, June 4th.

HARVARD, '84.								YALE, '84.							
A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Keep, h.,	3	1	1	1	7	3	3	Jenks, c.,	6	1	1	1	0	1	0
Lovering, r.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	Wilcox, r.,	6	3	1	1	0	0	0
Merwin, b.,	4	0	0	0	2	2	6	Hubbard, h.,	6	3	1	1	12	6	1
Baker, c.	4	1	1	1	0	2	2	Lawrence, m.,	6	2	3	3	1	0	1
Ledyard, m.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	2	Hopkins, s.,	6	3	1	1	0	1	1
Lemoine, a.,	4	0	1	1	10	0	2	Tompkins, b.,	6	4	3	5	5	2	3
Bean, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	14	2	Plummer, a.,	3	2	0	0	7	0	0
Mason, l.,	3	0	0	0	1	1	3	Christian, l.,	6	1	3	3	2	0	1
Fletcher, s.,	3	0	0	6	1	1	1	Booth, p.,	6	2	0	0	0	11	0
	33	2	3	3	24	23	21		51	21	13	15	27	21	7

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Harvard,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2
Yale,	5	4	1	1	1	4	3	2	—21

Three base hits, Tompkins; first base on errors, Yale, 15, Harvard, 6; first base on balls, Yale, 3, Harvard, 1; balls called off Booth, 74, off Bean, 147; strikes called off Booth, 20, off Bean, 35; struck at and missed, Yale, 30, Harvard, 29; struck out, Yale, 6, Harvard, 7; wild pitches, Booth, 1, Bean, 6; passed balls, Hubbard, 1, Keep, 10. Time of game, 2h. 40m. Umpire, T. Donovan, Boston.

At the

Mott Haven Games

Held on May 28th, Yale was represented by O. H. Briggs, '81, in throwing the hammer and putting the shot; by C. K. Billings, '82, in the bicycle race; by T. DeW. Cuyler, '82, in the mile run, and by D. A. Jones, '83, and W. P. Trowbridge, '82 S., in the hurdle race. Of these gentleman Mr. Cuyler was successful in gaining first prize. The Championship Cup returns to Harvard. On June 11th, the long expected volume of

Elm Leaves

Was heralded by a number of neat little posters hung from the trunks of the ancient elms in whose honor it is named. It is an excellent collection of under-graduate poetry and reflects credit upon its editors, H. S. Durand, Class Poet of '81, and J. E. Whitney of the Lit. The season for electing the officers of our various University associations has at length arrived and the college has shown good judgment in choosing its representatives for the coming year. The

Y. U. B. B. C. Election

Was held on Thursday evening, June 16th. The following gentleman were elected: President, E. L. Dillingham, '82;

Vice President, Charles Chamberlain, '82 S.; Treasurer, C. S. Hebard, '82; Secretary, O. McKee, '83. On the same evening

Y. F. B. A. Officers

Were chosen as follows: President, E. S. Williams, '82; Secretary and Treasurer, A. E. Symington, '83. The

Yale University Club

Relieved from its temporary embarrassment, has been most happily started on its second year of existence. About forty members of the incoming junior class have been chosen to membership. They were received on graduates' night, June 18th. Pres. Porter and Mr. Tyler, '70, one of the governing board, addressed the gathering. A new association has recently sprung into existence. The

Yale Yacht Club

Was organized on Tuesday, June 7th; a constitution was adopted and the following gentlemen were chosen officers. Commodore, J. J. Phelps, '83; Vice Commodore, Wm. H. Parsons, '82; Secretary and Treasurer, J. B. Woodward, '83. The juniors elected their

Class Picture Committee

On Monday, June 20th. F. F. Abbott, J. H. Pratt, Jr., and M. Welles were chosen on the first ballot. The

De Forest Prize Speaking

Occurred in Battell Chapel, on Friday, June 24th, before the usual select and appreciative audience. Both matter and delivery were of superior excellence; the prize was divided between Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Bromley. The successful orations appear in the present issue.

Items.

F. M. Eaton, '82, has been chosen foot ball captain for the coming year. Berkeley officers have been elected as follows: President, B. Brewster, '82; Secretary and Treasurer, G. W. Johnston, '83; Organist, G. W. Lay, '82.—The following officers of the Yale University Club have been elected: President, W. E. Bailey, '82; Vice President, Chas. Chamberlain, '82 S.; Secretary, Geo. Cromwell, '83; Treas., H. M. Hoyt, '83.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Fathers of the Third Century. Early Christian Literature Primers, No. II. By Rev. George A. Jackson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price 60 cents. For sale by Judd.

The series of primers in Science, History and Literature, issued by the Messrs. Appleton, are already too well known to need any description here. Their wide-spread use is sufficient testimony to their excellence, as the means of lightening the task of both teacher and pupil by an agreeable, easy and natural method of instruction, and those who have often found them invaluable, will welcome this new addition. The second of a series on Early Christian Literature it embraces the Greek and Latin writers between the years 180 and 325, A. D. In arrangement, etc., it is similar to those already published.

Demosthenes. By L. Brédif. Translated by M. J. McMahon, A.M. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

This is really a valuable work to all who are interested in Attic eloquence, and especially to him who has read or is to read the celebrated oration of Demosthenes on the *Crown*. M. Brédif, the author of the work before us, has devoted a quarter of a century to the study of Demosthenes and his contemporaries. He has also an intimate acquaintance with the oratory of Mirabeau and Bossuet, and by a comparative study of ancient and modern eloquence has made his work interesting and instructive. The chapters devoted to Demosthenes—the man—the citizen—the statesman—are of especial value to the student who desires to gain a knowledge of the motives and convictions underlying the eloquence of the greatest orator of ancient or modern times. Philip, the great adversary of Demosthenes, is portrayed in such a way as to plainly show what the orator had to contend against in that captain and politician. The work is also strongly recommended by its very vigorous and forcible style of composition.

A Matter-of-fact Girl. Leisure Hour Series, No. 126. By Theo. Gift. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. Price \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

We would by no means be surprised if this book should prove quite popular. The style is quite as matter-of-fact as its heroine, who certainly has an undisputed claim to such a title, and the story is told in a straightforward manner with a pleasingness of narration and description that is thoroughly taking. Once started, the majority of readers we do not hesitate to say, will involuntarily hasten onward to discover the consummation of a plot which is certainly remarkable for its unheard-of twists and turns. The ease and suddenness with which it breaks the almost conventional form of plot common to most novels, is at once refreshing and bewildering. A man, apparently of considerable shrewdness and thoroughly cynical from disappointment in love, pours the whole story of his affections into the ear of a girl whom he regards as a mere child, and seeks her advice for the future, while just previously, when she declares her ideal to be the unknown hero of a certain catastrophe she had read of in the newspapers, the unexpected and precipitate manner in which he at once confesses himself to have been that man, is enough to make the duller reader stare with amazement. He soon finds himself between two fires as it were, and when he seems inevitably doomed to marrying two girls at once, the author suddenly straightens out the tangle in a way that inflicts a most painful wrench upon the forms he has already given his characters. Randal and Berrie are as deserving of admiration as is Vivian of thorough contempt; if the sole object of this book is to furnish an entertaining story for a "leisure hour," we do not hesitate to predict for it a genuine success.

Matrimony. By W. E. Norris. Leisure Hour Series, No. 125. New York : Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. Price \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

Decidedly the most ambitious effort which has appeared in this series for some time. It is somewhat lengthy to be read during a "leisure hour," yet the story is well kept up, and the style is entertaining and bright enough to render its length a pleasing feature. The author exhibits often a decided resemblance to Thackeray, in his humorous portrayal of the every-day characters and incidents of English life. Mr. Gervis and Freddy Croft are well worthy of close study, while the plot with its mixed flavor of genuine English jollity and the excitement and escapades of Continental life, recalls forcibly many similar scenes portrayed by the great humorist. The characters are well conceived and truthfully sketched, and to the author's witty and fruitful imagination displayed in elaborating his ideas, seems to be due the undoubted fact that his book is worthy to claim even a higher rank than that usually assigned to most of those that have appeared in this series.

Mademoiselle Bismarck. By Henri Rochefort. Translated from the French by Virginia Champlin. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 60 cents. For sale by Judd.

A thoroughly sensational story, in which the nervous, volatile style of the Frenchman is well exhibited. It is the history of a woman who, having been gifted by Nature with absolutely nothing but a preternaturally shrewd mind, without beauty or accomplishment to increase her attractions, worms her way up to a position from which she elbows and cajoles men of acknowledged position. For this she is fitly dubbed "Bismarck," and finally she ends her career through a mock attempt at suicide becoming an unexpected reality. The story has a fair share of interest about it, and is perhaps as good as might be expected from one of M. Rochefort's temperament.

Synnöve Solbakken. A Novel. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

The author of this quaint book is already tolerably known to American readers, both through his recently published article on the kingdom of Norway, and through various short poems which have appeared from time to time. Although originally published in 1857, it now makes its first appearance in an English dress. In reading it the only regret one can feel, is that it has so long remained locked up in its original Norse;—we feel sure that any other of his numerous works, would receive as cordial a welcome as this seems to deserve. Coming from a nation whose literature has hitherto remained unnoticed, except by experts as it were, American readers will receive it with as much enthusiasm certainly, as that accorded to Tourgénéff. The story is simple, forcible and unpretentious, at the same time displaying in the author a marvellously sympathetic acquaintance with human nature, beside which the tinsel and perfume of most novels is utter tantalization. It is well worth reading, if only to observe the unequalled manner in which the characters are drawn with so much reality, that the reader gains more knowledge of them, than he would through pages of fine-spun description. The work is prefaced with so complete and just a commentary on the author, that all attempts to add anything here would be useless, and indeed, it seems unnecessary to attempt to describe the book, feeling assured as we do that any one reading it, will agree that it speaks powerfully for itself.

The Republic of God. An Institute of Theology. By Elisha Mulford, LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.00. For sale by Peck.

Two ideas are suggested by the happily chosen title of this work—the liberty of the Christian life, and the personality of the Divine Being. And it is in these two lines of thought that the author works throughout. But no such bald statement will do justice to the broad philosophy herein contained; as indeed no hasty perusal—in moments snatched from college duties—will fit one to write justly on the great subjects here treated of. Such a hurried reading, however, cannot but impress upon anyone that a bold, comprehensive, earnest mind is uttering words of truth. There is a freedom from all disposition to theological warfare; there is a conciseness in the expression, a logical force in the development, and a refreshing originality in the handling. One is encouraged to advance further into questions that are too often made uninviting. And in very truth, we can not afford to let these great questions pass by us unnoticed, when acute and profound intellects, the world over, are showing their importance, even if there were nothing else to show it. We would add, that this volume is handsomely bound and printed—minor points too often neglected in theological works.

David Hartley and James Mill. By G. S. Bower, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

An extremely interesting and well-conceived essay upon these two celebrated philosophers. It contains first, a short but quite complete history of their lives, next a review of their philosophical systems and opinions, and lastly, what seems to be the best part of the book, an essay on the value and influence of their opinions. Its object is thus stated: We are now at liberty (1.) to attempt to show (very briefly) to what extent James Mill, by superior lucidity of arrangement, accuracy of reasoning, or analytical penetration, made advances on Hartley, and how far on the other hand he was indebted for his impulse and starting-point to his predecessor's copious, but often ill-digested, materials; (2.) to estimate the general character of the writings of the two philosophers, the distinctive mark which they left on their successors in various branches of philosophy, and their place in the history of Associationism and Utilitarianism. Altogether a very useful volume to one interested in the methods of these pioneers as it were, among English philosophers.

The Old Testament in the Jewish Church. Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By W. Robertson Smith, M.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price \$1.75. For sale by Judd.

Professor Smith's book could not have appeared at a better time than at the present, when his dismissal from the chair of Biblical Criticism in the University of Aberdeen, as the result of a trial for heresy, is still fresh in people's minds. Many, probably since the proceedings against him began, have read his admirable article on the Bible which appeared in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It is for the so-called heretical views there set forth, that he has suffered dismissal. Those who have felt at all in sympathy with him, will welcome the appearance of this book (published since his trial,) in which his views are further strengthened and sustained. It must be confessed that if Biblical criticism is to be worth anything, it must be subject to the same laws as the criticism employed in the case of other ancient writings. It hardly seems fair to condemn the author for holding to this idea, beyond which there is nothing in his writings, at which the most precise theologian could take offence as irreverent or sacrilegious. The book consists merely of the text of the lectures as they were delivered, and as a means of vindicating in some degree the author's course, and also, perhaps, as a source of information to those interested in the just published Revision of the New Testament, will prove a thoroughly desirable volume.

The Student's Dream. A Horoscope of Mental Growth, containing a Metaphysical Discovery. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.00.

A little volume which is at once unique, original and interesting. In form it violates almost every accepted principle of book-making; it has no preface or introduction, but substitutes therefor an appendix which is longer than the body of the work itself. Supposed to be written in the year 1931, in a state of mental culture much advanced from that of the present day, it aims to lead the readers by the most direct path into the very midst of the neglected and misapprehended study of metaphysics. It is well worth the time spent in perusing it.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Vacation is at last upon us. The poor over-worked editor now lays aside his quill and the mails cease to come loaded with exchanges. Now are formed the usual number of never-to-be-executed resolves. The dig lays out a course of study, the aspirant to literary honors plans to write numberless contributions for the college papers and the low stand man reflects upon a scheme for working up his conditions. But the approach of fall will find us all situated pretty much as we now are, except greatly refreshed by the summer vacation.

The papers have felt the influence of the coming season of leisure and are chiefly filled with accounts of ball games and commencement prospects. It is rumored that even *Smintheus* now repents of his misdeeds and humbly apologizes as he withdraws into the shadows of a very probable oblivion. The *Niagara Index* with all its noise and clatter ceases to attract attention, while the *Princetonian* postpones until next fall all further defence of the college from the charge of rowdiness brought against it because of discourtesy shown visiting ball nines.

One literary event has happened in the last month worthy of more than a passing notice. The volume of Yale poetry appropriately entitled *Elm Leaves*, the publication of which the college awaited with interest, made its appearance early in the month. Although the editing of this work has been a great undertaking, it has been achieved with a good degree of success. The amount of poetry produced annually by undergraduate talent is large and a greater portion of this finds its way into the college publications, sometimes because of real worth, but oftener simply because the editors feel under the necessity of publishing something in the line of poetry. The poems included in the volume in question have all appeared at some time or other in the college papers, and the period covered by the selections extends nearly as far back as the foundation of the LIT. To select from the huge heap of chaff the few gems that it contained, has required no little labor and pains on the part of the editors. The work is chiefly valuable as a college interest and will be read almost exclusively by Yale men. If we were to criticise a book which shows so much good judgment in its compilation, we should wish that the editors had published more of the earlier productions and fewer of those which have appeared during the last two or three years. One of the best poems in the selections is Mr. Durand's

"Evening and Morning." This is, in our judgment, the only really remarkable poetical production that has come from an undergraduate Yale man for the last ten years, and very fitly adorns the first pages of the volume. The book is beautifully gotten up and the editors deserve not a little praise for their efforts.

The May number of the *Hamilton Lit.* starts out with a lengthy article, which is at once an essay on Buddhism and a review of Arnold's "Light of Asia." For one who is familiar with the tenets of the great Asiatic religion the article contains nothing new. The rest of the pieces in the body of the magazine are altogether too brief to be of value as literary articles. The editors of the *Hamilton* would perhaps show better judgment if they would be more careful as to the proportionate length of the articles in their publication.

The Ivy number of the *Orient* has an unusually attractive dress. Being somewhat dazzled by its outward appearance, we were led to examine its contents with considerable care. The Ivy poem is quite bright and appropriate. The editorials are written in a pleasing style but there is a sameness in the subjects discussed that is not agreeable to the reader. This fault may be owing to the fact that the number is especially devoted to the interests of Ivy Day.

We have read with considerable interest the leader in the *Vassar Miscellany* for June as the subject "John Keats" was also the subject of a leader in a recent number of our own magazine. The author of the essay, although somewhat unappreciative in her estimate of Keats' poetry, has treated her subject in an able manner and produced an interesting article. There is, however, a little too much space given to the expression of old time ideas concerning the reaction in politics and literature that took place in the eighteenth century. Nor do we altogether agree with the writer in her estimate of "Endymion."

As we have observed once before, we do not quite understand the *Crimson's* reasons for applauding the scurrilous words of *Smintheus*. The action of the Yale papers in refusing to longer exchange with the *Acta* has been approved by nearly all of the other college papers. The *Crimson* alone of the exchanges continues to encourage *Smintheus* and to quote his pieces. We would especially call attention to *Smintheus'* so-called valedictory to Yale which appears in the last *Crimson*, being there quoted from the *Acta*. To make no mention of all the other low expressions contained in the poem, if poem it be, it seems to us that there is one particular line in the piece the appearance of which in a publication not only ought to cause the writer to blush with shame, but also should mark the paper publishing the poem, together with those quoting the same, as on the side of all that is low and indecent in college journalism. It seems to us that the *Crimson* can hardly afford to sacrifice its own fair reputation for the sake of gaining the favor of *Smintheus* and that small part of Columbia college which is on his side.

We cannot close the college year without making some reference to our contemporaries, the *Record*, *Courant*, and *News*. All have improved under the management of the new boards and promise to maintain during the coming year a good reputation as leading college journals. There is a tendency to criticise the *News* because of the typographical errors that occur in it quite frequently and also because of an occasional ill-judged statement in its columns. But the necessary haste in the preparation of editorials for the *News* and also haste in printing ought to sufficiently excuse all ordinary mistakes.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

JUNE, 1881.

[Vol. XLVI.

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The Renowned Milanese Newspaper "Il Pungolo," commenting on the merits of the Weber Concert Grand Piano on September 27, wrote as follows:

"The day before yesterday, our friend Campanini (returning from his triumphs in Parma, bound for New York, where, the past season, he obtained a great success), invited us to the Piano-Forte Establishment of ENRICO RICCORDI to examine one of the instruments bought by him in America, which is really wonderful for solidity of construction and robustness of tone. The case is of rosewood, worked with a wonderful polish. This piano was made at the WEBER manufactory of New York, the great establishment which furnishes America with its best instruments, and employs in its workshops more than five hundred artisans.

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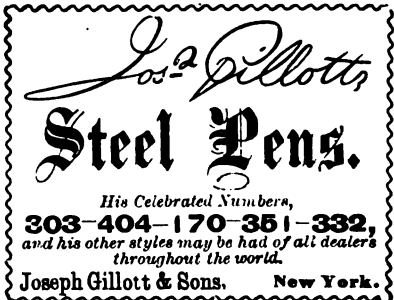

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